

Les Amusemens de Spa:
OR THE
GALLANTRIES
OF THE
SPA W
IN
GERMANT.

CONTAINING,

The Virtues of every SPRING; their Nature
and several USES.

The Reasons why frequented by Persons of the
First Distinction; besides drinking the Waters.

The Various DIVERSIONS and AMUSEMENTS
of the Place.

Many Entertaining HISTORIES of the principal
most Persons resorting to SPAW.

Intermix'd with several others of *Wit, Humour,*
Gaiety, &c.

Translated into English from the French Original.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

L O N D O N,

Printed for WARD and CHANDLER, at the Ship
without Temple-Bar, and sold at their Shops at
the Ship in Coney-Street, YORK; and the Corner
of the Long-Room-Street, at SCARBOROUGH
SPAW.

MDCCXXXVII.

Les Amusements de l'Esprit
 OR THE
 GALLANTRIES
 OF THE
 SPANISH
 IN
 GERMAN

CONTAINING
 The History of every Person; their Names
 and several Actions
 The Reason why they are called Gallantries
 The Various Dangers and Adventures
 Many Entertaining Stories of the Kingdom
 of Castile with several others of the Kingdom
 of Aragon and the Kingdom of Valencia
 Translated into English from the French Original



In Two Volumes

L O N D O N

Printed for W. and A. Chapman, at the
 Strand, near St. Dunstons Church, and sold at
 the following Booksellers, viz. J. and W. Galt,
 of the Strand; J. and W. Galt, of the Strand;
 and J. and W. Galt, of the Strand.

MDCCLXXII



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
MARTIN BLADEN, Esq;
ONE OF THE
Lords Commissioners of Trade
and Plantations, &c, &c.



ERMIT, Me, Sir, as
the Son of a Gentleman,
who stands indebted to
You for a long Train of
successive Obligations, to
prefer the first Fruits of my Labour
in a publick Way, to Your Patronage,
and to make them the Means of
conveying the Thanks of a grateful
Family, for a continued Chain of
Favours. Had my Author been equal
to *Cæsar*, and like *Cæsar* had escaped
Injury in the Translation, the Of-
fering had corresponded better to your

DEDICATION.

Merit and to my Desires. However, Sir, be pleased to pardon my eager Wishes, in taking the first Opportunity of pouring out the Fullness of a greatful Heart.

IN the customary Stile of Dedications (tho' with more Sincerity than is usual on those Occasions) I could attempt to give a faint Idea of your Virtues; but I shall be cautious how I offend your Modesty, and therefore only beg Leave to subscribe myself, with greatful Respect,

S I R,

Felstead in Essex,
October 5, 1736.

Your most devoted

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

HANS DE VEIL.



AMUSEMENS

DE

S P A.



THE Reputation of the Mineral Waters at *Spa*, is so generally known that I have no Design of recounting their Properties, or of praising their Virtues. A Detail of that Kind, which directly falls within the Compass of Physick, useful as it might be upon another Occasion, wou'd be impertinent in a Work which promises nothing but Amusement. In the mean Time, I don't intend to excuse myself from communicating the little Observations which I made there, or the Cures which I was Witness to. I shall only endeavour to avoid the Stile of a Physician; and when the Subject naturally leads me to mention the Qualities of those Springs, I shall always do it intelligibly, and suitable to the common Level; because the

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chief

chief Aim of this Book is, by describing the Recreations which I found at *Spa*, to give a general Notion of the Diversions there to those whom a View to Health, or a View to Pleasure, may invite thither.

To measure the Delights of others by my own, I think there are few Places where a Season can be more agreeably pass'd. The Inhabitants of *Spa* are courteous to Strangers of whatsoever Nation, and are industrious in supplying 'em with a thousand Conveniencies : And tho' they are well paid for their little Services, yet the Stranger pays without Regret, because they render those Services with such Complacency, and with an Air as affectionate, as if the Foreigner were of their own Family. There we live in perfect Liberty of Behaviour, of Sentiment and Manners, which immediately communicates itself to Strangers, and is seldom abus'd : The Union appears exceeding strict, and altho' it's founded on Polish and good Breeding only, yet an uncommon Affability excludes all Constraint.

There, as well as every where else, are sometimes found morose and unsociable Tempers, but instead of exasperating and insulting 'em, every Body strives to wean 'em from their Brutality, or at least they are regarded with Compassion, and consider'd as Incurables : This Fellow-feeling is the more natural, because all who come to *Spa* are proud of being thought Invalids ; and this Foible establishes a kind of Tenderness among those who drink the Waters, which inclines 'em to a Compassion for the little Extravagance of others. I have seen some who have stood in Need of this Indulgence, but on the other Hand I had the Advantage of finding there very amiable Persons
of



of either Sex, with whom I enjoy'd a charming Familiarity. We became immediately acquainted and convers'd together, during the Season, with as much Frankness and Affection, as if we had been attach'd for Life. These Persons were equally considerable for their Birth and Merit : Pleasure only and Recreation had entic'd 'em to *Spa* : And as my Journey thither was with the same Intent, we studied to make the Regimen of the Waters as agreeable to us as possible. We seem'd to have been created for one another. The Sympathy of our Tempers, and the Correspondence of our Characters, had establish'd among us that Openness of Heart which endears Society : So that we found a thousand Sweets in an Intercourse of mutual Confidence, and the reciprocal Communication of our Adventures. As all the Pleasures at *Spa* depend on these Intimacies, every one takes Care to adapt his Company to his Taste ; and this Liberty of associating as Inclination directs, perhaps attracts more Company to *Spa*, than the Virtue of it's Waters.

'Tis true, the Roads thither promise nothing very delightful. In travelling to *Spa*, either by *Liege*, or by *Aix-la-Chapelle*, which are not above six or seven Leagues from it, the Way lies chiefly through uncultivated Desarts, and those all most rocky. There are nothing but Mountains on every Side, which succeed one another, and over which Travellers have made some imperfect Traces of a Road. The Rains and the Tempests, which are frequent there, even make the Passage sometimes dangerous, by rolling down great Stones from the Precipices. The Coachmen of the Country are themselves often at a Loss, because the Tracts are defaced between Season and

Season ; at least this was the Case of the Coachman whom I took at *Liege*, and he alledg'd that Excuse, which I thought plausible enough.

But as Nature has it's Charms in every Shape, these Rocks, so inconvenient to Carriages, diffuse a distant Grace upon the Road ; they are in Truth Piles of unwrought Marble, and incapable of being polish'd ; and yet, rugged as they are, they form a Variety of Colours, which entertains the Eye ; particularly when the Morning Dew, or a gentle Shower opens to the View those cloudy Veins which the Dust had concealed. I don't deny that the Road (especially beyond *Liege*) is fatiguing ; but in my Judgment, whoever has a Taste to the Beauty of Landscape, will find his Pain sufficiently recompenc'd by entertaining Prospects.

For my Part, I frequently stopp'd my Chariot, to consider the charming Points of View form'd from Time to Time by the Approach of opposite Mountains. I was agreeably surpriz'd that a wild Ascent at best, cover'd with Heath, appear'd to me at a Distance as a Parterre, whose Enamel and irregular Tufts of Trees charm'd the Sight ; and that an Object so agreeable in Perspective shou'd prove a frightful Precipice on the Spot.

This Vicissitude of View is frequent on the Road ; which becomes more rugged as it leads nearer to *Spa*. In some Places it's very steep, and appears dangerous, and the Valleys beneath discover a frightful Depth. The Roads cut through the Mountains nearest the Town have this further Inconvenience, that Carriages of but a moderate Breadth can hardly pass ; my Berlin was a Proof of this ; It was so engaged
between

between two Sides of a Rock, that it had certainly been shatter'd to Pieces, if the Coachman had not very seasonably stopp'd his Horses. This Accident taught me that it's safest to travel with the Conveniencies and Horses of the Country, and this Advice may be useful to those who might otherwise prefer their own Equipage.

The Situation of *Spa* keeps the Traveller in a tedious Impatience of discovering the Town, which does not appear till at the Distance of near a Mile ; it's built at the Bottom of a Valley, closely shut in with Mountains, which confine it on every Side. It seems dispos'd, as if Nature, jealous of the Treasures which she has placed there, had drain'd her Stores to fortify the Avenues to it ; or were resolv'd that the Blessings, which she lavishes there, shou'd be purchas'd by Hazzards, which give an additional Sweetness. In short, by whatever way the Traveller arrives there, he finds himself forc'd to pay kind of Hommage to the Town at it's first Appearance, by being oblig'd to alight. Particularly the Descent from the Side of *Liege* has something in it so frightful, that it wou'd be imprudent to keep the Coach, and rash to re-enter it 'till at the Foot of the Mountain.

The first Object which there presents itself is the only one whose Approach and distant Prospect afford nothing charming ; that is, some beggarly Cottages, which inspire a Prejudice not much to the Advantage of a Place so remarkable for it's Pleasures. And that Heap of Rubbish, which is call'd *The Old Spa*, is properly but the Suburbs of the Town, and is inhabited by Beggars only, who let loose Swarms of Infants upon Strangers,

in order to wrest Alms from 'em by the Force of Clamour and Importunity.

I'll freely own that the Wretchedness of these Houses prepar'd me for the Simplicity of those in the Centre of the Town. They are all built of Wood, old fashion'd, dark and very small. Neither do I think the Number of 'em above two Hundred, tho' they have assur'd me that *Spa* furnishes eleven or twelve hundred Beds for Strangers. However the View is advantageous to this little Town, which from afar seems abundantly larger than it is. The Church of the *Capuchins*, and that of the Parish, both plac'd upon Eminences, happily contribute to that Advantage; but notwithstanding all this, I fancy it must be a frightful Place in Winter.

Indeed it was in it's Lustre when I arriv'd there; it was the 2d of *July*, 1729. I alighted at *the Court of London*. This is without Dispute the largest and most commodious Inn in the Place, and is the most frequented too. I found that several Persons of Distinction were already there, and at the Fortnight's End we form'd a Table of Thirty, which was decently serv'd there agreeably to the several Tastes of *France*, *England* and *Holland*. The Variety of Messes and Ragouts, in which that House excells, engage People of those Nations, who generally constitute there the most considerable Part of the Company.

As I arriv'd late, and found myself fatigu'd, I saw no Body that Day, neither did I know any Body. I employ'd the Evening in learning of my Host in what Manner Strangers liv'd there, the Method of Diversions, the Hour of Visiting, and the Quality of those who were there, and in short
whatever

whatever I thought conducive to the Pleasure I came in Search of. After these Questions, I went to Supper in my Chamber, because having several Letters to write, I design'd to disengage myself immediately, in order to give myself up entirely to Pleasure. This Business employ'd me 'till Night was pretty far advanc'd, and I went to Bed late, fully resolv'd to make the next Morning repay me some Hours of Repose.

This Resolution was a sufficient Proof of my Ignorance in the Régimen at *Spa*. As soon as it was Day-Light I found myself disturb'd by an indistinct Noise, which came from every Part of the House, and immediately spread itself through the Town. The Doors bounc'd, and the Windows clatter'd, and I cou'd hear 'em talk, laughing and trampling in the Street, as if it were Noon; and to this confus'd Noise was join'd the Neighing of Horses, and the rattling of Coaches. Unacquainted as I was with the Cause of this Emotion, I never imagin'd that such early Hours cou'd be observ'd in a Place sacred only to Pleasure and Health; and I suspected that some Accident had happen'd. There was some Conflict between this Noise and my Inclination to Sleep; but it was impossible to conquer the Disturbance. I lodg'd next the Street, and almost opposite to the Fountain. I quitted my Bed, and going to the Window, was all Amazement to see abundance of Men and Women already busy in drinking and walking.

Tho' it was not yet Six o'Clock, I reproach'd myself with Laziness, and had indeed lost the most agreeable Part of the Day. However, I found some Compensation in remarking the perpetual Motion of the Drinkers. Their Gaiety

charm'd me, the Undress of the Ladies had something in it so genteel, that I thought myself in a new World, where every one contributed to the Delight of the rest. This Croud of Persons so different in Tempers, and without doubt in Quality too, seem'd to me animated with the same Spirit: They were all united too by a common Badge; the Ladies had at their Girdle a Medal, which the Gentlemen fasten'd to a Button-hole, I knew neither the Name nor the Use of it, but imagin'd it bespoke some Droll Order of Knight-hood; but I soon learnt that it was a small Ivory Dial, mark'd with sixteen Points, to shew how many Glasses the Person had drank, which are seldom fewer than sixteen, which Number usually amounts to two large Bottles. The Hand of this Dial is mov'd a Point at the Return of the Glass. 'Tis easy to imagine all the little Follies which this Exercise gives Rise to. This Sight entertain'd me so agreeably, that I spent an Hour in observing it, without disposing myself to dress; however, I call'd my Servant, in order to put me in a Condition of a fuller Enjoyment.

I was soon dress'd, and was upon the Point of fallying forth, when my Man inform'd me that two *Capuchins* were come to visit me. One of 'em was the Rev. Father the Superiour, who came to congratulate me in the Name of his Convent, and to promise me the Prayers of all their Reverences for the good Success of my Waters. This good Father seem'd to me one of those artful Monks, who are grown white beneath the Cloak and Wallet, and have acquir'd great Excellence in begging, without violating their Profession. After the first Compliments, he proffer'd me the Use of their Garden, and of all that belong'd to 'em: But he soon gave me to understand

stand that I should find nothing but a Scene of Poverty there, that the Season of the Waters was the only Support of their Cloister, and that without the Benevolence of Strangers they shou'd want Sustenance during the Residue of the Year. We act like the *Ant*, says he, and owe our Winter Subsistence to our Summer Provision. The Close of his Speech sufficiently explain'd to me the Intent of his Visit; but as I contented myself with applauding their Providence, the subtle Monk prevented the Objection which I was going to make him, with Regard to the Statute of their Order, which forbids 'em to receive or touch Money; he nam'd to me an antient Matron (whom he call'd *Notre mere Syndique*, if I remember right) with whom Strangers deposited what they design'd for the Convent. What surpriz'd me most in his Conversation was, that he frequently made use of my Name and Title, and talk'd to me as one acquainted with my Affairs. I let him know my Astonishment at it: He answer'd me in general Terms only, but with so mysterious an Air as inclined me to believe that he had a more particular Knowledge of me; and undoubtedly to avoid the clearing up of that Doubt, this pleasant Piece of Reverence left me with abundance of Congeés.

This Air of Acquaintance gave me the Curiosity of enquiring whence this Monk came, that I might guess how his Knowledge of me was deriv'd. The People of the House could not answer my Enquiries in the first Point, but in the other they gave me Satisfaction. They inform'd me that these Reverend Fathers retain in their Pay a cunning Boy, whose Office it is, during the Season, to observe the Arrival of Strangers. As soon as he sees a Coach come, he follows it to the

House where it stops, and mingling himself with the Servants, under Pretence of helping 'em to carry their Luggage, he reads the Directions of the Boxes, and by the Help of some Information from the Domesticks, he learns immediately the Name, the Quality, and even the Disorder of those who arrive. Full of this Discovery he posts to instruct his Masters, who seldom defer to the next Day a Compliment suitable to the Persons they visit. They carry their Salutation equally to *Christians, Jews, Catholicks, and Protestants* of all Communions. The Austerity of their Virtue unbends itself too to Ladies of all Ages, and of all Conditions. And it's exceeding fortunate that these Civilities which they lavish to every Comer are tolerably cheap; for at the Conclusion of the Season the Obligation is repaid with a Louis d'Or, a Guinea, a Ducat, or two Ducats at most, which is placed in the Hands of their Trustee. At this Price you may walk in their Garden, and make what Appointments you please there.

After this Information I went out, intending for the *Pouhon* Spring, and to pay Hommage to the Nymph of that Place. I approach'd with that respectful Curiosity which the Wonders of Nature usually inspire. Though this Fountain is the principal and most famous of all, yet I found it so little embellish'd, that I had certainly overlook'd it, but for the Company which surrounded it. 'Tis in the Corner of a little obscure Place at the Entrance of the Town. They have dress'd it up in rough Marble, little differing from that of the Mountains about it: The Building which covers it does not ill resemble those little Chappels which are found on the high Road of *Brabant*, and especially about *Bruxells*. At least that was the Judgment I made at first View.

This

This little Edifice has exactly the Form of a Portico, rais'd upon an Esplanade about 20 Foot square, surrounded with a Parapet of Free-stone, round which the Drinkers range themselves. In short this Portico forms a kind of Grotto, at the Bottom of which is the precious Spring of *Pouhon*, whose Waters are carry'd to both *Indies*, without suffering any Alteration in their Virtues or Quality.

As soon as I appear'd in the Street, all turn'd their Eyes upon me, because they discern'd by my being dress'd that I was a new Comer. The first Person that address'd me was little of a Man, and less of a Physician—worthy enough of *Moliere's* Lash—He graced himself with the Title of Doctor, which he never deserv'd ; and in that Capacity arbitrarily determin'd the Effect of the Waters by the Number of regular Pills which he prescrib'd to every Body. By the important Air which he affected, I at first mistook him for a Magistrate of the Place. I cou'd imagine no other when I perceiv'd that he made me a Sign to stop, and politely signify'd that I must quit my Sword. 'Tis true, to soften the Compliment, he made me remark that all without Distinction comply'd with that Custom. He cited Dukes and Princes, and in short the *Czar* himself, who, as much Emperor as he was, had submitted to it, when he came to *Spa* in the Year 1717. I assur'd him that I would conform with Pleasure, and that if I had been faulty in that Point, 'twas owing to my Ignorance. However, I took the Liberty to ask him the Origine of this Custom. The only Reason which he assign'd was, That by removing this Distinction the Freedom among the Drinkers might be promoted. Others have since assured me that the Prince of *Liege*, Sovereign of

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the Place, found a Conveniency in it. But whether it arises from Custom, or from Precaution, it appear'd to me a very prudential Step, as it prevents unavoidable Accidents in a Place where Gallantry and Delight are carry'd to Excess. And indeed every thing might be fear'd from so many disagreeing Nations which resort thither if Arms were allow'd 'em : Whereas the Violence of the first Emotion has Time enough to abate when the Sword must be fetch'd from a distant Chamber.

Be that as it will, I went to enroll myself among the Drinkers, and call'd for a Glass. Two old Women, who seem'd the Priestesses of the Nymph, were eager to supply me. This Service they tender to all the Drinkers, which procures 'em some trifling Present from every Body. They deserve it no doubt for the Care they take in preserving the Fountain clean, and for keeping watch over it from Four in the Morning. This Water sparkled in my Glass like Wine upon the Fret. It's exceeding clear and beautiful to the Eye, but the Taste of it is very like that of a Dissolution of *Vitriol of Mars* in common Water. And this Acrimony which gives a Disgust some few Days, gives a Delicacy when Custom has reconcil'd it. At first it went against me, however, not to seem less courageous than others, I empty'd my Goblet. I had no sooner taken it than I felt in myself that Air of Assurance and Freedom which the Waters give to those who are initiated. I mingled with the Company, and paid my Compliments to the Ladies, who return'd me no Answer, but a Curt'sy.

They were mostly *English* and *Flemings*, and discover'd as much Difficulty in expressing themselves in *French*, as I had Fear of attempting
their

their Language. One of 'em (who seem'd to me full of Mirth) broke the Ice, and rally'd me gen-
teely upon the Grimace I had made in tasting my
first Glass. She invited me to drink a second
with them, and kindly offer'd me some Sugar,
Anniseeds and Sweet-meats, which the Drinkers
make use of to qualify the Distaste of the Waters,
and to fortify the Stomach against their Coldness.
I quitted the Debt of Civility, and considering it
as an Introduction to Acquaintance, I enter'd in-
to Conversation with 'em, by Acknowledgments
of their Favours. The Freedom which attended
this Discourse encourag'd me to that of offering
my Hand for a further Walk.

Our first Entertainment consisted in the custo-
mary Questions, about the Waters, the Regimen
which ought to be observ'd, and above all,
the Necessity of Diversion, in order to conquer
that Heaviness which the Waters cause, and
which proves fatal to those who give themselves
up to it. The Lady which instructed me in these
Maxims, did it with so gay an Air, that I con-
cluded the Waters had been more serviceable to
her than any Body. She was past her Bloom,
but still retain'd all the Charms of it; and altho'
an *English* Woman, yet had nothing phlegmarick
like the rest of her Country-women. With a
fine Habit of Body, she was alert, tall, well
shap'd, and in short a merry Creature, who stu-
died only to divert herself. With all these Qua-
lities she was extreamly discreet, and if the Gai-
ety of her Temper made her sometimes transgress
the Bounds of severer Prudence in her Words,
her Actions were never indiscreet.

As we walk'd along she call'd two of her
Friends who join'd us. Agreeably to her plea-
sant

sant Disposition, she invited them to partake of her good Fortune in meeting a Gallant (shewing me to 'em.) These Ladies, tho' less sprightly, disputed with her the Conquest which she had made. All this Pleasantry pass'd in *English*, and I took a singular Delight in hearing them; tho' I pretended not to understand 'em. We found ourselves insensibly return'd to the Fountain: There we must drink again, and my Repugnancy to the Mineral gave 'em Diversion enough. I promoted the Jest by affected Grimaces when I drank; and I never took the Glass without making a Merit of my Complaisance to them.

Once more we walk'd the Length of the Street, which indeed is the only Walk of the Drinkers: It is so ill paved, that the Fatigue which it causes, constitutes one Part of the Exercise so necessary to the Waters; it has a particular Defect too, occasioned by its Situation, which makes it incapable of Enlargement. It was impossible to build the Houses in a strait Line, because the Valley in which the Town is built, winds round the Mountain, in the Shape of a Half Moon, and the main Street retains the same Figure; it would be handsome enough were it direct. It is terminated by a little irregular Square, which elsewhere would make an Appearance pretty enough. In the Middle of this little Place is a Fountain of fair Water, and the Structure of which passes for the Wonder of *Spa*. This Fountain is rais'd about 25 Feet, in Form of a Pyramid: It is surrounded by an Iron Pallisade, which has four Openings left purposely for Entrance. You must mount some Steps to be able to draw up the Water, which fall in Cascade into four Shells, which serve as Reservoirs, and these Shells are perpetually supply'd by a Basen from
above,

above, which in its Turn receives its Store from the Mouths of three Brazen Frogs, which are placed upon a Bunch of Reeds, of the same Metal, upon the Top of the Pyramid. This Groupe is terminated by an Ascent of several Steps, which is the principal Piece of the Arms of *Liege*. The Situation of this Fountain persuades a Belief, that it arises from the same Source with that of *Pouhon*: But they assured us that it comes from the Meadow of *Bosseprez*, about half a Quarter of a League from the Town, whence it's conducted to the Market-Place of *Spa*, thro' subteraneous Passages. We spent some Time in considering this Fountain, and in examining the Arms of the several Families; and almost every one in *Europe* is quarter'd there. 'Tis customary among the Inhabitants of the Town, to put upon their Gates the Arms of Princes, and of extraordinary Nobility, who have lodg'd there, that Strangers may be taught to conceive a great Opinion of the Springs, and of the Conveniency of those Inns. This Singularity would be ornamental enough, and afford a little Amusement, if walking there were more commodious.

As I was expressing my Wonder that there was no Gallery at *Spa*, as at *Aix la Chapelle*, and that they were so negligent of Ornament and Conveniency, in a Place which ow'd its Subsistence to the Concourse of Strangers: The *English* Lady prov'd to me, that Policy had a greater Share in this Omission than Neglect. What would become, said she to me, with her Air of Pleasantry, of the pretty Canes of *Spa*, and the clumsy Shoes of *Liege*, which make all the Commerce of the Town, if the Ways were smooth, and we had Gravel Walks? What would

would become even of the fearful Beau, if the Ruggedness of the Pavement did not furnish them with a Pretence of accosting the Ladies with the Offer of an Arm? I understood this Answer as a malicious Glance at me, and was going to open a Conversation of more Gallantry, when she escap'd with her Companions into a little Apartment appointed for the Ladies.

I apprehended that they retired in Obedience to the Waters; for the Men and Women are allow'd the Privilege of separating and reuniting without any Apology. I waited their Return at the Fountain, where I presented them a Glass of Water, rallying them in my Turn upon their disappearing. All three emptied their Glasses, upon Condition that I would drink three to the Health of each of them. I was all Submission, upon Promise that they would allow me some Respite, in order to a longer Enjoyment of their Conversation: However, they press'd me to dispatch, because it was Nine o'Clock, and having drank their usual Number, they had a Mind to retire. I disputed their Arithmetick, and referr'd myself to their Ivory Dials. I was sure of my Point; for in offering my Hand to each of 'em successively, I had spightfully put back the Hand of their Dial, without being perceived, so that only 13 or 14 were mark'd instead of 16. We disputed some Time upon this little Fraud, which at length I confess'd, upon Condition that I should have the Honour of conducting 'em home. They lodg'd at the *Golden Sun*, where I left 'em, after having obtain'd Permission to come thither the next Day to see 'em. As I was dress'd, and had no other Employment 'till Dinner-time, I return'd to the Fountain to search out new Acquaintance.

There

There remained but a thin Appearance, People of Fashion were retired to Dress; and there was no Company at the Fountain but such as I judg'd it improper to converse with. After having walk'd there some time alone, I enter'd into an Apartment contiguous to the Fountain, and which is open all the Morning for Strangers: 'Tis a large Hall, where there is always a great Fire, for the Conveniency of those who feel a Chillness from the Waters. All are allow'd to walk there and warm themselves, without Distinction; and to take what Place they please, without any other Order than that of first come, first serv'd. As it was late, and fair Weather, I found there only some old Women in Conference with some impotent Monks: But as this was not what I wanted, went out immediately. In going down, I found upon the Steps a Gentleman of good Appearance, who seem'd busy in reading an Inscription placed on the Portal of that Edifice.

It had escap'd my Notice, but as I was then idle, his Curiosity awak'd mine. I went towards him, and feigning an Inability to read it, to find an Occasion of some Talk with him, I desired him to tell me what it was. He receiv'd me very civilly, and told me it was a Monument which the Czar had ordered there, in Memory of his Recovery by Means of the *Spa Waters*, which that Emperor came to drink them upon the Spot in the Year, 1717. He had the Goodness to read the whole Inscription to me; and lent me his Glass to observe the Ornaments of it. Each of us took a Copy of it in our Pocket-Books; tho' there is nothing valuable in this Monument but the Name of the Great Prince who

who rais'd it ; it's too much to the Advantage of
the Inhabitants, and the Fountains at *Spa*, to
suppress it. I suppose the Reader will be oblig'd
to me for communicating it : And thus it is ;

*Peter the First, by the Grace of God, Emperor of the
Russians*

*Religious, happy, invincible
Restorer of Military Discipline,
And first Planter of all Sciences and Arts among his
People,*

*Who having by his own Industry
Built a most powerful Fleet of Ships,
Having infinitely augmented his Armies,
And having securely settled in the very Blaze of War,
His Realms, as well hereditary as acquired,
went abroad ;*

*And having search'd into the Manners of the several
Nations of Europe,*

*Came through France to Namur and Liege,
To these Waters at Spa,*

As to the Heaven of Health :

*And having happily drank of those most healthful
Springs,*

*Particularly that of Geronstere,
Was restor'd to his former Strength,
And his desir'd Health,*

In the Year 1717, 22d of July.

Thence returning through Holland

To his hereditary Dominions,

*Order'd this eternal Monument of his Gratitude
to be erected. 1718.*

This extraordinary Inscription is cut in Letters
of Gold, on a Leaf of black Marble, which,
with its Pedestal Cornish and Back, which are of
Marble too, make a Pile about eight Feet in
Height, and five or six in Breadth : The whole
is

is crown'd with a large Oval of *Italian* Alabaster, upon which are carv'd in Bas-Relief the Imperial Arms of his *Russian* Majesty, with the Quarters and Attributes.

The Sight of this Monument naturally led us to Reflections on the uncommon Character of that Monarch. The Gentleman whom I had accosted, seem'd to me perfectly instructed in History of that Prince : He acquainted me, even with some Particulars and Memoirs which I was ignorant of, and which I won't repeat here ; because they have since been made publick : I took a great deal of Pleasure in hearing him ; his Conversation was full of Wit and Sweetness, and his Expression equally just and easy : He was one of those, whose amiable Appearance immediately recommends 'em, and in whose Favour we feel an irresistible Prepossession, without any other Reason but an involuntary Esteem. His Countenance was winning, and his Manner noble ; and nothing in him was exceptionable but an Air of Sadness, which discover'd itself in his Speech and Actions, and depress'd his native Sprightliness. I suspected that he was unfortunate, and that was sufficient to encrease in me the Desire of an Acquaintance with him. I was going to propose to him a Walk after Dinner, when both our Servants came to tell us that Dinner was upon Table. I found a great deal of Satisfaction in finding that we lodg'd in the same Inn ; and we mutually congratulated each other on it : I flatter'd myself too from his Looks, that his Compliments was sincere ; and that he already felt (as he has since own'd he did) the Force of that Sympathy, which the Correspondence of our Inclinations has inspired us with.

We

We enter'd the Inn together, where we already found every Body seated at Table. We took our Place there, and tho' my new Friend introduced me, they return'd my Salutation coldly enough. The Company consisted of a dozen Persons, whereof the most part were *English*. Every one appear'd equally busy'd in the Care of his Plate, and eat with an Attention which astonish'd me. The Silence of the Table was interrupted by nothing but the clinking of Spoons, Knives and Forks. I ventur'd at some Questions, to which, even the most polite, answer'd with so much Brevity, that I thought myself at Dinner among so many Monks. I imputed this Silence to the natural Gravity of the *English*, who are extremely reserv'd in new Acquaintances: But after I had regularly taken the Waters some Days, I soon quitted that Mistake, and at coming to Table, became more *English* than the *English* themselves.

The strange Appetite which the Waters cause, is so general, that one can't bear, without Impatience, the putting off the Time of Dinner, tho' but for a few Moments: The first half Hour hardly suffices to suppress the Murmurs of a devouring Stomach, so that there's a dead Silence 'till the second Course, when every Body beginning to rouse themselves, endeavour'd to provoke Conversation, and to make it general. It soon became lively; the most serious unbent their Brows, and all encourag'd Pleasure and Gallantry. As we had no Ladies among us, diverting Stories of every kind went round; the *French* Gentleman whom I had address'd in the Morning, play'd his Part marvelously, and his natural Liveliness recovering itself, we judg'd that

that he must have met with uncommon Vexations, since, contrary to his Disposition, he gave himself up to melancholy, with which he seem'd almost always oppress'd. I found he was a Captain by the Salutations of the Company; and those which were address'd to the other Gentlemen, taught me their Quality too. We had a young Nobleman; a Counsellor of *Brussels*; a *German* Count; two Barons, and one of those Canons of *Liege*, who are call'd *Seigneurs Tres-fonciers*, all amiable and diverting People. We drank largely to our better Acquaintance; and in Compliment to the *Germans*, and over the *Crawfish* which are regularly serv'd at *Spa*, we sat three Hours at Table without perceiving it.

A Tempest, violent enough, which lasted all the Afternoon, depriv'd us of the Pleasure of a Walk which we had unanimously resolv'd on. Thus disappointed by the Badness of the Weather, the Company dispers'd itself, and there remain'd but three of us in the Dining-Room. There was but one House where the Assembly was held, and I had yet no Acquaintance to introduce me: The *English* Ladies whom I had seen in the Morning, were not at home, so that I did not know what to do with myself 'till Night. And tho' Supper-Time was at no great Distance, yet that Interval lay very heavy on my Hands. The *French* Captain perceiving my Perplexity, propos'd a Game at Billards; I receiv'd his Offer with Acknowledgment, and we went to the Coffee-House next Door to our Inn.

The Rain had drawn thither abundance of People. The two Tables were employ'd and bespoken for a great many succeeding Games.

Scarce

Scarce could we find Room to sit down. There were two Gaming Tables; at one they tally'd at *Pharoa* with incredible Passion. There was a great Number of Punsters; and I saw one who lost 170 Guineas in less than Half an Hour: At the other Table they play'd at Dice; and, as that's the favourite Game of the *English*, it was almost entirely taken up with People of that Nation: We amus'd ourselves with looking on. Generally there are a good many Sharpers and profess'd Gamesters in those Places of Assembly: And the *French* Gentleman, my Friend, who had already been eight Days at *Spa*, shew'd me two of 'em who play'd with such uninterrupted Success, that they were suspected of correcting Fortune: The one was an *Italian*, and the other an *Englishman*; both had long Ruffles and round Sleeves, and the perfect Appearance of Men expert in the Art of cogging and slipping the Cards: While my Friend was relating to me what he had observ'd of their Dexterity, we were invited to engage in a Raffle for a rich Piece of Silver Stuff, which was to be play'd for: The Proposal was made to us by one who appear'd a Man of Consequence, and his Compliment had an Air perfectly civil and disinterested; but the next Day we had room to suspect it: However, we thank'd him with good Manners; and after a little talk with us, he return'd among the Crowd of Rafflees, where he was call'd.

After he had left us, I ask'd my Friend who that Man was. I can't tell, says he, but I have a strong Inclination to know him. He has often join'd me with an Address which gives me some Suspicion. I have certainly seen him elsewhere, and have some Knowledge of his Face; but I can recollect no Circumstances of that Knowledge.

Stepping

Stepping up to one of the *Englishmen* who had dined with us, he acquainted him with his Curiosity. The *English Gentleman*, who was very open, answer'd us that he was a *Prussian Baron*, full of Wit and good Manners; but an Adventurer of the first Order. Shun him, says he, and all Engagement with him; 'tis dangerous to admit him: He desires but to make Acquaintance with you, but *his* generally costs the Purchaser a little too dear: He is so artful, that if he once recounts his History to you, it will cost you some Guineas. 'Tis true, his Story is singular enough, and if you have any Curiosity to learn it, added he laughing, I'll give it you *gratis*. I had it from a Relation of mine, who paid a great deal more for it, and has join'd Accounts from other People to what he had before learn'd, even by the Confession of this industrious Knight. We beg'd him to give us the Relation, and for the greater Liberty, we went back to the Hall of the Inn. As soon as we came there, the *English Gentleman* began his Recital much in the following Manner.

The History of the Baron of P——.

IT is not impossible, Gentlemen, but you may have elsewhere seen the Man, whose Face strikes you. He has travell'd so much in *France*, *Germany*, *England*, *Holland* and *Italy*, and has met with so many Adventures, that there are few Foreigners who have not known him. He is a *Prussian* by Birth, and of a dignify'd House. He is call'd the Baron of P——. His Family is illustrious and honourable, but unhappily for it; he prostitutes his Name in a scandalous Manner. It depended on himself to have enlarged

enlarged his Fortune, by persuing only the Path which his indulgent Parents had mark'd out for him. As his Person is attractive, as he has Wit, and as that Wit is exceedingly embellish'd, he successfully appear'd at the Court of the King of *Prussia*, who placed him among those about his Person. He insinuated himself deeply into the good Graces of that Prince, who sometimes employ'd him in little Negotiations, which he always executed with great Address. He had the Honour of attending that Monarch in the Voyage which he made to *Holland*; and he had Ground enough to flatter himself with the Hopes of his deepest Trust, had he thought it worth his Endeavours to deserve it: But that would have been too great a Perplexity for a Man who lov'd only the Splendor of a Court, without being able to endure the Constraints of it; tho' he was born with all the Qualifications requisite to Success there.

A libertine and debauch'd Spirit, which Custom had rooted in his Complexion, made him regardless of Application. His Debts on one Hand, and his Intrigues on the other, at length provok'd his Banishment from Court. However, he obtain'd Permission to veil his Disgrace under the Pretence of a Tour to *France*. The Air of Grandeur and Magnificence which reign'd there, was already so natural to him, that he gave himself entirely up to it. He hired a Palace ready furnish'd? and procur'd a splendid Equipage, and a sumptuous Livery. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who saw him in his Pomp, assur'd me that his Footmen (which, agreeably to the Taste of the Time, were exceeding handsome Fellows) were cover'd with rich Lace: He was the Standard of Imitation among the wild People

People at Court; and had form'd an Intimacy with the Duke of *R*— and the Marquess of *B*—. And as he is one of the most agreeable Libertines of the Age, the Regent, who had heard of him, had a Mind to see him, and admitted him one Evening to his Table. Any Man but himself would have made Advantage of his Debauchery, and have repair'd his shatter'd Circumstances. But he was destin'd to be an Adventurer, and he has well fulfill'd his Destiny. 'Tis easy to imagine, that this Course of Life soon drein'd him of Interest and Principal. His Creditors were alarm'd at his Profusion, and not without Reason. The vast Debts which the *Germans* had, some Years before, left unpaid at *Paris*, amounted to several Millions; and Things were carried to such a Length, that the Court made it an Affair of State. The Baron then foreseeing that he could not long support himself, return'd to *Berlin*, to collect the Remnants of his Fortune. There being obliged to live upon his Industry, he join'd himself with all the Sharppers whom he found; and so well improv'd by their Instructions, that he made some Dupes; but he was himself the Bubble of his own Imprudence. The incautious Intimacies which he enter'd into with suspected People, lost him all the Remains of the King's Favour, who was not utterly disencin'd to pardon him. The Court of *Berlin* was then busy'd in unravelling the frightful Imposture of the famous *Clement*. You know (continu'd the *English* Gentleman) that this *Clement*, who pass'd for a Bastard of the Prince *Ragotski*, had alarm'd the King with the pretended Discovery of an imaginary Conspiracy; which, by the Circumstances of his Information, would have been the blackest in the World. Altho' this horrible Plot was

discover'd even by the Confession of this artful Impostor, (whom the Colonel *du Moulin* had Address enough to bring from *Holland*) yet it occasioned the Imprisonment of several, whose Liberty might have been dangerous. Among those that were seiz'd, were some with whom the Baron of P—— had liv'd so familiarly, that he thought it a prudent Step to retire. He left *Prussia* with Secrecy, and went to present himself at several Courts in *Germany*. There are few Princes in the Empire whom he has not impos'd on, at least for some Time. His Name and his outward Appearance procur'd him Friends immediately; among whom, he always found some generous enough, or credulous enough, to support his Luxury and Debauchery some Months; but every where the same Contempt attended him in Proportion as he was known. Having thus run through the Empire, he return'd to shine again at *Paris* with his Gleanings in *Germany*: He had the Dexterity to re-establish his Affairs there, in appeasing his clamorous Creditors. Some lucky Hits at play, and some Monies which he borrow'd of the Duke of R——, enabled him once more to pass a Winter in Splendour. But as that Credit, which subsists by the Uncertainty of Gaming, or by borrowing, cannot long expect a Refuge; that of the Baron, which had no other Prop, began to totter. His Creditors were disheartened by his Delays; and to pacify a very importunate one, he was forced to pawn his Watch and Jewels; he had nothing left but his Religion, and that he sold too to the Dutchess Dowager of *Orleans*. Like her, he had been bred a *Lutheran*, and embraced the Catholic Religion at the Solicitation of that Princess. He firmly concluded, that this Sacrifice wou'd have purchas'd him some Employment, or some

Post

Post in the Court of the Duke Regent : But besides that, that Princess never was a Bigot ; her Royal Highness thought herself oblig'd to proportion her Favours to the Worth of the Sacrifice : A slender Title was all the Fortune of the Baron ; and he never entertain'd a Scruple about Religion. All the Advantage which he drew from the infamous Sale of his Faith, was confin'd to some Livers, which the Dutches Dowager gave him, and a very moderate Pension. However, he reap'd some Benefit from the Protection of that Princess, whose Name he borrow'd to amuse his Creditors for some time. At last they lost all Patience, and by joint Application obtain'd Power to seize his Person. One Day, as he was carrying to the Play the Chevalier —, Nephew to the chief President, he was stop'd in his Coach in the Middle of the Dauphine-Square. Through some Remains of Regard, they carry'd him to the *Spanish Hôtel*, which was opposite to that Place, in order to spare him the Confusion of passing in broad Day through the middle of *Paris*. The Baron, always fertile in Subterfuge, was less sensible of this Tenderness, than intent upon profiting by the Interest of the Chevalier. He had the Address to make him enter with him, and to persuade him that this Affront reflected upon him ; and that, to preserve his Honour, he ought to procure the Interposition of his Uncle. The too credulous, or too obliging Chevalier, inform'd the chief President of this Adventure ; and immediately they who had arrested the Baron, receiv'd Orders to release him.

The dextrous Baron, thus disentangled, was over-joy'd ; but built no Security on this Reprieve : He well foresaw that his Creditors would

infallibly rally again, and proceed with better Conduct: Whence he concluded, that to avoid Disgrace, which then was less familiar to him than it has been since, the surest Method was to quit *Paris*; and that very Night he set out for *England*. His first Appearance in *London* was splendid enough, tho' less magnificent than at *Paris*; and with the Ruins of his *French* Wardrobe, for some Months he pretty well maintain'd there the Character of a Man of Fortune. His noble and insinuating Air, still procur'd him Dupes among the Tradesmen, who enabled him to dress a-new; yet he soon perceiv'd that they would prove no kinder to him than the *French*. The Adventure at *Paris* having taught him to act with more Caution at *London*, he hop'd to avoid a Jail by wisely changing his Quarters, without taking Leave of his Hosts, and retir'd to lodge in a little By-street: He seldom went abroad but at Night, to come to the *Smyrna* Coffee-House, in order to sponge a Supper of the first Man he met. Not daring then to appear by Day-light, he turn'd Author, to divert Solitude and Hunger. His first Essay was, *The secret History of the Dutches of H—*, whom he concealed under the Name of *Cunigonde, Princesse des Cherusques*; not out of Tenderness to the Royal Families concern'd in his History, but to give it a more mysterious Air. After he had amass'd all that he had heard of her in the Places where that Princess had resided, those pretended Memoirs made but an ill digested Pamphlet. However, he offer'd it to my Lord *Townsend*, and wrote of it to the Secretary of State. He managed it with Craft enough, for he sent Intelligence to that Nobleman, that a Foreigner was going to publish a Book injurious to the Royal Family, but that the Manuscript might be

be recovered, if his Majesty would recompence the Man that brought it. That Minister disregarded his Information, and imagin'd that it came from some Sharper. The Baron, without discomposing himself, changed his Battery, and built on better Success in applying to the Party which oppos'd the Court. He wrote in the same Strain to my Lady Q——, and the Dutches of M——, and deck'd his Intelligence with every Circumstance capable of recommending the Book, and of procuring a Reward. Alas! no Answer yet, and what was worse, no Money. But now Misfortune overwhelm'd him; for in the midst of the Sollicitations which he was pursuing, in order to vend his injurious Writing, he was known, follow'd, and arrested by his Creditors; for in *London* 'tis all but one Action. There is no Country in the World, added the *English* Gentleman, where the Creditor has so extensive a Power over his Debtor as with us. The Expence of arresting a Man for Debt is trifling; and the Forms of Law are so soon dispatch'd, so that in less than an Hour a Writ is demanded, obtain'd, and executed. The Creditor there has even this Advantage, that *he is not obliged to support his Debtor*, who in the mean time is often in Danger of dying by Wretchedness and Hunger in Prison. This, perhaps, had been the Fate of the Baron of P——, if Sir — W——, a Relation of mine, and who gave me this Account, had not luckily been passing through the Streer, as they were dragging our Adventurer to Jail. The Baron had known this Gentleman at the *Smyrna* Coffee-House, and had often diverted him with a Recital of his Adventures. 'Tis to be presum'd, that he placed his Actions in the fairest Light, and that he had always assum'd the Character of an unfortunate honest Man, tho'

without convincing my Kinsman of his Honesty. In so mortifying a Rencounter, any other than the Baron of P—— would have conceal'd himself; but he had conquer'd Shame, and dreaded the Pangs of that much less than the Miseries of Prison. He call'd to my Relation, and implor'd his Protection with most doleful Cries. Sir — W——, apprehensive of drawing the Mob round him, which attended the Baron, pretended not to know him. He then omitted no sort of Prayers, of Instances, Protestations, and mean Submission, which might engage the Knight to prevent his going to Prison; he was even hardy enough to fall on his Knees in the middle of the Street to beg his Succour. My Relation, touch'd with his Tears, alighted from his Coach, and after having learn'd what the Debt was, and who the Creditor, paid for him Seventy Guineas: And to preserve him from other Arrests, took him into his Coach, and carried him to his own House, which is priviledged. My Relation, having Opportunity at his own House of a more perfect Insight, assur'd me, that he never saw so odd a Composition of Wit, Irreligion, odd Principles, and Baseness of Soul, as in this Adventurer. Indeed, he thought he should do Service to the Nation in making him quit the Kingdom; and taking the Opportunity of a Royal Yatch which was going to *Holland*, he found means to get him on Board.

After his Departure from *England*, the Baron went to the *Hague*. He soon found Acquaintances there, or rather he renew'd those which his Attendance on the King of *Prussia* thither had given him Opportunity to make. They who had seen him near that Prince, not knowing his Adventures, were delighted to see him again.
The

The Sprightliness of his Converse, his genteel Air, and his Propensity to Pleasures, introduced him every where; and especially among the Merchants, who entertain'd no Distrust of a Man kindly receiv'd by the best Families. He dress'd, he play'd, he gave Treats, and among others, a magnificent Ball: He made even Efforts of Gallantry, in order to put himself on the List of the old Countess of *W——*'s Gallants: But as she had known him in *Prussia*, where he never was accus'd, no more than elsewhere, of a violent Passion for the Fair Sex, he was, perhaps, the only Man that ever found her cruel. Indeed, his Aim was directed to her Purse, which has always been the real Object of Adoration among the fondest Favourites of that Lady. This Refuge failing, he found that Merchants have every where the same Maxims: Those of *Holland* sent one Day to attend his Levee, a Bode, as they call him there. This Bode is a kind of State-Tipstaff, who keeps his Prisoner in Sight, and lives at his Expence. This Message appear'd rude enough to the Baron, but he was forced to receive him, and keep him too, 'till he should receive considerable Remittances, which he pretended to expect every Minute. He contriv'd, however, a Stratagem to disentangle himself, which I can't exactly relate; because the Count *D——*, who lately gave me the Account at *Aix*, express'd himself with some Difficulty, in *French*: All that I could catch was, that the Baron of *P——* escap'd over the House-tops, and retir'd to *Amsterdam*.

As he made his Escape in his Night Gown, and durst not appear without Cloaths; in order to assist him in procuring Money, he sent for his Servant, whom he had left at the *Hague*;

and as soon as he was arriv'd, he sent him privately to buy a prodigious Basin and Ewer of Brass gilt, and some more Plate of the same sort; and order'd his Arms, with magnificent Compartments, to be engraven on 'em. At the same time he sent for a *Jew*, of whom he desir'd to borrow Money upon Pawns. The *Jew* seeing a noble Personage in a Brocade Night-Gown, did not hesitate a Moment about the Purity of the Plate, and gave him upon it 800 *Dutch Florins*. With this Money the Baron immediately pays his Landlord, mounts his Coach, takes up Cloaths, and shifts his Lodgings. There he sends for a Bookseller, to whom he mysteriously sells his History of *Cunigonde*, and embarks in a Vessel for *Italy*. The Vessel went to *Leghorn*; from thence the Baron went directly to *Rome* to the Cardinal of *Polignac*. He was so fortunate as to find, at his Eminency's Palace, some *French* Noblemen who had known him in his Splendour, and who had been present at his Abjuration at *Paris*: He took Care to put them in Mind of it, and by their Means engaged the Cardinal to present him to the Pope. A Baron Proselyte undoubtedly sounded high at *Rome*; and our artful Convert knew how to make the most of his Title. He insinuated himself equally into the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who procur'd him the usual Pension which new Converts are allow'd by the Congregation *De propaganda Fide*. Some Presents he received too from the Pope and the prime Cardinals, so that he had an Income of above 1500 *Scudi's per Ann.* They shav'd him, to enable him to hold a Benefice; and as soon as ever he heard of a Vacancy, he forgot nothing to solicit the Nomination; and nominated he was at length — to a considerable Canonry in the collegiate Church of *Courtray*.
He

He apply'd for it with all his Vigour, in order to a Delivery from that sanctify'd Air which his Conversion obliged him to; and the Pope, to disengage himself from the Baron and a Pension, named him. The Baron us'd his best Diligence to take Possession; but they disputed the Pope's Right over that Church. The Arch-dutchess, Regent of the Low-Countries, the Council of *Brabant*, and the Chapter of *Courtray*, absolutely refus'd to admit him, and oppos'd it as an Innovation of the Court of *Rome*. This last Adventure has conducted hither the Baron of *P——*; depend upon it he has no Intention to take the Waters; but under that Pretence he lies in wait for some of our Guineas, to defray his Passage back to *Rome*, where he is going to re-assume his Pension. He gave me this History himself, and finish'd it, as usual, with begging me to assist him. Norwithstanding my Knowledge of him, 'twas with Difficulty that I repuls'd him; and after all I have been telling you, I'll lay a Wager, Gentlemen, that he'll get some of your Gold. For my Part, I don't expect to see him again, for I advis'd him to have Recourse to my Relation, Sir — *W——*. He took the Hint, and attack'd me no more. As long as my Story has been, I am perswaded (says the *Englishman*) that before he departs hence, he'll make some Addition to it. An Adventurer like him will hardly loiter in so fair a Path.

As far as I see, says the *French* Captain, after having bubbled all *Europe* by Retail, he designs to bubble it in Gros; and he cou'd not chuse a more convenient Place than this, where every Nation has it's Representatives. His Fancy rais'd a Laugh among us, and we communicated our Reflections on that Sort of Knights Errant, after having thank'd our *Englishman* for the divert-

ing History which he had related, and for the wholesome Advice which he had given us. His Recital had so agreeably entertain'd us, that I was quite surpriz'd to see the Table spread : It was but Six a Clock, and yet every Body met in order to sup. To sup at half an Hour after Six is an inviolable Rule at *Spa*, for the Conveniency of an Hour's Walk afterwards, when the Weather permits ; after which every one retires, to be in a Condition of rising the next Morning at Day-Break.

I believe the Reader will be pleas'd to take this Opportunity of seeing, at one View, a Journal of the Employments of those who drink the *Spa*-Waters ; and I thought it expedient to instruct him in it once for all, to avoid Repetition, or such Observations as might appear impertinent in any other Part of this Book.

The Regimen of those who drink the Waters at Spa.

1. **T**HEY constantly rise at Break of Day.
2. At Four, every Body comes undress'd to the Fountain of *Pouhon*.
3. At Five a Clock at furthest, they, who design for other Fountains, take Coach.
4. At Nine all the Drinkers retire to dress.
5. At Ten the devout go to Mass.
6. At Eleven, the Men go to the Coffee-House if it rains, or if the Weather permits, walk in the Street.
7. At

7. At half an Hour past Eleven—Dinner every where.

8. At Two in the Afternoon they make Visits, or go to the Ladies Assembly.

9. At Four to the Play—or a Walking, either in the Garden of the *Capuchins*, or in a Meadow, which for that Reason is call'd the *Four a Clock Meadow*.

10. At Six—Supper every where.

11. At Seven—a Walk in the Seven a Clock Meadow.

12. At Ten not a Soul is heard in the Streets, and the Inhabitants conform to this Order, as well as the *Bobelins*.

And this establish'd Rule is never violated with Impunity, but in Favour of the Ball-Days, the longest of which never exceeds Midnight.

After this Digression, which is introductory to all I shall say hereafter, I return to the Sequel of my Narration. We were soon seated at Table, and every Body was very different from what he was at Dinner. As this Meal follows so soon after Dinner, it is always very light, and the Suppers at *Spa* are (properly speaking) no more than Collations. And indeed every Body comes thither less through Hunger than for the Sake of Company, and in my Judgment this is not the least engaging Hour of the Day. Then it is that every one communicates what he has heard and seen, and what has happen'd to him that Day ;

and a Detail of the smallest Incident among the Drinkers gives Rise to a thousand Pleasantries, which every one puts off according to his Fancy. One may conceive that this little Intercourse of News and Adventures must be very agreeable ; and I think nothing more proper to charm that Heaviness, which is essential to the Place itself, than that joyous Air which is reciprocally communicated there. Those of our Table, who had staid at the Coffee-House, told us the Transactions there. We learn'd that the Piece of Silver Stuff had been won by the Baron of P. and the Circumstances which were told us, confirm'd in us that Opinion of this Adventurer which our *English* Gentleman had before occasion'd.

This *English* Man, who was call'd Mr. *Lake*, was one of the most agreeable Men I have ever known. He had travell'd a great deal, and knew a thousand curious Things, which he gave an Account of with the best Grace in the World. We were so accustomed to his facetious Behaviour, that the Table was quite dull without him. He had been at *Spa* several Times before, and perfectly knew the Customs of the Place. He was our great Refuge in those dark and rainy Days which make the Time tedious ; and I fancy that a Man so charming in Conversation, is a real Treasure in those Places where the Regularity of the Pleasures make 'em sometimes insipid. Besides he lov'd Musick, and was a Performer too ; and as he had perfected himself in *Italy*, he took Delight in diverting the Company. Tho' the Rain had ceas'd early enough, yet no Body went to the Seven a Clock Meadow, because the Grass was wet. Mr. *Lake*, who thought of nothing but of delighting the Company, sent for a Harp and some Violins, among which he did not disdain
to

to mix himself, and gave us a kind of Concert, which entertain'd us very agreeably 'till Night.

The next Day I was among the first at the *Pom-bon* Fountain. A Moment after came my *Eng-lish* Ladies. I ran to meet 'em, and was receiv'd by 'em with that Air of Freedom, which is peculiar to the Waters. They diverted themselves in making me drink as much as they, and in dubbing me a Knight of the Order of the *Bobelins*, which in the Language of *Liege* signifies *Drinkers*. We went into a Toy-Shop, where I equip'd myself with a little Dial, which the Ladies ty'd with a Ribbon to my Button-Hole. I purchas'd also a varnish'd Cane, and as I was looking for one with a gallant Device, the most humorous of the Ladies maliciously forced me to take one which furnish'd her with ample Matter of Mirth. Upon the Crutch of this Cane was represented a little Cupid, who was spitting Hearts near a Fire; and underneath was written, "I make Roast-Meat of 'em" This Representation open'd to her such a Door of Raillery, that I don't remember myself to have laugh'd more heartily. She dragg'd me among the Croud of Drinkers, and made every Body read the Motto. Mr. *Lake*, being there accidentally, was desirous of a Share in the Mirth, and told her that he cou'd scarce believe her thoroughly persuaded of my Cruelty, because my Services gave her no displeasure, and that an Acquaintance so soon form'd, look'd as if we had not met at the Waters by Chance. This Interview taught me that this Lady was really a Woman of Quality, because Mr. *Lake* call'd her *My Lady*. No Matter (says she) you may be jealous of him if you will, but I have a Passion for this Youth, and I think I ought to love him out of Charity to my Sex; for since
he

he roasts the Lady's Hearts, I'll amuse him with mine, which is too old to fear the Fire. I consider'd some Time what Answer I ought to make : However, I determin'd to answer in her own Way, that since she had declar'd me her Knight, I wou'd take Care to learn more Humanity in her Service. My droll Manner, which she was fond of, made her overlook the Rudeness of an Answer, which in Truth was excusable on no other Account, but because it suited her Taste. For her Delight consisted in saying agreeably whatever she had a Mind to say, without giving Offence. None was ever more Mistress of the Art of a rough Civility, or of being politely blunt. Ceremony disgusted her ; she always avoided it ; and yet her Manner charm'd every Body. When I aim'd at a Compliment on her good Humour, she made Answer, " Knight of mine, I don't imagine that you have any Design to please me, I wou'd even advise you against such a View. But if you have a Mind to see me, no Ceremony. Upon that Condition, I shall be very fond of you while we continue at *Spa* ; but if you let loose one Sigh, adieu all Correspondence between us." " For my Part, says I, my Lady, I assure you that as soon as ever you quit your Pleasantry and Humour, I renounce your Chains and reassume my Freedom." I made my Peace with her by Means of this Compliment, which probably a delicate Reader will censure as unpollite. But that's no Matter, my Lady was satisfy'd with it, and we pass'd the Morning in this droll Sort of Gallantry, which very well diverted us. I led her to her Lodging, and long'd impatiently for the Pleasure of her Conversation in the Afternoon.

I fail'd

I fail'd not of being there at Three with Mr. Lake, who was well acquainted with her. She gave us Coffee, after which she propos'd a Walk in the Garden of the *Capuchins*, which was not far from her. I presented my Arm, and Mr. Lake led the other two Ladies. This Garden is the prettiest Walk at *Spa*. There are two very fine Alleys, tho' on a Declivity; but what is observable is, that it's the only Garden belonging to their Order which Ladies are allow'd to enter. They say that the Founder gave the Land on that Condition. I don't know whether the good Fathers as scrupulously fulfill the Founder's Intention in every Thing, but I know that it's fully executed in this Point; for the Ladies walk there as freely as in the Street. We took a Turn there, and stop'd to view a *Jet d'eau*, which struck our Eyes. 'Tis a large *Bâton*, in the Middle of which is erected a Cross, to which an Image of Christ is fastened; that pours out Water from the Wounds in its Side, Feet, and Hands. The Representation shock'd me, and the Company perceiv'd it. My Lady protested to us that she was scandaliz'd at it too, and gave her Opinion of it with Freedom enough before one of the Fathers who was walking there. She told him that, tho' a *Protestant*, and by Consequence under no Obligation of Respect to Images, yet she thought it an extream Indecency to prostitute in such a Manner that Image which *Rome* principally honours: and that there was a real Profanation in converting sacred Things into Objects of Amusement. It was to no Purpose, that the good Father represented, that on the contrary it was in order to sanctify Pleasure; my Lady supported her Cause with all the Superiority which arises from a Justness of Sentiment, and forced the Monk to acknowledge

knowledge that at least this Image was subject to Raillery, all the Blame of which ought to fall on the Author of this superstitious Invention. Though we were of the same Opinion; we thought it proper to leave her the Glory of vindicating it, and in short we were surpriz'd to see a Monk so little instructed in his Religion, and a Woman of the World so well establish'd in the Principles of hers. But what will astonish the Reader is, that we went to the Ball from so religious a Conference, which had lasted about an Hour. Such is the Way of living at *Spa*, where every one gratifies his Inclination, because every one thinks himself an Invalid, and Delight is there esteem'd the surest Remedy. My Lady permitted me to wait on her thither, and I had the Honour of dancing with her. The Company was numerous; it was the publick Assembly where every one that pays has a Right: However, it was almost entirely compos'd of *English*, at least they had Possession of the Hall, and only danced with one another. The Dutchess of ——— appear'd there in great Lustre, and notwithstanding her *Langueur*, I remember'd those lively Traces which had occasion'd so many Sighs in the Court of *England*. My Lady introduced me to her, and she did me the Grace to dance with me. It was an uncommon Favour, for the Dutchess was as haughty as handsome. She has been accus'd of returning Nobody's Salute; but her Stiffness towards the Royal Family may give some Consolation to the Publick. Perhaps the World has not done her Justice, and has misconstrued that Behaviour as Pride, which was the natural Consequence of an extream Indolence. This Particular, which was born with her, discover'd itself even in her Dancing; and that's saying a great deal; for every one knows that the Rapidity of the

the greater Part of the *English* Country Dances is enough to turn the Head even of a Spectator. The Ball lasted pretty long, and it was Eleven when we departed. We re-conducted my Lady to her Lodging, and I return'd to mine with Mr. *Lake*.

Every Body there was in Bed: We supp'd *tête à tête*, and were just thinking of retiring when the Post from *Liege* arriv'd. He brought me some Letters, and among those which he brought for our House, there were two for our Captain; by the Superscription of which, we found that he was the Marquess of——. I was no Stranger to his Name; and as it was illustrious, this Discovery encreas'd in me the growing Esteem which I felt in his Favour, and which he perfectly merited. I no longer wonder'd that I had seen him neither at the Ball, nor in the Walks, because I had heard in general of his Misfortunes. I engag'd Mr. *Lake* to assist me in diverting him, and we resolv'd to make him one of us with my Lady. I attack'd him the next Day we walk'd together; I even engaged him to come and play at my Lady's, who was charm'd with his Wit, and invited him to come whenever he pleas'd: Yet she own'd to us, that she thought him more polite than gay; and that she could have wish'd him the one, rather than the other. A-cross the Pleasure which he seem'd to take, a Reserve of Melancholy and Sadness was discernable, which he could not conceal; and we pass'd several Days without daring to ask him the Cause. However, my Lady, as well as we, had a strong Curiosity to know it. One Day, as Mr. *Lake* led her to the Garden of the *Capuchins*, where I was with the Marquess, she gave

gave Birth to an Opportunity. I won't trouble you, says she, in passing pretty near us; you seem engaged in Affairs of Secrecy. The Marquess and I approach'd her to make our Honours, and to assure her that we were overjoy'd at being diverted by the Happiness of her Presence. No Compliments, Marquess, says my Lady, only let us know what you were talking of. I'll lay my Life, continued she, addressing herself to me, that the Marquess is telling you the Story of his past Loves, to varnish over that Indifference which he shews the Ladies here. Be merciful, I beg your Ladyship, says the Marquess, blushing, Indifference to the Ladies has no Share in my Composition; I was born susceptible of Love, and passionate for the Fair Sex. I have lov'd; I have sigh'd all my Life; but Love, even the Shadow of a Love, has caus'd me so many Misfortunes, that I have every Instant occasion to recall 'em, to resist that violent Inclination to love again, which I still feel in myself, in spite of the melancholy Experience which I have already had. Mighty well, answer'd my Lady; but I'm not so credulous; and I shall always doubt whether you have a Heart or no, 'till I'm instructed in its Adventures. Reserve fits ill on People of your Nation; and we are so near the Point of parting for ever, that you'll run no Hazard in confiding in us. The other Ladies seconded the Request. The Marquess excused himself, in that his Adventures had nothing in 'em delightful enough to suit a Place where People breath nothing but Pleasure: However, he was forced to yield to our pressing Instances. We went into a green Bower near the great Bason; where the Ladies having seated themselves, obliged the Marquess to place himself

self opposite to 'em, between Mr. *Lake* and me ; and after some Sighs, he began the melancholy Story of his Adventures.

The History of the Marquess of
G—— V——.

MY Story, Ladies, has nothing in it but what is doleful ; and I believe it will affect you. The only Advantage which can accrue to me, is, that the Pleasure of obeying you in this Recital, will probably soften the sorrowful Remembrance of my Misfortunes. They attack'd me in my Cradle, and have obstinately pursu'd me ever since : The first of 'em was the Loss of my Mother at my Birth. The Circumstances in which she was ravish'd from me, are too much to her Glory to be suppress'd. Our Family were Protestants ; and as it was in some Credit, it was not spar'd in the Times of Dragooning : Our Seat felt all the Fury of those booted Missionaries ; they ruined the Avenues, they ravaged *the Cellars*, and their brutal Madness extended even to the digging up the Bodies of our Ancestors (which had been bury'd in a Vault near the Garden) and the throwing them upon the Dung-hill. My Mother, who was with Child of me, was so affected with these Horrors that she fell ill : The Officer who commanded the Dragoons, made 'em beat a Drum in the next Room, in order to force her, by this Torture, to sign the Abjuration, which they offered her. She refus'd with Constancy, and dy'd two Days after my Birth. My Father, who was shut up in a Chamber above, could not prevail to see her in her last Moments, nor to receive her last Sighs, because he too persisted in the same Refusal :

Refusal : But alas ! they soon conquer'd his Resolution, when they shew'd him the Body of my Mother expos'd in the Court upon a little Straw, where they threatned to leave those precious Remains of his Love, as a Prey to Dogs and Birds. This frightful Spectacle touch'd him so sensibly, that at last he did what they requir'd. Then the Dragoons retir'd, and took from him my Brother and me. My Brother, who was five Years old, was brought up in a Society at *Lyons*; by order of the King ; and my Education was entrusted to the Parson of the Parish, who was to be responsible for me. At the Age of seven Years I was remov'd to *Paris*, to the College *des quatre Nations*, where I was instructed in the *Roman* Catholick Principles, 'till I was thirteen Years old ; when my Father, after having given sufficient Marks of his Conversion, had Leave to take us home to him. 'Twas there that I learn'd the Commencement of my Misfortunes ; and I confess, that, in spite of the Prejudices of Education, from that Moment I felt a secret Abhorrence to the Religion which I had been educated in.

My Father who profess'd it with Sincerity, as I think, thought of nothing but of confirming us in it, in order to establish our Fortunes. He sent me into the Army, and kept my Brother with him. *Madam Maintenon*, who had our Conversion much at Heart, because of our Alliance to her, procur'd me a Cornetcy in the Regiment of N——. But as I was yet very young, my Father, who distrusted my Vivacity, recommended me to the Care of the Lieutenant-Colonel, who was a Friend of his. This Officer, whose long and glorious Services had acquir'd him a splendid Fortune, had married a Lady in

our

our Neighbourhood who had been very dear to my late Mother. They liv'd together in sweet Peace, and their Union suffer'd nothing from the Tumults of War, or the Change of Garisons. This happy Couple had no other Fruit of their Love but one Daughter, call'd *Emilia*, whom they were extreemly tender of, and the Mother had educated with uncommon Care. Tho' she was but six Years old, and my Advantage in Age might naturally have excus'd my Attention to her growing Charms, yet they touch'd me; and Love gave me then a Wound, which is not yet heal'd. I had the Honour of eating every Day at my Lieutenant-Colonel's Table with his Lady. Insensibly I look'd upon him as my Father, and felt an unspeakable Complacency in rendring her the Respects which I should have paid to a Mother. By this continued Intimacy, I liv'd with the young *Emilia*, as with a Sister whom I was infinitely fond of: I took a Pleasure in playing with her, and in diverting her before Mama, and in the little Sports adapted to her tender Years: She us'd to call me her Husband, and I her my little Wife. This amiable Infant sometimes astonish'd me with her Sallies and Answers; but what most engaged me was, that *Emilia* had a Sensibility beyond her Age. She never saw us departing for a Campaign without weeping, as if she had forseen the Uncertainties of War. The Farewells which she particularly bestow'd on me, soften'd me even to Tears; nor did I begin to discover the Cause of this, 'till I was taught it by the Part I suffer'd last War in the Misfortunes of *France*. I was taken Prisoner in the Battle of *Hochstedt*, and carry'd into *Holland*. In the Division which the States made of their Prisoners, I was sent to *Frise*, which is not the most engaging of their Provinces. I ought,
how-

however, to confess, that the Politeness of the Nobles, and the Humanity of the Inhabitants, sensibly lessen'd the Grievs which I felt in my Exile. As soon as I had inform'd my Father where I was, he made me Remittances considerable enough to live handsomely. I wrote too to the Lieutenant-Colonel to know the Situation of his Fortune, and to receive News of my dear *Emilia*. She begg'd Leave to write to me, and I receiv'd Letters from her so full of Tenderness, that at length mine unveil'd itself: The inimitable Marks of an Infant's Caresses were so lively painted in those Letters, that I believ'd them to be her own; and they confirm'd me in my Opinion of her Wit. Nothing comforted me so much in my Exile as this little Correspondence, which her Mama approv'd of as instructive to her; and which, at her Time of Life, was of no Consequence: It was not the same with me; I was always full of this lovely Infant; the Idea of my dear *Emilia* pursued me every where; she was at the bottom of all my Projects, and the Joy of seeing her again was my strongest Motive to desire a Change. At length I learn'd that I was at Liberty, and that Madam *Mainteron* had procur'd me a Troop of Horse. This Account alarm'd my Heart, because I was afraid of being transplanted into another Regiment, and thrown beyond the Reach of seeing and conversing with my dear *Emilia*. Indeed, I should have preferr'd the Pleasure of seeing her, to my Advancement. This Inquietude made me go directly to her, when I arriv'd in *France*, to disclose the Concern of my Heart: I was overjoy'd to learn there, that I continu'd still in the same Regiment; and my Transports betraying my Passion, I express'd it in Terms which gave her Father room enough to guess the Truth. He

thought

thought himself obliged to bid his Lady observe my Behaviour, because now their Daughter grew old enough to think of regulating her Conduct. In Effect, *Emilia*, whom I had not seen in the Space of two Years, was vastly alter'd; her Features had unfolded themselves, her Shape was form'd, and every thing in her discover'd the Sketch of the most charming Person that had ever liv'd; Tho' she was fair, her Eyes were large and sprightly, and marvellously enliven'd the Sweetness and Tenderness which were painted in her Face. She had the finest Complexion in the World; and that Bloom of Beauty, which nothing but Youth can give, was heighten'd by the Charm of her rising Bosom. She had all that could compose a perfect Beauty: besides the Proportion of her Features, the fine Turn of her Face, and the Delicacy of her Shape, she had that Agreement of the Whole, which has hitherto found no Name. In a Word, *Emilia* charm'd me, and I had not Courage to tell her so. Respect took Place of that Familiarity which we had liv'd in, and my Passion naturally perform'd what her Father desir'd. But as it often happens, that a Fire becomes more raging by all Endeavours to suppress it, so my Passion encreas'd by Restraint. I lov'd *Emilia* to excess, and burnt with a Desire of revealing it; but my fear of displeasing her, taught me to forbear the dear Declaration, even in spight of myself. *Emilia* feign'd an Ignorance of my Passion, and her Modesty conceal'd from me the Esteem she had for me. My Respect for her, made me find a Sweetness in this Reserve. I don't doubt, Ladies, but you are well acquainted with the Value of Sighs, which proceed from a respectful and stifled Passion. The successive Desires which it gives Birth to, have a Delicacy beyond Expression:

preffion : Doubtless you would aver, that these
 nicer Joys are the Privilege of a Love founded
 on Esteem and Virtue, and distinguish it from
 that brutal Passion which tends only to Pos-
 session, and always ends there : Every thing con-
 tributed to the Encrease of mine. The Virtue
 of my dear *Emilia*, regulated all its Motions ;
 the Sweetness of her Conversation gave unspeakable
 Joy ; her virtuous Behaviour, and the Sublimity
 of her Sentiments, wound up my Respect to
 such a Height, that I thought her the Standard
 of Virtue : I durst not even take my Leave of
 her, when I departed for the last Campaign which
 I made with her Father, for fear I should betray
 my Tenderness at Separation. This Campaign,
 which was so fatal to *France*, was so too to my
 poor *Emilia* : There she lost her Father, who
 dy'd gloriously in the Battle of *Malplaquet*. The
 Sense of this Loss was reflected from his too
 tender Daughter to me, without any Abatement :
 but as my Duty detain'd me in the Regiment, I
 could only write to the Widow to endeavour
 her Consolation. The Peace of *Utrecht* giving
 us some Respite, I came to *Paris*, where Ma-
 dam de — had remov'd with her lovely Daugh-
 ter. Our first Interview was exceeding moving.
 The Tears of *Emilia* gave new Energy to her
 Charms and my Love. To give her a Proof of
 it, I ventur'd to solicit Madam de *Maintenon* in
 their Behalf. As her Influence was still as great
 as ever, she had the Goodness to procure an
 Addition to the Widow's Pension. The Thanks
 she paid me on that Account, gave me an Oc-
 casion of declaring to her my Passion for *Emilia* ;
 and after some Sollicitation, she had the Good-
 ness to approve it. 'Twas then, indeed, that
Emilia charm'd me by a Declaration of her Sen-
 timents in my Favour. I took Lodgings in their
 Neighbour-

Neighbourhood, that I might be within reach of my dear *Emilia*, during the Year I staid at *Paris* to make my Court to Madam *Maintenon*; now and then visiting my Regiment, and striving to reconcile my Duty and my Love. The King's Death finish'd his Favourite's Reign, and my Happiness. How mild soever the Regency appear'd, it had its Severities, and exerted them too towards *Emilia's* Mother, in retrenching her Pension. I solicited the Re-establishment of it with all possible Zeal; and by the Interest of the Abbess of *Chelles* (to whom I was powerfully recommended) I obtain'd it at the End of six Months. That Princess was then at *Val de Grace*: I engaged *Emilia* and her Mother to wait upon her and thank her for her Goodness to them. Alas! I little knew the Precipice I was jumping down: But who can see into Futurity? In going out of her Highnesses Parlour, we met the Prince of ——. In all Appearance he was violently smitten with *Emilia's* Beauty: As she follow'd her Mama (whom I was leading to the Coach), he offer'd his Hand to conduct her thither too, and undoubtedly for an Opportunity of entertaining her. We made no Reflection on this tho' so particular a Civility; and we attributed this Distinction to the native Gallantry of the Prince. *Emilia* herself turn'd off the Conversation, to bring it back to the Service which I had just been doing 'em. That generous Maid, who was full of Delicacy, knew well, that tho' the Share I took in their Affairs was founded on my Gratitude to her Mama, yet it was equally owing to my Tendernefs for herself. She said to me one Day on that Subject, that she was mortify'd to see me employ my Credit in their Behalf instead of using it to improve my own Interest at Court; and that she could scarce

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prevail on herself to give me her Hand, since she could give so little with it. This Discourse gave me Pain, and resolving not to be out-done in Generosity, I threw myself at her Feet, swore an eternal Love; and assur'd her, that in Circumstances infinitely lower, her Merit would be the only Object of my Wishes; and I begg'd her Mother, who was present, to hasten the Accomplishment of 'em. She had the Goodness to repeat her Assurances of Esteem; and we resolv'd that I should make the Proposal to my Father. I departed next Day in order to find him. He receiv'd my Proposal with Joy, and immediately wrote to the Mother to beg her Consent that the ancient Union between the Families might be strengthen'd by a new Link. My elder Brother (who was of a sickly Complexion) desired my Father to give me all the Advantages he could, and advis'd him to purchase some Farms to enlarge my Portion; because my Father, by means of Money fallen to him, had purchas'd an Estate of *three hundred thousand Francs*, which he was endeavouring to erect into a Marquisate, and which would descend to the eldest Son. Accordingly he made considerable Changes upon this Occasion, to enlarge my Fortune;—and I must avow to the Honour of my Brother, that in this Affair he behaved very differently from what is usual among elder Brothers. I set out again for *Paris*, with my Father's Consent and a Sense of his Favours in Behalf of my Marriage. *Emilia* receiv'd me with all imaginable Tenderness. The Consent of our Families permitting her at length to lay open her Sentiments with Decency, she assur'd me, she had never wish'd any thing so ardently as to be able to convince me of her Esteem: For in short, my dear Marquess, said she, if your Cares have prevented my Tenderness
for

for you, mine have trod upon the Heels of yours. I lov'd you without knowing it. I blamed my self for it as soon as I perceived it ; because, as my Fortune was lessen'd by the Death of my Father, I imagin'd I ought not to engage you in a Passion so little conducive to your Advancement. My Situation appear'd to me so improper to procure your Happiness, that I sentenced my self to stifle this growing Passion, and to confine it within the Verge of Esteem : But unable to suppress the Flame, I reproach'd myself for having suffer'd you to discover that my Sentiments in your Favour exceeded that Esteem. Your Generosity conquers my Scruples ; and since you believe that the Union of our Hearts may contribute to your Happiness, assure yourself, my dear Marquess, that you have mine while I have Life. So tender a Speech awak'd in me the utmost Sensibility of Gratitude ; and I renew'd all my Vows to her, sealing 'em with a Kiss which I ravish'd from her beauteous Hand. Alas ! 'twas the only Favour ever granted me by that virtuous Maid. Thus we pass'd several Days, from Morning 'till Night entertaining our selves with mutual Tenderneſs, and regulating the Preparations for our approaching Union.

However, it was deferr'd on account of the News which I receiv'd of the Danger in which my Brother was. I was obliged to go and lay his Case before one of the King's Physicians in whose Abilities he confided, and who, at that Time, was in the Country about ten Leagues from *Paris*. I took Leave of *Emilia* and her Mother with Disquiets which I could not account for. I was even astonish'd at the mutual Softneſs which pass'd between us. It was not natural for so short an Absence ; but was the Effect of

those Forebodings which we feel without knowing them. I return'd the next Day. My first Care, at my Arrival, was to go to my dear *Emilia*. But how great was my Surprise to find her Mother all in Tears, and to see her regard me with Horror. What's the Matter, Madam, said I, and what has happen'd? And dare you ask me, perfidious Man, (answer'd she) after what you have done? Is there a blacker Crime than yours? After having seduced my Daughter and cover'd her with perpetual Shame, you come here to insult me with affected Civility. This is the Reward of my Tendernefs for her and you. O unhappy Mother, cry'd she, how much am I to be pitied! You may easily imagine how deeply these Reproaches affected me, unjust as they were. The Disorder into which they threw me, scarce left me Power to frame an Answer; but my Tears and Sighs supply'd their Place; and notwithstanding my Prayers to the Mother, to unfold the Fate of *Emilia* which I was yet a Stranger to, I could get nothing but new Reproaches. Ungrateful Man, said she, have I deserv'd this Usage? Was one Month's Delay so long to one who had sigh'd so many Years? Return me my Daughter and be gone. At that Word I was thunder-struck, and the unhappy Mother, understanding my Confusion as a Confession, embraced me in her Arms, and tenderly said to me, Ah! Sir, if it is not yet too late, let us avoid the Dishonour of infamous Report: Restore me, Sir, restore me my dear *Emilia*. That Name so dear to my Love, awak'ning my Innocence and alarming my Passion, I threw myself at her Mother's Feet, and protested to her that I had not seen her Daughter. And indeed, what Ground was there for this Charge against me, whose Fondness was always blended with so much

much Respect, and who had no Reason to apprehend a Disappointment? The Lady's Grief furnish'd all the Likelihood for her Suspicions; and the Tears which I shed, the Oaths, the Protestations which I made, at length gain'd Belief that I had no share in her Absence. How long, said I, has she disappear'd? inform me of the Circumstances; at any Hazard, even at that of my Life, I'll learn her Fate. *Emilia's* Piety is too delicate to let her forget her Duty; I know her Sentiments, and have no doubt, either of her Affection or her Virtue: Undoubtedly, Madam, Violence has been offer'd — You are injur'd, Marquess, reply'd the Lady all in Tears; 'tis you must revenge my Daughter, and vindicate your Honour and mine.

After having allow'd some Moments to the first Motions of our Grief, I learn'd that my dear *Emilia* went out about Noon the Day before to go to Mass in the Church of St. *Josse*, the Gates of which open'd into a Street where almost all the Houses were shut. I went to inform myself among the Neighbours if they had seen any thing. I could find no Traces. I waited on the *Lieutenant of the Police* to prefer my Complaint to him, and to beg his Assistance in my Search. He had the Goodness, immediately to send Scouts abroad, and dispatch'd an Order to all inferiour Officers to examine into all the Inns and publick Houses, and to inform themselves of all who had been there for two Days. I went myself to abundance of suspected Places: but our Enquiries met with no Light, no Glimpse of Discovery. At last I went to the *Quinze-Vingts*, to find out the blind Man who kept his Station at the Gate of St. *Josse*, to know whether he had heard any thing of this

Adventure. As ridiculous as this Enquiry may seem to be, yet this very blind Man gave us the first Intimation of *Emilia's* unhappy Fate. He told me, that a little Beggar had inform'd him that he had seen a Lady put into a Coach with some Violence. Upon his assuring me that he knew where this Beggar liv'd I gave him *two Louis d'or*, and took him into my Coach in order to find the other. In Effect we found this Boy, who confirm'd the blind Man's Account, and I carried them both to the Mother. The Boy among several Pictures distinguish'd that of *Emilia*, and even describ'd the Habit which *Emilia* wore that Day. These melancholy Tokens only confirm'd our Misfortune without bringing any Relief. However, I sent for the Officer of that District to take their Depositions, which were immediately sent to the Lieutenant of the *Police*; but his exact Enquiries could make no further Discovery. We made no doubt of *Emilia's* being carry'd off; but knew not where to fix the Suspicion. These Rapes had been very fashionable at *Paris* for about a Year; several young Women had been missing; and within three Months before, the Daughter of a Merchant in *Sr. Honoria's* Street had been taken from the very Door of her Father's Shop. These melancholy Examples gave us no Consolation, and we had no Relief but in our Tears. I did not forsake *Emilia's* Mother, because I found an Ease in bewailing with her our mutual Misfortune.

I was one Morning engaged in this sorrowful Employment at the Foot of her Bed, when a Servant brought up Word to his Lady, that a Gentleman wanted to entertain her upon an Affair of the greatest Moment. As soon as he enter'd, he frankly desir'd that I might retire. The Lady told

told him that he might freely open himself before me; but whatever Arguments she could allege, he insisted upon a private Conference, and I retir'd into a neighbouring Cloſet. As ſoon as he found they were alone, he told the Lady that he came to give her News of her Daughter. Alas! ſaid ſhe, I was lamenting her with the Gentleman whom you obliged to quit the Room: give me Leave to re-call him: No Body has more Intereſt in her than he; he was upon the Point of marrying her. Immediately ſhe call'd me to come and learn News of *Emilia*. Ah, Sir, cry'd I, you reſtore us to Life: Tell us quickly the Place of her Retreat. Here you ſee a diſconſolate Parent and a deſperate Lover. The Gentleman answer'd, that ſhe was not loſt, and that with great Prudence and Secrecy ſhe might regain her Liberty. I come, added he, to offer you my Arm and my Life, as well as the Lives of three of my Friends if the Exigency require it: They are, like me, Men of Reſolution—— I was preparing to follow him; but the Lady ſtopping me, begged him to tell her, at leaſt, where her Daughter was. The Gentleman deſcin'd it, becauſe good Manners would not permit the Relation before a Lady. At length, the Force of Sollicitation drew from him — that the virtuous *Emilia* was in a Brothel where ſhe had been forcibly placed. At this I fell in a Rage, and burning to have the fatal Myſtery unravel'd, trembled for *Emilia's* Innocence. Her Mother, all in Tears, begged the Gentleman to finiſh this ſtrange Relation, in order to the better concerting her Delivery. He told us, that the preceeding Day he went to a Houſe of Pleaſure in the Suburbs of St *Martin* in order to paſs the Night there. There, ſays he, I ask'd for a pretty Girl, and they gave me an Account of one exquisitely

handsome, but so coy, that the Prince of — could not prevail (then we knew the Author of our Misery,) The Gentleman continuing his Recital went on. I regarded these Commendations as the common Artifice of that Sort of Women in order to promote their infamous Business. In short, whether thro' Vanity or my Destiny, I resolv'd upon this Girl. I'll own to you that I suspected her Coyness toward the Prince of — owing only to his Deformity. They conducted me to her, and I found her charming tho' all in Tears. I endeavour'd to warm her with my Caresses, which she repuls'd with Threats of attempting every thing against herself and me. Such uncommon Severity, in such a Place, astonish'd me. I ask'd her with what Design she came there, and whether she was detain'd there by Force? You appear generous, said she, and I'll acquaint you who I am: perhaps you'll be touch'd with my Condition. They took me from the Gate of St. *Josse's* Church. I have been here this Week. My Mother lives in such a Place, and if you'll condescend to inform her of my frightful Situation, I hope Heaven will reward you. Her Tears which accompany'd this Discourse touch'd me so sensibly, that my Passion changed into Respect. I assur'd her, that her Virtue had nothing to fear from me; and that I wou'd assist her to my utmost. I pass'd the Night with her, lest if I quitted her, she might be deliver'd into the Hands of somebody brutal enough to offer Violence to her: and this Morning I wait on you with these Advices.

Emilia's Mother lavish'd her Tears during this Recital, which rais'd me to a pitch of Fury hardly manageable. We bless'd the generous Gentleman for his Regard to the innocent *Emilia*; and,
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in spight of the various Passions which agitated us, we could not help admiring the Force of Virtue, which could command Respect even in a Place dedicated to Vice, and from those who were its greatest Enemies. At length, after having deliberated on various Measures, we resolv'd to wait on the Lieutenant of the *Police*, whither the generous Gentleman would accompany me. The Lieutenant, delighted with the Discovery, immediately sent for the Officer of the District, and in the mean time dispatch'd Scouts and Spies round that infamous Place : And then mounted a Company of *Guards* to surround it. However, he was of Opinion, that I myself, with my Friend, should go to amuse the Mistress of the House, and guard the Place. The Gentleman undertook to entertain that infamous Creature, and I demanded a Sight of her whom they call'd the Coy one in that infernal School. Immediately they forced that innocent Victim into the Room where I was, without regard to her Tears and Cries. She was pale, disfigur'd, her Eyes bath'd in Tears. Good God ! What a Spectacle for a Lover ; and how sensibly was my Soul touch'd at the cruel Situation of my dear *Emilia*. I drew near to comfort her and to inform her of our Contrivance : But her Grief and Virtue teaching her to suspect every thing in that Sink of Infamy, she repuls'd me rudely without knowing me. Immediately dissolving into Tears I threw myself at her Feet, and said to her, *Emilia*, my dear *Emilia* don't you know your respectful Lover ? Good God — cry'd she, where am I, and what do I see ! and in speaking thus, she fell into a Swoon. I catch'd her in my Arms, and strove in vain to revive her. I was forced to call Help. My Friend ran to us in the Moment that we heard the Guard which surrounded the House.

House. The Commissary hearing some Noise in the House, and believing that some Violence was offered us, gave the Signal, and introduced his Train. They seiz'd immediately the detestable Bawd, and with her seven of her domestick Prostitutes. They were carry'd out, venting a thousand Imprecations, the Occasion of which was glorious to *Emilia*, and were led to Jail on Foot and in the Face of the Sun.

During these Emotions, *Emilia* revived; and casting her Eyes upon me, said faintly, my dear Marquess, to what a Fate was I reserv'd? What does my dear Mother say, and what does she think of her unhappy Daughter? She admires your Virtue, says I, and will be here in a Minute to embrace you: For I had sent my Coach for her, and the Commissary went in it, to beg her to come and see and receive her Daughter. She soon arriv'd, and as it was yet high Day, the Commissary advis'd us to stay there 'till Night to avoid Noise. It's impossible to express the Joy we felt in recovering *Emilia*, and in seeing her Virtue triumphant even in the Temple of Vice. Our Eyes accusom'd to Tears pour'd out those of Joy: The Mother embraced that dear Daughter, while I ravish'd her Hand. So moving a Sight soften'd the whole Company. The Gentleman to whom we ow'd her Deliverance, found himself forced to pay a new Homage to *Emilia's* Virtue. He begg'd her on his Knees to forget the Injury which he had design'd her. "Forgive, Madam, said he, "the
 "brutal Fury which a blind Passion had inspir'd
 "me with. Your Virtue, more prevalent than
 "my Tendency to Vice, taught me a Lesson of
 "Wisdom, which I shall never forget. If I
 "ought to blush at having receiv'd those In-
 "structions

“fructions in a Place of Debauchery, the
 “Glory of having been instrumental to your
 “Delivery will wipe off the Ignominy. Per-
 “haps Heaven conducted you hither only to
 “make your Chastity shine forth, and to reduce
 “me to Virtue.” The sweet *Emilia* raising the
 Gentleman, embraced him (by her Mother’s Or-
 der) and handsomely return’d him Thanks for
 the generous Pains he had taken; and as the
 Night was arriv’d, we conducted *Emilia* home,
 where the Lady, her Mother, detain’d at Supper
 the Gentleman to whom we ow’d the Recovery
 of that virtuous Maid.

While we waited Supper, the Lady desir’d her
 dear Daughter to acquaint us with the Circum-
 stances of her Rape. She told us, that in going
 out of the Church, she was accosted by a well-
 dress’d Gentlewoman, who amus’d her with Dis-
 course, ’till insensibly they came over-against a
 Coach; and immediately she found herself forced
 into it by two Servants, *without having Time to*
cry out. The pretended Madam placing herself
 there in a Moment, drew up the Windows,
 which were of Wood, like those of Hackney
 Coaches, and by those Means cut off all Relief.
 The Coach after several Rounds stopp’d in a
 Court where they made her alight, and from
 thence shut her up in a Chamber which look’d
 only into that Court. In the Evening of the
 same Day, says she, I saw the Prince of ———
 enter, who propos’d to entertain me in convenient
 Lodgings, with a shining Equipage and *twenty*
thousand Livres a Year. I strove to dissemble the
 Horror which I felt at this Proposal, in repre-
 senting mildly to the Prince, that as my Heart
 was pre-engaged, I could not accept his Offer:
 and that he might depend on the Sincerity of

this Refusal by the little Notice I had taken of his Billets: For, added she, I had receiv'd two by means of a Beggar, who had artfully convey'd 'em into my Book; and through fear of disquieting my Mother or of allarming the Marquess, I suppress'd them, imagining that this Contempt would repulse the Prince. However, finding that these Arguments did not move him, and that he was preparing to make use of all the Advantage which Solitude gave him, I seiz'd the Candlestick which stood on the Table, and vow'd to defend myself against his Brutality to my last Breath. My Resolution terrifying him, he retir'd. As soon as he was gone, the Woman who had carried me away came to chide me for my Severity, and made me remove to a Chamber among half a Dozen infamous Creatures instructed to corrupt me. Spare me, said *Emilia* bursting into Tears, the Scenes of Lewdness and Obscenity which I was witness to during the two or three Days these Monsters of Iniquity were let loose upon me. No, Hell with all its Horrors contains nothing more frightful than those cursed Creatures. I moan'd, I wept, I invok'd the Assistance of Heaven, and begg'd for Death every Minute; and sweet it would have been to me. At length the Prince return'd to me, and believing me seduced by so many infamous Lessons and Examples, he renew'd his Promises and Threats. I recall'd my former Resolution; and after having reproach'd him with his Brutality in the strongest Terms, I threw myself all in Tears at his Feet, and begged him not to sully the Lustre of his House by so infamous a Stain. But finding him unmov'd at my Tears, I changed my Tone. How scandalous is it for you, my Prince, said I, to busy yourself in seducing a Woman of Fashion, while you ought, like your
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Ancestors to be employ'd in winning Battles. Go, cowardly Prince, and seek elsewhere a more glorious Death; for, be assur'd your Life shall pay for an Attack upon my Innocence. Stung with this Discourse he retir'd, call'd me insolent, and told me that I should have Leisure to repent.

After this Victory I was confin'd in my Chamber, 'till this Gentleman came to demand me; and you know the rest, said she, melting again into Tears. We imagin'd that the Prince having proceeded so far durst not attend to those Motions of Pity which he felt; and as one Crime is the Foundation of another, in order to conceal his, he had resolv'd to leave *Emilia* in that infamous Place. In that Imagination, the next Day I conducted *Emilia's* Mother to the Lieutenant of the *Police*, and begged him to punish privately the miserable Conductor of this Enterprize. That Magistrate was inexorable; and tho' he perceiv'd the Force of our Arguments, he told us that the Publick Good requir'd she should be made a publick Example; and accordingly the next Day the Sentence was pronounced.

This Wretch, after having pass'd thro' every Degree of the most infamous Debauchery, had erected at her House a publick Academy of Vice. She liv'd in a very handsome House and kept an Equipage neat enough. In short, she was a true *Lais*, and had reviv'd the ancient Proverb, viz. *Non cuius Homini contingit adire Corinthum*: for indeed it cost a Piece of Gold to enter her Door; and Strangers made it a Point of Religion to visit this infamous Place. Her Punishment was attended with such comical Circumstances, that I don't doubt Ladies, you'll be willing

willing to know 'em. This wretched Creature was mounted and ty'd on an Ass with her Face to the Tail, and led by two of the Executioner's Servants, who had before shav'd her Head at the Castle Gate. On her Back was fix'd a Writing which in two Words describ'd her infamous Trade. She was followed by the seven unhappy Creatures found at her House. They were bare-foot, in white but tatter'd Gowns, and their Hair loose without any Head-dress. At every Cross-way in *Paris* the Hangman shav'd one, and every time whipp'd their infamous Principal, whom at length he conducted without the Gates of *Paris*, whence she was for ever banish'd, after having been branded with an Iron. Her seven Damsels were led to the Hospital through the Shouts of the Mob.

This Penalty, just as it was, compleated our Misery. *Emilia* could not endure the Publication of her Misfortune: She declar'd to us that she had resolv'd to retire for a Fortnight into the Convent of ——— in the middle of *Paris*, there to purge her Eyes and Ears of those Obscenities which she had been witness to. How much so ever this Resolution alarm'd me, it was impossible for me to break it. The Lady her Mother went with her thither, fearing they might take Advantage of *Emilia*'s Melancholy, to infuse into her a Fondness for the Cloyster. But in vain she watch'd her; *Emilia* had taken her Resolution, and at last told it her plainly. When her Mother press'd her Engagements to me, which left her no Power to form new ones; the Marquis, says she, is too generous to compel me, and I am too miserable to wish him a Share in my Infamy: I won't so much as see him 'till I have compleated my Sacrifice by taking the Vows.

The

The Lady her Mother, who was always in hopes of conquering her, had conceal'd her Resolution from me : but it could not be long conceal'd. Ah, what a terrible Blow was this to my Heart ! I wept, I threaten'd, I sent for the Superiour of the Convent ; I reproach'd her with having seduced my dear *Emilia* ; I begged at least to speak to her, but all in vain. I went and inform'd the Cardinal *de Noailles*, of the Wrong I suffer'd ; and his Eminence had the Goodness to go to the Convent and examine the Affair. He talk'd with *Emilia*, and found her so resolute, that he himself perform'd the Ceremony of giving her the Veil : He brought me the sorrowful Account, and a Letter which *Emilia* had wrote to me. I preserve it, says the Marquess, and will read it to you.

Emilia's Letter to the Marquess of —.

“ AFTER the fatal Stroke which your Eyes
 “ were Witnesses to, I thought nothing
 “ remain'd but the Necessity of banishing myself
 “ from 'em for ever. 'Tis a Method which Providence has made use of to tear me from a
 “ Passion which perhaps I should have been
 “ unable to regulate. Let us comfort ourselves,
 “ my dear Marquess, and submit to that superiour
 “ Power which has placed an unsurmountable
 “ Bar between us. I am told that you are impatient to see me : but what would such an
 “ Interview avail but to re-kindle in me a Fire
 “ which I ought to dread ? Alas ! miserable
 “ Woman as I am, even in writing this I experience how much I ought to fear and to
 “ avoid you. No, my Dear, demand no more

“ to see me. That’s at an End. A Veil, Walls
 “ and Grates, if possible, will hide my Shame
 “ for ever. Adieu. The Tears which fall upon
 “ my Paper redouble at that cruel Word. Adieu,
 “ — once more I bid the last Adieu, my dear
 “ Marquess. If to be belov’d will satisfy you,
 “ assure yourself that you are more so than ever
 “ Man was.

Emilia.

Tender as was this Letter, continu’d the Mar-
 quess kissing it, I look’d on it as the Sentence
 of my Death. How, *Emilia*, cry’d I, even in
 the Presence of the Cardinal, is it thus you treat
 your unhappy Lover? O ye Sighs of so many
 Years have ye deserv’d this Recompence! O
 Sir, how barbarous is your Religion! Was it
 not enough that it cost me a Mother, must it rob
 me of *Emilia* too! In short, Grief made me
 speak so many indiscreet Things, that a Prelate
 less moderate than the Cardinal of *Paris* would
 have taken ’em ill: But the good Cardinal pity-
 ing my Condition strove to comfort me. He
 employ’d all his common-place Perswasives to
 assuage my Transports; but all in vain. I left
 his Palace full of Love and Fury, and that Agi-
 tation threw me into so violent a Fever, that I
 was forced to go to Bed when I came home. My
 Illness encreas’d to such a Degree that my Life
 or at least my Reason was given over for lost.
 I fell into a perpetual Delirium which lasted
 more than three Months, during which I re-
 peated every Moment the Name of *Emilia*; I
 spoke to her, I wrote to her, and it was only by
 speaking of her to me, that I was prevail’d on
 to comply with the Prescriptions of the Phy-
 sicians. The Lady her Mother who came every
 Day

Day to see me, took so much Care of me that in a Month after the Fever had left me, I was strong enough to go abroad.

Immediately I went to the Convent, where *Emilia* persisted to the End in refusing to see me, that she might not expose herself to be tempted to decline the cruel Sacrifice which she was preparing for. I curs'd a thousand times (as I went out) the Cloyster and the Grates; and meeting an Officer, a Friend of mine whom I had not seen a long time, and who was ignorant of my Misfortunes, I took him into my Chariot to make him the Recital. After some Turns *au Cours* where the Physicians had order'd me to take the Air, we went to the Regent's Coffee-House. One Stroke was wanting to the Completion of my Misfortunes, and I met that Stroke. As my Thoughts were inflam'd by the Recital which I had just made, I spoke too loud and too unguardedly of the Prince of — I even read with Delight a Ballad made on a Piece of his Gallantry: The Song turn'd upon a small Disaster, well deserv'd, and in my Opinion due to the Baseness of his Passion. Intoxicated with the Pleasure of this Revenge, I forgot who had lent me the Song and I put it down upon a Table, so that no Body doubted my being the Author. The Prince was inform'd of it; and the Regent overjoy'd at an Opportunity of obliging him sent me to the Bastile. Six Months I endur'd this melancholy Confinement; and I had pass'd four of 'em before I could win the Governor's Permission to write an open Letter to *Emilia's* Mother, who was very uneasy at my Condition. That Lady went to the Cardinal, and from thence to the Lieutenant *de la Police*, to beg that
he

he would soften my Imprisonment, and to learn my Offence. That Magistrate came to see me. I confess'd my Indiscretion to him; and as he knew the Foundation of it, he had the Goodness to speak of it to the Regent; and his Royal Highness order'd my Enlargement. The Cardinal of Noailles, by an Excess of Prudence, inserted a very hard Clause. His Eminence was afraid I should disturb the fatal Ceremony of *Emilia's* Vows; and to prevent that Disturbance, the Warrant which releas'd me from the Bastile order'd that I should quit *Paris* the same Day; that I should not return there 'till after six Months, and that in twenty-four Hours I should render myself at my Garrison. I had only time to go and embrace *Emilia's* Mother, and then I took Post to lie at *Meaux*. From thence I wrote to her dear Daughter, to reproach her with the Severity with which she refus'd to see me; and the next Day I pursued my Road towards my Regiment. There I liv'd upon Tears and Sighs, prepar'd for those new Misfortunes which have since fallen upon my Head without Intermision.

Here the Marquess softning into Tears, we interrupted his Recital to condole with him, and to consider how very just his Grief was. We begged his Pardon for our little Railleries intended purely to divert him; and my Lady taking him by the Hand had a Mind to a Turn or two in the Walk before we retired. She thank'd the Marquess for what he had recited of his History and begged the Sequel at another time. The Ladies too, discreetly turn'd off the Discourse to another Subject; and to dissipate his Melancholy we accosted some *English* Ladies whom we convey'd home.

We

We found the Company much encreas'd in our Inn. While we were at the *Capuchins* a great many had arriv'd ; and there fell to our Share two *Englismen*, an *Italian Cavalier*, two Ladies, and a Gentleman of *Brabant* whose Folly gave us a Comedy every Day during the rest of the Season. He pretended to be Chamberlain to the Elector of *Cologne*, and call'd himself the Count of L——, tho' his Father, who was a brave Officer, had always contented himself with the plain Title of an honest Man, and which he always supported. This young Man began with giving us his Pedigree into which he hook'd all the Families in *Europe*. He entertain'd us with his Equipage, his Footmen, his *great and little Liveries*, and his annual Expence. After that came the List of his Successes in Love, and all in a Breath a Detail of the Treats which he had made at *Aix*, and which he design'd for the Ladies at *Spa*. Mr. *Lake*, whose whole View was Diversion, confirm'd him in his Projects : He dissembled a firm Belief of all his Impertinences, and promis'd to introduce him among the Ladies. Every Body listen'd to 'em ; we diverted ourselves with hearing them, and were over-joy'd that this senseless Fop had laid himself open at first.

As soon as we rose from Table we join'd Mr. *Lake* to reproach him with his Cruelty in playing off the young Fellow ; but he assur'd us that we should see Instances enough of his Extravagance — and so we did indeed. Mr. *Lake* alledged it was a Point of Charity to push the Folly as far as possible, as the only possible Means of reclaiming him : For our Parts we pittied him ; and the Marquess, who had seen the World, remark'd, that this young Fellow was a
 fort

sort of *Don Quixot* who had ruin'd his Understanding by aping the Man of Quality. He was in short a shallow Coxcomb; or as they say at *Paris*, a Coxcomb turn'd out of the Mould unfinished; one who join'd native and affected Folly together. His whole Composition was Art; his Air, his Behaviour, his Gate, and even his Complexion.

Next Morning he appear'd at the Fountain in all his Graces. His Face was brighter than the Morning, and he had placed there Patches in exact Order. His Coat was distended like a Hoop-Petticoat. He had his Curls, his Lap-dog, and his Trinkets like the Actress of an Opera. However, he call'd all this his Dishabille. His two Servants follow'd him; the one carry'd his Cup upon a Napkin, and the other held a Napkin to wipe his Mouth and Fingers after Drinking. The Marquess, serious as he was, could not forbear laughing at this Sight. He came to find my Lady and the other Ladies where I was, to observe the Conclusion of this Comedy together. My Lady propos'd the joining him for nearer Observation; and as she had the Art of making a quick Acquaintance, she congratulated the pretended Count of L—— upon his Arrival. Our Fop, already regarding her as a Conquest which his Merit had made, approach'd her with an Air of Assurance to make his Reverence. My Lady return'd it in *English* — that is to say, extremely low. The Count return'd her one to the Right and another to the Left. We join'd 'em one by one to enhance the Number of his Bows: We were five, and by Consequence had thirty Congees of him. They were comical enough, and *Rigaudon* himself of jumping Memory never made the like. Every Body gaz'd on us,
and

and I believe this dumb Scene had not ended so soon, if my Lady had not told him that People of Fashion made use of leis Ceremony He allow'd it ; but in Excuse of his, he alledged the Correspondence which he was obliged to hold at *Aix* with Burghers, whose Conversation he fear'd had spoil'd his Behaviour. I am quite asham'd of it, says he, and I'm sure my Cousins the Princes of *Hesse* will attack me upon it when they come to my House My Lady, sensible of his Foible, said, she had heard that he had Relations in the Court of *England* too ; and fancy'd she had heard him mention'd as a Cousin to the Dutcheß of *Q*——. Yes sure, says he, and I propose to go and see her, — I'll shew you the Way, says my Lady : She is here, and has with her a very amiable young Lady, *Hamilton*. *Hamilton* ! says he, she's my Cousin, my Great Grandmother was of that Family. I'll go and see her. Tell me Sir, says my Lady, do you visit your Relations every Year ? Yes, Madam, says he. O' my Word, says my Lady, I pity you ; for you must make the Tour of *Europe* then. The Count understood her literally, and made us a new Detail of his Cousins, the Meanest of which was at least a Lord. Mr. *Lake*, who diverted himself much with seeing him, took a Glas of Water and drank the King of *Sweden*'s Health, who to be sure was his Cousin too as being Chief of the House of *Hesse*, and propos'd to him the Drinking to all the Princes of that House. I immediately saw that he would have drunk to all the Princes in *Germany*. I believe in my Conscience, says my Lady, that your Mother was a fine Woman, and your Father an easy Man, since you abound so in Relations of Rank. It's probable the Count did not hear this, since he answer'd
her

her only with a Bow, and set out, with his Train, for his Toilet.

When he appear'd again nothing could be more exact : His Curls were different from those in the Morning ; his Red was better placed ; his Patches ranged in new Order ; he had on a Coat of Silk, lighter and more splendid. Every thing was match'd ; his Ring, his Sleeve-buttons, his *Burdash*, were all of the same Colour with the Lining of his Coat ; and we always found him religiously observant in thus matching his Things, tho' he often changed his Suit. His Man, the true Ape of such a Master, imitated even his Colouring, and never fail'd to wipe the Pencil on his own Cheeks to enliven his Complexion.

These important Cares had busied the Count all the Morning, and he came pretty late to Table. We all maliciously rose up, to bespeak Congees, and fine ones we had. We were ambitious to help him ; but he was not at leisure to eat yet. His Man brought him first a vast Handkerchief which he had forgot upon his Toilet : Then he was forced to sign two or three Letters which his Valet had written for him either to Counts or Barons. Before he began to eat he miss'd his Snuff Box ; it was brought him ; but as if through cross Purposes, they brought him *Spanish* when he wanted *Rap^e*. The second Snuff-box came. Both were very fine, and he ranged them by the Side of his Plate, and placed there a Gold Tweezer too. After he had thus spread his Trinkets, which we gazed at in Silence, he at last took some Soup. He enliven'd the Desert with a thousand Prettinesses ; he cut the Fruit into a hundred different Shapes, and
pre-

presented them to us, observing that he had touch'd 'em with nothing but his Knife. In short, my Lord *Colifichet* was a trifling Trifler to him. At last, that none of his Graces or his Toys should escape us, he seem'd uneasy to know what Hour he might wait on his Cousin the Dutches of —. He led the Conversation to the Subject of Clocks, which gave him Opportunity to draw out a *monstrous Gold Watch*, embellish'd with little Brilliants, and a long Chain loaded with Rings and motto'd Seals — all of them Favours, the History of which he enter'd upon.

The Marquess's Curiosity and mine abating, we left him with Mr. *Lake*, and went to divert my Lady with the Recital of this Comedy. And certain it is that that which at first gave Mirth, gave Disgust enough at last; so true it is that there are Bounds to the Ridiculous, beyond which it falls upon us. Tho' this is but an imperfect Sketch of the Count's Vanity, yet the Plurality of Readers I suppose will think it an imaginary Character: 'Tis however copy'd from Nature; and the Marquess made several judicious Remarks on the Occasion. We are surpriz'd, says he, when we read the Characters of *Theophrastus*, *la Bruyere*, *Bellegarde*, or even the Comedies of *Moliere*, so ridiculously have they painted some Persons of their Times. Those Descriptions seem strain'd; and either from Self-Love or from Compassion to Mankind we hardly persuade ourselves that Men are as foolish as Authors represent them: at least, we are secretly inclin'd to fancy that they have forged ridiculous Characters to divert the Age. We judge thus only because the Originals which they copied from are lost. We had made the
same

same Judgment of any Author, who had introduced our young Gentleman on the Stage, if we had not seen him here. After all says the Marquess this Character, extravagant as it is, is by no Means astonishing. It is founded on Reason. A certain Impression of Right and Truth is stamp'd on every Man, and he that varies from it is odious. Hence it is that we pity Deformity, and laugh at the Posture-Master. Our Detestation of Falsehood is carry'd so far, that we more readily pardon a profess'd Libertine than a devout Hypocrite; because the Mind finds something generous in the open Debauchee, and something great in complexional Vice, while Dissimulation discovers Baseness; and 'tis a Kind of Theft, where what a Man imitates is not his own. We carry'd this Conversation pretty far, which my Lady enliven'd by her Sallies. Be it as it will, says she, this Count is a lucky Hit for us, let us draw from it what Diversion we can. Let's go to the Dutchess of —, where they play to Day, perhaps we may find him there.

There he was sure enough, and diverted us with an important Air as soon as he saw us enter. The Dutchess, pre-occupy'd by Mr. Lake, had persuaded him that my Lady had a Passion for him, and came thither only on his Account. He was confirm'd in that Fancy by my Lady's Praises of his fine Air, his Adjustment, and his genteel Behaviour. O' my Word Sir, says she, your elegant Fancy discovers itself all over your Person; and in Case of Necessity, one might find *the late Celadon* in you. This Compliment, which made us laugh, made my Lady Mistress of the Count's Heart. He approach'd her, and offer'd her a Ball. My Lady artfully wav'd it, and desired

fired him to make the first Offer to the Dutcheſs, who found herſelf diſpos'd to accept it the *Thursday* following at our Inn, where the Hall is pretty large.

This Ball was preceeded by a Game at Cards, a Supper, and a Concert. In the Morning the Count ſent a ſwinging Noſegay to the Dutcheſs, who took no great Pains in her Dreſs. Conſcious of her Charms, ſhe came in a perfect Simplicity of Habit. She brought twenty-four Ladies, who placed themſelves at Table, and were ſerv'd by Gentlemen. The poor Count, as unhappy as ridiculous, could not wear a new Coat which he purpoſely ſent for from *Liege*. As ill Luck would have it, he had read that Morning in the *Gazette* that ſome *German* Prince was dead; and, under the Pretence of being allied to him, he thought himſelf obliged to wear Mourning. He conſulted every Body upon it, and they ſpightfully gave it in favour of Black. He had a kind of Frock, of which he made a ſecond Mourning rich enough: It was a Coat of black Silk upon a Silver Tiffue Waſtcoat, with fringed Linnen. Even his Face was partly in Mourning; the Vermilion with which he had plaſter'd it was cover'd with a Squadron of Patches of different Forms. He had a great Moon upon his Forehead, and had flank'd his Eye with a vaſt Creſcent. My Lady counted fix, and ſaid to him with her Air of Railery; 'tis pity, Sir, you have not ſeven of them to repreſent every Planet. Nothing could be more comical than to ſee him open the Ball thus equipp'd: He look'd like a Pail, and the mournful Entrance made every Body laugh. The Dutcheſs wore white Callicoe, and a Head-dreſs of *Mechlen* Lace. Her Noſegay hang ſo careleſſly by her Side, that it diſcover'd

her Esteem of it. Her melancholy Air, her Paleness, and her Indolence, struck the Eye with something like a Dance of Ghosts in *Elysium*. The careless Composure of the Dutchess, and the second Mourning of the Count, made the pleasantest Contrast I have ever seen. The Air of Fatigue in that fine Woman, and the studied Affectation in her King of the Ball, added new Occasions of Laughter: Every Part danced in him, his Mouth, his Eyes, his Head, his Arms; in short, every thing moved in Time; but all distorted.

Thus the Dutchess huddled over the first Minuet, and immediately sat down. Asham'd, probably, of having contributed to the Count's Folly, she excus'd herself from further Dancing on account of her Health: To have had a sick Dutchess dance with him, flatter'd the stupid Vanity of the Count extreamly; and he design'd her a Place in the List of those who had died Martyrs to a Passion for him. However, for good Manners sake, he order'd some Refreshments should be presented to her, while he whispered her Illness to every one in the Room with an Air of Pleasure, which gave every Body room to guess his Satisfaction in it. The Dutchess perceiving it thought it time to undeceive him, and re-enter'd the Dance. She danced five or six Minuets following, with a great deal of Grace, and retir'd. Though it was but a Step to her Lodging, the Count's Coach was ready at the Door to carry her; she refus'd it, but could not hinder his waiting on her to the Door with four Flambeaux.

After these Movements, the Count return'd to the Ball, and put round great Basins of Sweetmeats,

meats, Biskets, and sugar'd Puffs with Motto's in 'em, which amus'd the Company agreeably enough. He broke these Puffs in the Ladies Hands, and when he met a Motto to his Taste, he pin'd it to his Coat, and call'd it a Declaration of Love. The Ladies, who consider'd him as a Man of no Consequence, diverted themselves with choos'ing Motto's of Love for him, and with giving 'em to him in a mysterious Manner; and he thought them all passionately fond of him. My Lady, particularly, acted her Part in it; she pretended to have found this Motto under his Hand;

*Your Charms have touch'd my Heart;
With Kindness ease my Smart.*

She gave it him with so tender an Air, that he verily believ'd her smitten, and came to entertain her with Tittle Tattle. She began to find herself entangled, and thought she could not better disengage herself than by telling him that his Hair was discompos'd. Under Pretence of putting a Ringlet in order, she slid her Fan down one side of his Face, and took off all the Varnish of it. Dancing, and the Warmth of the Day, had heated him extreamly. His Sweat had moisten'd the Pomatum, and the Powder which his Head was loaded with, and had made very disagreeable Ridges on his Face, which he durst not wipe off; my Lady's Fan had done him that good Office, and defaced in a Moment a whole Morning's Work: He did not immediately perceive it; but going to take out a Lady to dance, he rais'd every Body's Laughter. He resembled the old God *Janus* with his two Faces. The Count had one Cheek as red as a Cherry, and the other like Tobacco-pipe Clay; and some

accidental Shades made it very comical. He join'd in the Laugh with the first not knowing that it was at his Expence, which made our Diversion run higher : But the Lady he would have danced with, having charitably acquainted him with the Disorder of his Colouring, he flew like Lightning to repair it. 'Tis easy to imagine that this was a stinging Affliction to the beautiful *Narcissus*. We saw Fury painted in his Eyes ; these were the only Parts of his Face which retain'd any thing natural, for his Cheeks were still daub'd enough to have hid his Confusion from us. His Absence giving us Liberty to burst out, this Scene diverted us much more than the Ball : We had Leisure enough to indulge ourselves in Mirth, while the poor Count was at his Toilet. The refitting his Face was not the Work of a Moment ; he was a whole Hour about it : But as it was already Eleven a Clock, before he return'd every Body had retir'd, and we left the Fiddles alone. This Adventure diverted us for some Days after. The Dutchess rallied him cruelly upon it ; and what astonish'd us was, that an Affair so calculated to correct his Folly had no Effect on him. He seem'd even industrious in subjecting himself to ridicule, and succeeded in it so well that he carry'd it to the utmost Height, as we shall find in the Sequel.

I had now been a Fortnight at *Spa*, without having seen the Fountains round the Town. I mentioned it to the Marquess and Mr. *Lake*, and propos'd carrying the Ladies thither. My Lady engaged the Dutchess, and we appointed the next Day. I took Care to bespeak four of the most convenient Coaches I could find. All these Preparations were in vain. One of those Tempests, so common in mountainous Countries, broke the
the

the Party. I never heard it thunder so terribly as that Day ; the Air seem'd all in a Blaze with the Lightning which flash'd incessantly ; and the Bursting multiply'd by the neighbouring Mountains, roar'd horribly, and without Intermision. The Rains which fell, in less than an Hour form'd a Torrent, amazingly rapid, through the Town : We thought it Charity to encourage my Lady under the Terrors of this Storm ; and the Marquess, Mr. *Lake*, and I, went to her. There we pass'd the Afternoon, and as my Lady was not dispos'd to Cards, Mr. *Lake* told us several new Extravagances of our impertinent *Bra-bançon*. Scandal and Raillery are the Refuge of People unemploy'd : and yet, tho' this Sor-furnish'd us with eternal Matter of both, his Follies became insipid. Truly, says my Lady, we do him too much Honour to mention him so often. I should think it more worth the while to prevail on the Marquess to finish his Adventures. Every Body approv'd the Advice ; and the Marquess, unable to decline it, thus re-assum'd his Story.

*The Sequel of the History of the Marquess
of —.*

THE Goodness, Ladies, which you discover'd in a Sensibility of my former Misfortunes, assures me that you'll pity those which follow'd. 'Tis true, in losing my *Emilia* for ever I lost all that I held dear : yet that Loss did not take away my Sense of the Misery which afterwards pursued me.

You may remember that I was confin'd in the Bastile, and that at the End of six Months I was releas'd by the Solicitation of the Mother of my

dear Devotée. During my melancholy Confinement I lost my Father, which was the first News I learn'd from *Emilia's* Mother, when I went to embrace her at my Enlargement. I was extremely afflicted at it. He was the best Father in the World, and his Tenderneſs for us had ſhewed itſelf too plainly. Tho' he was of a very advanced Age, I was afraid my Diſgrace had ſhorten'd his Days: and that Imagination embitter'd my Loſs in Proportion to the Account I heard of his Grief.

Among the Letters which *Emilia's* Mother had receiv'd for me during my Imprisonment, and which ſhe ſent me at my quitting *Paris*, I found one from an old Friend of our Family, which acquainted me that my dying Father expreſs'd a good deal of Reſentment at the Violence he had ſuffer'd from the Dragoons, and that he feared Heaven would puniſh his Prevarication in my future Miſfortunes. This Prediction made an Impreſſion which my laſt Troubles have awaken'd in me: But the Intereſt of my Heart being then entirely engaged in *Emilia's* Retreat, I continually wrote to her Mother to engage her Authority in the Recovery of my virtuous Love. At the ſame time I plotted Means of carrying her off, which, impoſſible as they were, flatter'd my Grief for ſome time, tho' the ſteady Virtue of my *Emilia* was an unſurmountable Bar. To compleat my Sorrows, my only Brother dy'd at this Juncture; and while I was employ'd in bewailing his Death, *Emilia* herſelf ſent me Word that her Vows had made me wretched beyond Redemption. My God, what muſt a tender Heart endure in theſe Circumſtances! To loſe at once a Father, a Brother, and a Love, without finding any Abatement of one Loſs by another;
What

What an Abyss of Sorrow ! Sometimes the Elder Brother's Title and Estate are a Consolation to a Younger Brother in my Situation : But as I had lost a Brother dearly belov'd, so I had no Relish to his Estate since my dear *Emilia* did not partake of it. I wrote to her about it, and that virtuous Girl answer'd me with her usual Generosity, and steadily refus'd a Pension which I would have given the Convent in her Name to excuse her the Severities.

I then wrote to the Cardinal *de Noailles* to beg that the Order which detain'd me at my Regiment might be revok'd, and to obtain Leave for me to set my Domestick Affairs in Order. He could easily succeed, because he was at that Time President of the Board of Conscience, and my Liberty could now give him no Fears with Regard to *Emilia*. He gain'd me both my Requests, and after having made a little Tour round my Lands I return'd to *Paris*. Horror seiz'd me at my Arrival there, tho' I little knew how dismal a Journey this would be to me. You guess, Ladies, that I did not delay my Visit to *Emilia*. I ran to her Convent, and she came into the Parlour with her Mama. It was then fifteen Months since I had seen her ; Heavens ! How lovely did she appear ! her Veil and her mournful Dress heighten'd her Charms, and gave a new Lustre to her Modesty. She had an Air of Tranquillity and Content ; and the Serenity of her Looks demonstrated the Sincerity of her Sacrifice. I continued a great while speechless, and could speak to her only by my Tears. My Grief awaking that of her Mother made her weep too. Our Tears call'd forth *Emilia's*, and after she had allow'd some Time to mutual Tenderness, she comforted me with the most affecting Arguments

ments which the Christian Religion affords. They sunk the deeper as her Religion was founded on Reason, and was free from the childish Bigottry of the Cloyster. At Length she left me, after a Conversation of three Hours, and gave me leave to see her twice a Week.

I was sensible of an Indulgence so precious and so serviceable to my afflicted Heart. There was Reason to imagine that I should spend the best Part of a Year at *Paris*. I was busy'd there in giving an Account of my Lands into the Chamber of Accounts. And as their Erection into a Marquisate was unfinish'd at my Father's Death and my Brother had neglected it, they had rais'd me some Perplexity, and would make me pay twice over the King's Fine at every Change of the Lord. Vexatious as this Affair was to a Man unpractis'd in such Business, I found a secret Pleasure in it, since it furnish'd me with a fair Pretence of remaining in *Paris* near my dear *Emilia*. I went punctually to her Convent; her Conversation and her Counsel were all my Refuge and Consolation. Her Mother, who had shut herself in the same Convent under the Title of perpetual Pensioner, always accompany'd her virtuous Daughter in the Parlour. I felt an inexpressible Sweetness in conversing with 'em; but as that was but a slender Recompence of my unfortunate Love, I never left 'em but with Tears in my Eyes. Even those Days that *Emilia* was forbid to receive me by the Rule of the Convent I took a Pleasure in being present at Divine Service; and my Heart leap'd when ever I heard her Voice, which was easily distinguish'd by its Sweetness; it was so familiar to me that I should have known it among a thousand.

Always.

Always full of *Emilia's* Image, my Thoughts center'd in myself, and I made no Visits but such as my Affairs indispensably requir'd. I generally ate alone, and saw but one Friend who lodged pretty near me. One Night he saw me more melancholy than usual, and made me Sup with him. My Heart was heavy, I sigh'd, the Tears flow'd in spight of me, nor could I conquer this involuntary Grief tho' I knew no fresh Cause of it. How happy should we be could we comprehend these secret Hints which the Heart sometimes gives of approaching Evil! But it's the Condition of Humanity to be ignorant of Futurity: And when Providence unfolds its Determinations, 'tis at least a Comfort to the Miserable that they could neither foresee nor prevent the Stroke. My Friend strove to make me chearful, but could not succeed, and I quitted him as much vapour'd as I had been all the Evening.

It was very late when I retir'd, and as I had but one Street to pass through I went home alone and on Foot. I was hardly four Yards from my Friend's House, when I heard somebody walking very fast and groaning behind me. I turn'd to see who it was and heard a Voice which said to me "Save me Sir, pity me"— At the same time I saw a little Person who seem'd to me drest in black, and who threw herself at my Knees in the middle of the Street, repeating in a very passionate Tone, Save me Sir, for God's Sake, save my Honour and my Life. I lifted her up immediately and ask'd her how I could serve her: But her Disorder was such, that she could only answer me in the same Words, Save me Sir, and place me somewhere in Safety: I believe you generous, added she trembling, I am a Person of Condition, pity me and save Sir, —

All the while she spoke to me this poor Creature, to whom I had given my Hand, press'd me to walk on, and I was already at the Door of my Lodging, before I could frame an Answer or a Resolution. In the mean time *Emilia's* Misfortune coming to Remembrance, I fancy'd that this unhappy Girl might have been in some such cruel Situation. Besides she was a young Lady and in Misfortune — Alas! Less had been sufficient to move Compassion in my too tender Breast. I was soon resolv'd, fear nothing Madam, says I, whoever you are; this is my Lodging and shall protect you. My Man, who sat up for me, seeing me bring in a Woman so late, fancy'd it was some Wench willing to comfort me in the ill Success of my Amour. He was indiscreet enough to say so among the Servants of the House who sat up to chatter with him; and this Imprudence ruin'd me. However the respectful Air, with which he saw me conduct her to my Apartment, made him change his Opinion, and he has since own'd to me that he believ'd her to be *Emilia* whom I had carry'd off from the Convent. Every thing favour'd this idle Imagination. The Lady was in black, she had her Veil let down, her Cloaths were bespatter'd with Dirt like one who escap'd in a Hurry; she seem'd very much fatigu'd and was so in Reality.

As soon as she was in my Chamber I offer'd her some Refreshment. She contented herself with a Glass of Burgundy, which she drank without lifting up her Veil. Believing her then a little recover'd from her Fright, I begged to know the Cause of it: but she excus'd herself. I fancied the Presence of my Servant occasion'd her Reserve, and would have sent him out. No, says

says she, Sir, I beg he may stay, I have nothing secret to impart. Permit me at least, says I, the Honour of seeing you, and let me take away that Veil. My Prayers were vain, and believing that I approach'd her with a Design of committing that little Violence, she threw herself at my Feet, and conjur'd me by all that was sacred not to force her to make herself known 'till the next Day. "Generous Sir, said she to me, don't blemish the Merit of that Refuge you have afforded me. Possibly if you find me handsome, you may deny me the Liberty of expressing my Gratitude according to my Inclination; and if otherwise, you may reproach yourself with a fruitless Compassion. To-morrow, added she, my Fate shall be cleared up to you, and I think you'll be touch'd with it. I only beg the Favour of reposing here to Night, and rely too much upon your Generosity to believe you capable of taking Advantage of my Misfortunes." So many Tears and Sighs attended this Discourse, that the most brutal Man alive would have pitied her. I swore that she should be safe with me, and Mistress of her Secrets as long as she pleas'd. I protested to her that my Curiosity sprang only from a Desire of curing her Misfortunes, and I promis'd her all she could wish, when ever she should think proper to give me her Instructions. After these Assurances I order'd such Dispositions in my Chamber as was suitable to the Lady, and put the Key of the Room upon the Table to prove that she was Mistress there and at Liberty. At length I rose and wish'd her a good Repose. "Alas Sir, says she sighing, I want it much; and if your Wish be accomplish'd, as I hope it will, you'll find me very different To-morrow. Farewel Sir, your Generosity moves me, and I

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" hope

“ hope Heaven will reward the Assistance you
 “ have afforded to Night to the most miserable
 “ Woman living.” At the End of those Words
 she made me a Court’fy and shut the Door.

When I reflect, Ladies, upon this amazing Adventure, and trace backwards the Disasters which follow’d it, I can scarce pardon my Imprudence. And yet were I again so circumstantiated, I should act in the same manner. Must not we then conclude that some Evils are unavoidable by human Prudence? And that a Man mark’d out by Heaven for Wretchedness is entangled in it when he least distrusts it. Ah! doubtless, Blessings are dealt out to us by Measure; and the wise Hand which dispenses ’em has interspers’d some brighter Intervals among our Evils, to make us feel those Evils more exquisitely.

Be that as it will, it was so late that I thought it almost too late to go to Bed, and better it had been perhaps if I had not: However I determin’d to wrap myself in my Night-Gown and to throw myself upon a Couch in the Antichamber, and I sent away my Man, charging him over and over not to mention in the House what he had seen and heard. When I was alone I made a thousand sorrowful Reflections on this Adventure; I found something in it so correspondent to that of *Emilia*, that my Heart yearn’d in Favour of this Unknown. Possibly, says I, she is in the same Case; and it will be glorious to do for her what another has done for my dear *Emilia*. This Lady is certainly virtuous, her Reserve assures me of her Wisdom and Misfortune. ’Tis true, I made these Reflections without Order or Connection; Sleep and Weariness
 often

often interrupted 'em. I pass'd the most cruel Night imaginable. As soon as I began to doze, ten thousand terrifying Dreams succeeded one another and disturb'd my Rest: Spectres, Fantoms, and dismal Objects danced before my Eyes, and I started at my own Idea's: As I wak'd I frequently fancy'd I heard Groans. However, I imputed these Disturbances to my uneasy Bed, and to free myself from it I rose at Day-break. About Eight I call'd my Man to dress me, and to fit me for a decent Appearance before my Unknown. I was impatient to learn her Story.

My Impatience encreas'd as the Day advanced: And I protest it was not excited by the least Distrust of those Horrors which awaited me; but by that Delicacy of Compassion which unhappy People usually feel in Favour of those they suspect to be so too. At Ten I listen'd at my Chamber-door, all there was in a dead Silence. I attributed this long Repose to the Fatigues of this unhappy Person. However, at Eleven I began to be uneasy, and I rapp'd, but no Answer. Then recollecting the Ambiguity of her Adieu the Night before, I began to fear some fatal Accident. I repeated my knocking at the Door and was ready to break it open, when my Man reminded me that he had another Key, which he brought me. I took it and went in, very uneasy at the Discovery I was going to make. Every thing was in order in the Chamber. I went to the Bed, but what was my Amazement, when opening the Curtains I found this unhappy Creature in a frightful Posture. I took her by the Hand and call'd her: But alas! she was dead and cold as Ice. Good God, I cry'd, what do I see? and what shall I do? My Trouble hid from me the Horror of this Death
which

which my Man made me observe. I can scarce venture, Ladies, to relate to you the frightful Recital. This unhappy Creature was not undress'd. She was stretch'd over my Bed ; her Head hanging over the Bedside was suspended near the Bolster by her Lace and her Girdle which she had made use of to strangle herself. Her Petticoats were decently ty'd round her Legs by her Garters, and she had fasten'd her Feet with her Handkerchief to one of the Bed-Posts, plainly to compass her Design — Her Head and Neck were wrap'd in her Veil. There is some Appearance that notwithstanding her Despair in the Agonies of Death she struggled for Life ; for she had one Finger under the fatal String, as if to untie it and disengage herself.

My Blood stagnated at the Sight of this frightful Spectacle. I remain'd sometime Speechless and unmoveable. But my Man comprehending all the Dangers to which we stood expos'd press'd me to consider coolly what we must resolve on. He began by shutting the Door and the Windows, and unty'd that miserable Wretch, to hide the Body lest any one should surprise and betray us. He took a rich Diamond from her Finger, and from her Arm a Bracelet, which she had made of a Necklace of very large Pearls with a Cross of Brilliants. I conceiv'd from these Jewels that she must be a Woman of Quality, or at least that she belonged to a rich Family. Her Ear-Rings were Jewels, her Shoe-Buckles Gold, and all shew'd a Person brought up in Splendour. While my Man was engaged in this sorrowful Employment I approach'd the Body, which in spite of so violent a Death, still preserv'd the Remains of a very regular Beauty. As well as my Trouble would give me Leave to judge she
was

was about twenty Years old. In my Opinion she must have been charming ; perhaps because we love to paint the Miserable in beautiful Colours to justify the Pity they raise in us. The Charms I dress'd her up in drew from me Tears of Pity for her lamentable Fate. Alas ! says I, this young Lady must have been very miserable to treat herself with this Barbarity. Could she take so much Pains to finish a Life capable of bestowing so much Happiness ! Sure the Light was odious to her ; but if she was unfortunate only, why should she make herself guilty by punishing an involuntary Crime in so infamous a Manner ? No — says I, she must have been virtuous ; her Modesty attended her even in Death : The Precautions she used to dye decently are Proofs of her Virtue — Miserable as I am, perhaps I reduced her to this Extremity ! my In-indiscreet Curiosity made her dread the same Rocks she had but just escap'd, and she prefer'd Death to the Violence she fear'd from me.

While I made these afflicting Reflections, my Man who had adjusted my Chamber, once more begged me to determine what was to be done. My first Design was to go and consult *Emilia* and her Mother. But this Project was impracticable : It was near the End of *Lent*, and then these religious Ladies by the Rules of the Convent see no Eody 'till *Easter*. It would have been difficult to gain an Interview without letting 'em know the Reason by Letter ; but that was too dangerous : and general Arguments would have seem'd only the Pretences of an idle Man desirous of distracting their Devotions. In this Extremity I resolv'd to communicate this dismal Casualty to that intimate Friend with whom I had supp'd over Night. It had been more convenient

venient to me to have sent for him; but I would neither bring him to my House nor go to his, for fear of entangling him in my Misfortune if this Affair should be discover'd. I step'd into my Coach and drove to the Cloyster of the *Cordeliers*, whither I order'd my Man to direct my Friend immediately. He came in an Instant and I told him my Adventure.

He was frightned at it, and did not conceal from me that my Life was in Danger if the Magistracy had the least Intimation of it. I apprehended so too, but my Mind, full of the disastrous Accident, could frame no Resolution. Every Attempt seem'd feasible at first, but impracticable upon a nearer Insight. We form'd a thousand Schemes without approving one; because the great Affair was to get rid of the Corps as secretly and as soon as possible, and we could not tell where to dispose it. In the midst of this Perplexity my Man drew near and told us a Contrivance of his: That was to purchase of my Landlord a Harpsicord which was in my Chamber, to make for it a boarded Case and to put the Body into it by which Means it might be convey'd away with Ease. This Notion gave Birth to another in my Friend, who advis'd me to re-enter my Coach with him to go a League from *Paris*. It was near Two a Clock and I was fasting: So we stop'd at the Door of the first Coffee-House, and without alighting took too Dishes of Chocolate a-piece in the Chariot.

As we went my Friend gave me his Reasons for this Journey; and we soon came to the Village of *Asnieres*. There we alighted at the Gate of a Palace which belong'd to the Dutchesse of *Brunswick*. As that Princess did not reside there,

there, it was under the Care of a Steward only, who deny'd Entertainment to none that would pay for it. This Castle which is rather large than magnificent has Gardens handsome enough; and with peculiar Taste, they have built very pretty Solitudes in the Midst of Groves. They are little Buildings like Cells, where there is a small Chapel, and one or two Rooms with Paintings. The Steward who had the Keys of 'em, entrusted 'em with Gentlemen desirous of a little Retirement there. This Place had for some Years been much frequented by the *Jansenists*, whom the great Reputation of Mr. *Jubé*, Curate of *Asnieres*, drew thither from all Parts. I pretended, according to my Friend's Project, a Desire of passing my *Easter* there; and the Woman who kept the House, taking me for some *Solitary escap'd from Port Royal*, civilly allow'd me the prettiest of those Cells. In walking in the Gardens, we observ'd that they were cleansing a large Canal, and the Soil of it serv'd to raise the Corner of a Grove: This seem'd calculated to favour our Project. I desir'd the Steward's Wife to make two Beds immediately in the Room which she allotted me; at the same time I put some Gold into her Hand, which she receiv'd, as she said, for the Poor. She undertook to procure a Conveyance the next Day for my Harpsicord and my Books in a Husbandman's Cart who was then going to Market with his Wares.

As soon as we came to *Paris* we went to buy an old Harpsicord in the Shops; we chose the largest we could find, and order'd it to be cover'd with a Case of Boards to secure its Conveyance into the Country. My Man had it brought to my Inn, where I came an Hour after. According
to.

to our Design we took out the Harpsicord, which we pull'd in Pieces, and put in the Body dress'd as it was. The rest of the Box we fill'd with the Pieces of the Harpsicord ; we threw in too the Matting of the Bed, and the Musick Papers hung negligently out of the Case, which we fastned very exactly. At the End of it I ry'd a Bass-Viol, better to conceal the Cheat : and after this doleful Employ I went to find my Friend who waited for me to sup at *Payen's*, where we pass'd the Night. Next Morning we executed every thing happily as we had projected, and there was no Appearance of the least Suspicion. My Man told the People of the Inn, I should be absent some Days, without saying where ; and they believ'd I wanted to take Lodgings for the Miss I had brought home, in order to converse with her more at Ease. My Man was arch enough to let 'em remain in an Error too important to be clear'd up. It had been more happy for me if he had not imprudently discover'd my bringing home that unfortunate Creature.

Towards Night I arriv'd at the Castle of *Asnières*, and took Possession of my Hermitage. As soon as it was Night, my Man went to fetch the Spades and Pick-axes, which the Workmen had left at the Margin of the Canal they were cleaning, and carry'd 'em where they carry'd the Soil. We began to dig, and while I made the Grave he fetch'd the sad Object of our Fears, and laid it at my Feet. We could not forbear Tears during this mournful Ceremony, and after having wrap'd her Head and her Hands in her Veil and Handkerchief, we interr'd the Carcase as decently as possible, and we cover'd the Grave with
Mud,

Mud, to prevent in the Workmen next Day, all Suspicion which new rais'd Earth might have excited in them.

That Faintness which Inquietude and Fatigue occasion'd in me neither lull'd me sooner nor made my Sleep sweeter. The Horrors of Night and the Silence of my Solitude, encreas'd the Melancholy of my afflicting Thoughts. The Image of this unfortunate Unknown was always before my Eyes, I even fancy'd I heard her Voice from under the Earth, and it was Day-break when after cruel Agitations I fell asleep. However I was forced to rise pretty early to attend Morning Prayers. It was *Palm-Sunday*, and I could not choose a more proper Time of Retirement than this Week, because the Length of the Service and the Singularity of the Ceremonies might divert my Disquiets. Besides, I was desirous of experiencing all that I had heard of the Curate of *Afnières*, and of being witness to the Innovations which they accus'd him of introducing into the Service under Pretence of restoring the Simplicity of the ancient Liturgies. You must have heard, Ladies, of this extraordinary Man. The *Jansenists* look'd upon him as one of their Leaders; and the Integrity of his Manners reflected Honour upon them, especially at a Time, when too many were less exact. But he was not more severe in his Morals than steady in the Singularity of his Opinions and his Liturgy. He was of a lively enterprizing Genius—somewhat tenacious of his Opinion. In short he was qualify'd to head a Sect. His Steadiness serv'd as his Rampart at Court against the Insinuations of his Adversaries, and gain'd him Credit with the Regent who was a Judge of Merit: In Truth he had a great deal, and I
may

may have Occasion hereafter to acquaint you with some curious Incidents with regard to him.

The Piety of that Priest appear'd so natural and sincere that I had a Mind to make him a Visit; he made me one the next Day and his Conversation edified me greatly. It was religious and witty as well as rational, and discover'd nothing of his austere Life. He invited me to Dinner; but as he made but one Meal a Day in *Lent*, and that not 'till Four, I took Care to caution myself against the extream Frugality of his Table. However I found there a Dinner neat enough and very good Wine; but he himself touch'd nothing but Pulse and Water. He had with him a very worthy Ecclesiastick, who pursued the same Regimen of Penitence, tho' his Revenues were very great.

After this Repast the Curate took a Turn with me in the Castle Gardens and would see my Hermitage. He led the Conversation to the Advantages of Retirement, and as unhappy People enjoy inexpressible Sweets in it, I spoke feelingly. However my Notions seem'd extravagant to him, and his own Experience taught him to counsel a Moderation in my Sorrow, if I would preserve myself from being a Prey to it. He blam'd me too for having broke my Harpsicord, the Pieces of which he saw in my Chamber. In order to conceal the true Motive, I was forced to tell him that I broke it to avoid the Temptation of playing ludicrous and profane Tunes. He very wisely answer'd me that those Tunes might be sanctify'd by joining Psalms and Hymns to 'em; but at worst that it had been better if I had sold it for the Benefit of the Poor. His Conversation charm'd me so, that I lost no Opportunity

portunity of profiting by it ; and I have since consider'd him as the Instrument of Providence to explain the secret Strokes I had felt, in order to re-call me to the Paths of Truth. I so relish'd his Maxims that I would willingly have stretch'd my Retirement beyond the Term I propos'd, if Heaven by a terrible Stroke had not torn me away for ever, and condemn'd me to a wandring Life.

The Sweetness of this Solitude had not extinguish'd in me the Remembrance of *Emilia*, nor the Desire of learning what pass'd in *Paris* with Regard to that which made me quit it. I had sent my Man to *Emilia's* Mother with a Note to inform her of my Retirement, the fatal Cause of which I gave her only room to guess at. The Tenderneſs of that generous Lady suffer'd her not to remain long ignorant of the Story : She would see my Man, who related it to her ; and ſhe ſent me a very comfortable Letter by him, which ſhe wrote in the miſt of her Religious Exercises. I was aſtoniſh'd to receive none from my Friend whom my Man could not find. His Silence gave me Uneaſineſs and ſad Fore-bodings. Alas ! it was not without Reason, and the Myſtery of his Silence was but too ſoon explain'd. On *Eaſter-Eve* I receiv'd at Three a Clock a Viſit from an Unknown, who had rode Poſt to bring me a Letter from my Friend. Tho' it was not ſign'd I knew the Hand and punctually obey'd its Orders. The Letter was this. " Leave your Solitude, mount the Horſes I have ſent you, and come directly to the Bridge of *Neuilly* with your Man. You'll find me there. I allow you but an Hour. Be gone, Delay brings Death."

I ſtood

I stood Motionless on reading this Note ; a Blast of Lightning had been less amazing. In an Instant I saw the whole Train of Evils which threatned me. Immediately I took my Papers mounted and set out for the appointed Place, which my Diligence made me reach in a Quarter of an Hour. There I found my Friend who expected me at the Gate of an Inn. I had hardly dismounted, when he order'd my Man to wait for us at the Bottom of the Town, and instantly clapp'd me into the Coach of the Ambassador of ——— with his Excellency's Secretary whom he had brought with him. At the bottom of the Town we mounted my Servant, and after several Turns in the Forest of *Boulogne*, where my Man changed his Cloaths, I was carry'd to *Paris* to the Ambassador's House: There I learn'd the Alarms my generous Friend had suffer'd on my Account. He told me that the Night before, and even that Morning, in his Inn and all the Lodgings of that District, the same Search had been made by the Lieutenant *de Police*, as I had procur'd to find my dear *Emilia*. This repeated Search made him conclude that it was in Quest of my Unknown ; and for fear I might be betray'd or traced out, he engaged the Secretary of the Ambassador of ——— to afford me a Refuge. The Secretary promis'd to be watchful for my Safty, and if possible to procure me his Excellency's Protection. I embraced this generous Friend ; and after having some Time consider'd the Precautions we ought to take, they went out to visit all the Coffee-Houses and discover what pass'd.

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The Secretary came back an Hour after, and told me he had heard in the Regent's Coffee-House, that a Lady of the first Quality who had been forced into the Convent of *Paris* had been stolen thence; and tho' her Family had made eight Days Enquiry, they could discover no Traces. My Friend came in a Moment after, and told us he had learn'd from his Landlord, that some Marquess whose Name was conceal'd had carry'd off the Lady they look'd for: That he had imprudently carry'd her to his House from the Convent; but as she was not seen to go out, and as the Marquess and his Man were gone off, the Commissary had open'd his Chamber-Door, that after some Search they found under the Bed a Woman's Shoe and a Garter, which having been carry'd to the Convent were known to be hers; and that they interr'd from thence that she had quitted *Paris* in Disguise.

I was too well convinced by these sad Evidences that my Ruin was compleat. The miserable End of this unhappy Creature left no Proof of my Innocence. My Man and I were the only Witnesses; we could not clear ourselves of the Rape without incurring the Suspicion of Murder; and our Silence in that Point made us guilty of the Rape. In this frightful Alternative I could see no Glimpse of Hope. The Laws of *France* shew no Favour in this Case: and my Crime seem'd to be doubly capital, since the Monks have join'd Sacrilege to the Violation of a Religious House. Good God, I cry'd out, what am I intended for? Thy Hand has ravish'd my virtuous *Emilia* from my tender Wishes, and I have born the Loss! Nature inspires me with an innocent Compassion for an unhappy Woman, and that Pity costs me my Liberty, my Estate,
my

my Honour and perhaps my Life. Must I see myself guilty and punish'd and yet virtuous? Heaven whose Decrees I adore, deign at least to expound 'em.

After these first transports my two Friends made me resolve to quit the Kingdom, and see in Safety the Sequel of this unhappy Business; and next Morning I took Post under the Name of the Baron of — who was then really ill at the Ambassador's House; and I arriv'd happily at *Bruxelles*. I wrote immediately to my dear *Emilia* and her Mother to acquaint 'em with my Condition. Alas! I never knew their Tenderness for me so well as on this Occasion. The Mother offer'd me all her Fortune, and *Emilia* who had none offer'd her Tears and her Vows. To be sure this soften'd my Misfortune. At length my Man arriv'd, and a sensible Joy it gave me. Besides that my Innocence depended on his Safety, this Fellow had liv'd with me a Dozen Years, and serv'd me with uncommon Affection. As soon as he saw me he threw himself at my Feet, and begged Pardon for his Indiscretion in letting the Servants of the House know that I had brought in a Girl. He accus'd himself of my Misfortunes, and I could hardly comfort him. He would attend me in my Exile, and is the same who serves me here. He brought no Letters for fear of being stopp'd by the Way: but told me that when he left *Paris* I was violently accus'd of carrying off this Girl, and that I had been search'd for at the Castle of *Asnières* the Day after my Escape. My Flight confirm'd my Crime: but as these Evidences did not amount to a judicial Proof against me, they suspended the Process. The Relations of this unhappy Lady ceas'd their Enquiries to avoid a shameful Discovery. I have since

since found that she was Daughter to the Countess of ——— and that this innocent Victim had been sacrificed to the Coquetry of her Mother, who by ill Treatment had forced her to take the Habit of a Candidate in the Convent of ———. This young Lady had no Crime, but that a Lover of her Mother had revolted to her, and this cruel Parent punish'd in her Daughter the Infidelity of a Gallant who despis'd her. There is Reason to imagine, that this poor young Lady design'd to have implor'd the Assistance of her Lover, or of her Relations ; but that, being terrified with the Difficulties of her Project, she had sunk under her Despair. Terrible as her End was, her Story justify'd my imprudent Compassion, and made me the less regret my Misfortunes. However, the Impression of Sadness they had made on me, awaken'd my Taste for Solitude. I quitted *Bruxelles* and went into *Holland* where I had a Mind to live unknown.

I came to the *Hague*, where at my Arrival I receiv'd a whole Year's Revenue, and considerable Arrears from my Steward, together with all the ready Money left by my Brother at his Death, and what arose from his Plate which I melted down. With this Succour, which assured me a moderate Subsistence for some Years, I gave my self up to serious Reflections on the Rise of my Misfortunes. Heaven made 'em appear to me as the Consequences and Punishments of my Father's Weakness in sacrificing his Religion to his Tenderness for us. Could I, any other way, account for the ruin of a Family, in all Appearance so firmly establish'd, that nothing less than unheard of Accidents could ruin it? In the Midst of these Reflections I recollected the disinterested Advice of the Curate of *Asnières*, with

Regard to the Love of Truth and the Study of Religion : and to them I resolv'd to sacrifice the Shipwreck of my Fortunes. To that Purpose I address'd myself to Mr. *Saurin* Chaplain to the Nobles at the *Hague*. I found so much Complacency and Goodness in this Clergyman, that I entrusted him with the Secrets of my Life. He guided and assisted me in the Study of that Religion ; and his Doctrine so enlighten'd my Darkness, that in less than three Months he found me sufficiently instructed. 'Tis true, my Doubts began from my Conversation with the Curate of *Asnières*. The Simplicity, to which he reduced what he call'd the Rubbish of the *Romish* Rites, had already freed me from a childish Subjection to that Religion. His manner of instructing his People, by having the Bible read distinctly in *French* during Divine Service ; the Abolishment of Images and Tapers in his Church ; his Objections to the Papal Authority ; in short, the whole Conduct of that enlighten'd Man inspir'd me with a Distrust of that Church which persecuted him, and the Zeal and Observances of which had been so fatal to me. Full of these Sentiments I begg'd Mr. *Saurin* to admit my Abjuration. However, he delay'd it a while to avoid Precipitation. At length, yielding to my Instances, he directed me to the Pastor of a Church in a neighbouring Province, where I made my publick Profession without Noise.

By this Action I renounced irrevocably my Country and my Fortune. A Relation, under Pretence of preserving my Estate, held it as in Trust ; and at first I was obliged to him for his Care : But he did not leave me long in that Error. After several trifling Delays, he excus'd himself from remitting me a considerable Sum which

which I wanted to raise a Stock in my Exile. I thought him enough my Friend to trust him with the Secret of my Abjuration, and made that an Argument to press a speedy Remittance ; assuring him that I would leave him peaceable Possessor of the rest. Alas ! I furnish'd him with Arms against myself ! This barbarous Relation fearing my Estate would escape him if the Confiscation should take Place, filed my Letter among the Records of Justice, and there enroll'd me a Protestant Refugee. Immediately the Procurator-General seiz'd my whole Effects in the King's Name according to the Edict of 1685, and put 'em in Trust. Some Months after, this unnatural Relation who had formerly been a zealous Protestant, sued for the Succession, and obtain'd it under the Title of the new Convert. 'Tis true he paid dear for it ; for I have since heard that the Archbishop of ——— Superintendant of Estates forfeited by Refugees in our Province, would not consent to the Conveyance of mine 'till my Relation had given him *seventy thousand Franks*.

Severe as this Stroke was, I felt the Loss of my Effects less than the Perfidy of this scoundrel Relation. One Thing more troubled me extremely, which was to acquaint *Emilia* with my Change. I had Reason to fear the Loss of her Heart for a Crime usually so odious to the Religious. But I wrong'd her Equity ; she prevented my Apologies, and wrote to me very tenderly on the barbarous Behaviour of my Relation which had come to her Ears. I leave, says she in her Letter to me, the Judgment of your Sentiments and Conduct to God the proper Judge of 'em. I must even commend your Zeal for that which you think the Truth ; since to that

you have sacrificed even the Hope of seeing your Country again. My Sentiments, tho' different from yours, shall not hinder me from bewailing you, and procuring you all the Succour in my Power, to soften your Exile; of this you'll be convinced by my Mother's Letter. In Reality that Letter brought me from her several considerable Bills of Exchange which she had rais'd by the Sale of her Jewels. That generous Lady reserv'd but a moderate Annuity, and had sold all her Effects to provide me a Fund. Whatever Repugnance I had to receive this excessive Liberality. She put me under a Kind of Necessity of accepting it. She even call'd it a Debt; and her Affection, ingenious in proving it, found some Arguments in my former Commerce with *Emilia*. I join'd this Sum to the Wreck of my lost Fortune; and thus I had a Revenue sufficient to support me in a modest Manner, as became me: It is true, the Prince of —, whose Acquaintance I owe to Mr. *Saurin*, added a Pension of 400 Crowns *per Ann.* and three Months ago made me Gentleman in Ordinary of his Bed-chamber. I must attend at his Court in the Beginning of *September* next, and that Journey procures me the Honour of your Acquaintance here. I doubt, Ladies, the Recital of my Misfortunes has but ill entertain'd you: But as I have prov'd my Obedience to your Commands by it, so I think I have sufficiently justified that Sorrow which you lately reproach'd me with.

We all thank'd the Marquess for his Goodness in relating so affecting a History, and prais'd him for the good Use he made of his Misfortunes; wond'ring with him at the unexpected Turns of Providence, and the uncommon Generosity of *Emilia's* Mother. But we did not think it proper
to

to carry our Reflections too far, and my Lady ingeniously diverted 'em to prevent a Renewal of the Marquess's Grief whose Virtue seem'd already to have suffer'd too much. Besides, our Servants came to tell us that Supper was serv'd up.

We return'd all three to the Inn where all was Mirth. The *Italian* who lodged there with us had assembled all the Musick of the Town. The common Room was full of Instruments; and in the Garrets he had placed Hautbois and the Prince of *Liege's* Hunting Horns which he had hired. This was the *Italian's* Invention to divert that Sadness which the rainy Day had diffus'd. Indeed when great Rains fall no Place is more melancholy than the *Spa*. The Mountains which have their Beauty in Sun-shine look frightful in a Tempest. The Rivulet which runs thro' the Town swells immediately, and often overflows. One can hardly stir out or tell what to do. Musick and Play are then the only Refuge from the Vapours, which of all Things must be avoided during the Regimen of the Waters. But every Body don't love Play, and the Majority of the Drinkers can't bear the Attention of it: Nor indeed is it safe for those who are subject to Giddiness, because the Application it requires join'd with the Vapours rais'd by the Waters, may have a dangerous Effect: Noisy Musick is best there, because it raises the Spirits most, and contributes more than languishing Airs to disturb that Indolence which the Waters inspire. This Diversion seem'd contriv'd to draw the Marquess from that Sadness which the Detail of his Misfortunes had again plunged him in. We enjoy'd this Pleasure 'till pretty late, and did not separate 'till we had agreed to repeat it often.

The Rains had so spoil'd the Roads that we had no Prospect of pursuing our Intention the next Day: The Meadows where we us'd to walk were still soft, and the Garden of the *Capuchins* so disorder'd that there was no setting a Foot in it, tho' it was fine Weather. We were forced to tramp the Streets, and as that was the only Walk that Day, and all the Drinkers were assembled there, we had the Pleasure of seeing at once all the Strangers that were at *Spa*. This Sight was pleasant enough. There were People of all Ages; all Sorts and all Nations. Some young, some old, some Infirm, Priests, Abbots, and Monks of every Order, and every Colour. There were the Black, the White, the Grey, the Brown, some Bearded, and some without Beards; some with Shoes, and some bare-foot; but all distinguish'd by the Oddity of their Garb, and so satisfy'd with themselves that each thought himself superiour to his Brother in Merit and even in Finery. The greater Part of these *Fro-cards* were coupled with young sprightly Nuns, who seem'd to want nothing but the Liberty of the Waters. And believe me the Cowl has its Coxcombs as well as the Sword, and equally ridiculous. The most Discreet of 'em walk'd apart, and I observ'd that they gain'd Respect in Proportion as they acted suitably to their Profession. And as I saw some very worthy Men among 'em, to whose Merit we were just; I must needs say some of them were wanton enough to deserve the Discipline of a hundred Lashes. Indeed nothing is more ridiculous than to see People, who by their Singularity of their Habits and their Manners form a distinct World and are in continual Contradiction to the rest of Mankind, desirous to re-enter that World which they have relinquish'd,

linquish'd, to excel in that Behaviour which ought to drive 'em thence. But these People are useful enough at *Spa*; for beside the Variety they divert the Eye with, there are always some among 'em who entertain the Publick with very merry Scenes, as we shall find.

My Lady took a singular Pleasure in gazing at this promiscuous Crowd. As the publick Ball was appointed for Night, and as we had time enough to dress after Dinner, we pass'd the Morning in this Fair, as it were, with my Lady and her two Friends, which were commonly our Company. Methinks, says she, here's *Europe* in her Undress; I see it as it were on a great Stage, and am prodigiously delighted with the Comedy. True, says Mr. *Lake* who was pleas'd with the Notion, we have Variety of Characters, and our Spectator would have good Sport here. Why, truly, says the Marquess, no Body acts here in Disguise, and the best of the Farce is that Nature forms every Character; and to say the Truth, every Man's Part has a Dash of the Ridiculous more or less. This Notion help'd us to a good deal of Pleasant-y, and the Marquess made Reflections on the Subject equally witty and judicious. The Image, says he, which my Lady has rais'd in us from her Comparison of this Concourse to *Europe* in its Undress is a very just one. Nothing can better express the Miscellany of good and bad Qualities which are here expos'd to view, and open a vast Field of Reflection to philosophick Tempers. Here, continu'd he, we see Vice and Merit of all Kinds; and might I presume to add to a Thought of my Lady, I would say that I regard the Season of the Waters as a most useful Book to those who have a Mind to study the World by reading the World itself;

Because these Places of Assembly are an Epitome of the most considerable Parts of the known World. All *Europe* seems to send its Deputies hither in order to expose original Characters, which it would be difficult to unveil elsewhere. O' my Word Sir, says my Lady, my Notion gains too much by your Comment for me to contest the Justness of it. I am so much of your Opinion, continued she, that if I had a Daughter to send abroad, she should make the Tour of the most famous Waters; for I'm persuaded, that with a Guide capable of wisely pointing out the Variety of Characters to be found there, she would profit more by such a Journey than in travelling the World.

The Noise made by these Numbers in the Street not permitting an exact Pursuit of so moral a Conversation, we went to view the Shops of Lacquer'd Ware. I never saw any thing prettier than this Ware. They mimick Japan so exactly that 'tis difficult to find the Difference. But the Excellency of these Workmen is in those Miniatures which are painted on the Ware, and which shew their Beauty and Colouring through the Varnish as if they were painted upon Vellum. We saw Tables of this Kind, the Price of which was *fifteen Pistoles* tho' they had but fourteen Pictures. The Pictures were noble, and were chosen and well-match'd Stories out of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. In these Shops we found a hundred Sorts of pretty Moveables, such as Quadrille-Boxes, Watch-Cases, Desert-Baskets, Canes, Tobacco-Boxes, all different in Shape Painting and Design. They are of all Prices according to the Work and the Workman; for all are not equally good. For Example, *Les Cronets*, while I was there, were excellent in Fable and History; *Le Lais* in

in Landskip and Perspective; and *Dagly* at the White Pigeon made the best Varnish for bearing Fire and Water. This last Person had a peculiar Taste for Fruits and Flowers whether flat or emboss'd. As these Knick-knacks are the only Manufacture at *Spa*, every Body works at this Business that don't let Lodgings. The Kindness with which the Workmen receive those who visit them, induces People often to see 'em Work; they receive Advice with Docility and candidly submit to the Criticism of others. This Liberty allow'd to Strangers in the Shops is not the least Amusement there.

We went to a Dozen of these Shops, and found so much Pleasure there that we had continued it longer, if we had not been stopp'd at one of 'em to comfort a Girl in the Neighbourhood, who said she had been tormented some Nights by a very troublesome Apparition. As we had heard of this Affair once before, we thought ourselves obliged to endeavour the Cure of this ridiculous Whim; and after we had unsuccessfully said all we could we look'd upon her as crazy, and made haste home because Dinner-time was at hand.

When we were at Table and Conversation open'd this Apparition was much talk'd of, that it had disturb'd the Daughter of one of the principal Publick Houses in the Town; and surprizing Things they told of it. This Story had so frightned the Lodgers there that two Ladies were come from thence to lodge with us. And every Body seem'd so perswaded of the Reality of the Apparition, that we durst no longer dispute it. We had even some warm Words with a good Priest, who tabled with us, and proceeded even to threaten us with a Complaint before the

Bishop and Prince of *Liege* for that Scandal which we had given by our incredulous Observations. This little Contest obliged us to retire a little the sooner under Pretence of Dressing for the Ball.

This Ball was very numerous; the Wetness of the Meadows brought all the World to the Assembly; and as every Gentleman for *four Skellins* paid at the Door might introduce one or more Ladies, the Place was so crowded that there was hardly Room to dance. The ridiculous Count of ——— according to Custom distinguish'd himself by a thousand Impertinences. He flew from Lady to Lady and made each a thread-bare Compliment as insipid as his Person. He was so well known that he gave no Offence; even the gravest Ladies laugh'd at him to his Face: And when his Follies had drawn a Smile from 'em, the first he met was made a Confidant and inform'd of it as a Mark of a growing Passion for him. My Lady was forced to dance with him, and to accept a Ball which he offer'd her the *Thursday* following; but was so tired with having walk'd all the Morning from Four a Clock to Eleven that she was forced to quit the Ball before it ended, and we follow'd her.

Next Day we found much less Company at the *Poukon* Spring than usual. The major Part of the Drinkers had quitted it to go to other Fountains without the Town; for as I have already hinted, there are four Mineral Springs besides the *Poukon*, of which the two most famous are that of *Geronstere* and that of *Sauveniere*; the two others call'd *Tonnelet* and *Bariffart* are extremely neglected. Generally and almost always, they that are to drink of other Fountains prepare them-

themselves for it by the *Pouhon* Waters about 12 Days: because Physicians and Chymists say that those Waters essentially contain the Properties of the several Minerals found in the others; so that it's look'd upon as the Quintessence and Elixir of the other Springs. This Remark is founded on the Physical Experiments of the *Sieur Salpeteure* Chymist and Apothecary at *Liege*. As this Gentleman has accustom'd himself to come every Summer to the *Spa* for more than thirty Years, and as he has a Shop pretty well furnish'd with necessary Drugs it's frequented like a Coffee-House, and every Body listens to him with Pleasure. We went there too. His House is very small, but very convenient for the Drinkers, because it's at the Corner of the Fountain and near the little Apartments necessarily required by the Operation of the Waters. This Gentleman who has spent his Life in the Observation of these Fountains told us a hundred curious Things of them. Among others he told us that the *Pouhon* is deadly Poison to Worms, Insects, and all Animals of that Species. He made the Experiment before our Eyes. At that Instant he fill'd a large Vessel with *Pouhon* and another with fair Water, which he went and drew himself in the Middle of the Square. Into each of these he put a very brisk little Eel. We consider'd 'em attentively — our Watches on the Table. That in the Mineral struggled to escape as if it were in boiling Water, and after some Efforts dy'd there in fourteen Minutes. We repeated this Experiment with Earth Worms and Frogs which our Men catch'd for us. The Worms plunged in the *Pouhon* Water were kill'd immediately: The Frog liv'd there an Hour. While the Worms and the other Frog in the fair Water lived 'till Twelve a Clock, and the Eel was alive

the next Day. This Experiment proved to us the *sovereign Expediency* of these Waters in vermicular Distempers, since we may presume that they are equally destructive to Insects engender'd in the Human Body. The Apothecary shew'd us, in Proof of this, the Figure of an extraordinary Insect which a Girl of the Country of *Liege* had voided by way of Urine some Years before. The Fact is curious enough to deserve a Place here.

A Nobleman's Daughter, whose Name he told us, had for several Years voided by way of Urine a great Quantity of Blood, and felt excessive Smart in her Reins. However this Complaint was not continual, nor the Consequences of it equally violent; but every Return of her Pain brought an Encrease of it. Her frequent Loss of Blood and want of Rest had reduced her to extream Weakness. She had consulted all the Physicians in the Country, and for want of knowing the Nature of her Disease they had loaded her with Medicines hurtful or at least useless. One of the most Ingenuous owning his Uncertainty in her Case, advised the Waters at *Spa* and particularly those of *Pouhon*. The young Lady follow'd his Advice, to her Advantage. The Waters had their usual Effect with her, tho' so feeble that she took them every Morning in Bed. The fourth Day her Pains diminish'd, and on the seventh she voided the Insect the Picture of which I saw. This Animal was like a Fish arm'd with different Prickles like Fins. His Gullet was very large, and his Head armed with two very sharp Horns; and in all Probability was form'd and nourish'd in the Reins of this young Lady. The Prickles it was arm'd with gave her the Pain she complain'd of, and by continually

tinually opening the contiguous Vessels, occasion'd that perpetual Loss of Blood with which her Urine was stain'd. The *Pouhon* Waters after having kill'd this Animal in its Cell had Force enough to drive it out with 'em. From that Moment the Lady was cur'd without Relapse, and as they say, liv'd many Years after. I thought the Shape of this Insect so extraordinary that I begged the Apothecary to let me draw it, and he gave me a Print of it. A Prodigy of this Kind is never forgot at *Spa*, and there were then abundance of old Folks Witnesses of the Fact, and some of them confirm'd it to us.

The Pleasure we took in conversing with our Chymist amus'd us agreeably 'till Dinner; as we were surpriz'd at his Insight into these Waters, which we judg'd *exceeded his Profession*, he told us modestly, that he ow'd his little Stock of Knowledge to Mr. *Nessel* Physician at *Liege*: and that he had gain'd it in attending that Doctor in making his Experiments on the Waters in 1698. And this was the Occasion of 'em says he. The great Earthquake we felt on the 18th of *September* 1692, gave some Persons a Handle of decrying these Waters, and of spreading a Report that they were quite alter'd and had lost their Virtue. This Scandal was rais'd on a Supposition that the Earthquake had disturb'd our Springs and mix'd 'em with those of common Water, and they pretend-ed to prove it by the new Crevices and Clefs which were really made in the Mountains and Rocks towards the South, where the *Pouhon* takes its Rise, about a Musquet Shot from hence. The Troubles and the Wars which afflicted this Country of late Years, having render'd the Passage dangerous and the Journey insecure because of the hostile Parties, the Discredit of the Waters gain'd Ground,

Ground, and they were thought less wholesome because less frequented.

Upon these Considerations *le Sieur Edmund Nessel* Physician at *Liege*, who was well acquainted with our Springs, came hither to examine on the Spot if these Reports were founded on Reality. He engaged me, says the Apothecary, to assist in this Examen, persuaded that I might help his Enquiries, since my constant Attendance at the Waters for fifteen or sixteen Summers must have made me more sensible of the pretended Diminution of their Qualities. This Doctor did me the Honour to admit me in his Observations; we went together to all the Fountains, we tasted 'em and found 'em very near the same as before the Earth-quake. The only sensible Change was in the *Pouhon* Spring. Dr. *Nessel* could hardly remember it. But instead of losing their Qualities by this Alteration, the Waters were impregnated with a double Quantity of Mineral. And one curious Observation we made, which was, that *altho'* these Waters were much fuller of Mineral than before, yet they were always clear and transparent, whereas before the Earthquake they were muddy in tempestuous and rainy Weather.

We did not content ourselves with these general Remarks, we confirm'd them by the Coction, Distillation, Fermentation, and Evaporation of the Waters of every Spring, and by every Method which Chymistry has invented to undress Nature. We found the Quantity and the Qualities of their Salts, Sulphur and Mineral the same as before the Year 1692. We even prov'd the Produce of our Operations with the Loadstone, and found them equally full of Steel.

Dr. *Nessel*

[III]

Dr. *Nessel* drew up an Account of our Observations, which he presented to his most Serene Highness *Clement* of *Bavaria* then Bishop of *Liege*; and by order of his Highness it was printed, who to undeceive the World had engrav'd in Letters of Gold over the *Pouhon* Fountain the ingenious Inscription which you see there.

We went out of his Shop to read it, for hitherto it had escap'd our Notice. We explain'd it to the Ladies, who wonder'd that I took a Transcript of it since they perceiv'd nothing extraordinary in it. It is indeed more curious than elegant, because the Chronological Design of it forced the Use of Words whose Numerical Letters might express the Time of the Earthquake in 1692; as is easily seen by adding the Numerals according to their Value in this Inscription which I have faithfully transcrib'd.

A TERÆ MOTV LONGE VBERIOR NITIDIOR,
GVSTVQVE FORTIOR SCATVRIVIT.

That is, *Since the Earthquake the Waters of this Spring are more abundant more transparent and stronger.*

The Numerical Letters as they stand in the Inscription are these:

MVLVIIIDIVVVICVIVI.

Which placed in Order stand thus:

MDCLVVVVVVVIIIIII:

And make the Number of 1692.

After

After having consider'd the Reasons which might induce the Government of *Liege* to place that Inscription there, we return'd to *Salpeteur's* Shop to hear the Rest of his Dissertation. He re-assum'd the Thread of it with Pleasure, and we admir'd at his Modesty and Docility so seldom the Companions of superficial Knowledge. He own'd to us that Mr. *Chronet* a Physician in the Neighbourhood, had since made larger Discoveries in these Waters than Dr. *Nessel*: And tho', says he, his Observations are quite contrary to ours yet I think 'em more certain. We have Experience on our Side, but he produces so many learned Reasons on his that I am convinced against my Judgment. For Example, he proves that the *Pouhon* Water is not impregnated with Vitriol: I believe him, tho' 'tis beyond my Comprehension because this Water has all the customary Symptoms and Effects of Vitriol. It has the same Taste, affects the human Body the same Way, and turns the Gall-nut black: Nay more, says he, it blackens all the Teeth, and without a proper Care in those who drink the Waters, they'll turn as black as Jett in a Month.

But, says my Lady, if Vitriol does not effect all this what does? And how does Mr. *Chronet* explain it. He pretends, Madam, (says the good Apothecary) that these Effects are produced by a certain Proportion of Sulphur Earth and Salt mix'd in the Water; and that this Composition produces Effects which no Part of it is able to do separately. Ay, well, Sir says she, he's too learned for me: Thank you for all the pretty Things you have taught me, but it's Dinner-time now. We parted with a promise of meeting
at

at the Four a Clock Meadow, where our *Italians* treated some Ladies of *Liege*.

This Meadow, so famous among the Drinkers, derives all its Merit from the great Penury of Walks at *Spa*: So true it is that most Things owe their Value to their Scarcity. There are ten thousand charming Meadows in the World much less talk'd of, because they are situated where every Thing is agreeable. But at *Spa*, where all is Rock or Mountain, a little Green-sward is a Prodigy, and a Mead of two or three Acres is the finest Walk in the World. 'Tis true, the odd Situation of the Place gives this Meadow its Beauties. Its Coolness from Three a Clock is charmingly refreshing, for about that time the Mountain which covers it interrupts the Sun then declining towards the West. And while we enjoy the Shade we have the Pleasure of observing the grotesque Effects of the Sunshine on the opposite Mountains, where the Landskips are surprising.

This Meadow is call'd the Four a Clock Meadow, because towards that Time it grows cool. 'Tis about fifty Yards from the Town. The only Way thither is by a stony narrow Path cut through the Rock. This Rock round which the Path turns terrifies the Eye, because it's a Quarry whence the Inhabitants fetch their Stone, and in some Places the Points hang frightfully over and seem falling on our Heads. But these very Things recommend the Meadow. It's bounded by a Brook which runs with Rapidity among the Stones, and in some Places forms natural Cascades. The Noise of this Current join'd to the Whisper of the Trees which cover the Mountain forms perpetually that soft Murmur so agreeable to melancholy.

choly Lovers. Here our *Italian* had assembled all the Instruments of the Town by way of publick Consort. He had dispos'd the Horns at one End, and the Hautbois at the other. They continually answered one another, and now and then united very agreeably. At the Bottom of the Meadow which forms a Semi-circle he had placed a Symphony more soft and regular, near a Buffet with Refreshments for the Ladies and Wine for the Gentlemen.

The Assembly was numerous, and every Body well satisfied with the Gallantry. But as the Crowd encreas'd, our Ladies propos'd sitting apart to enjoy the Feast with more Tranquillity : But all was so full that we could hardly find a convenient Place. The Counsellor of *Bruxelles*, who tabled with us, shew'd us one and join'd us. After having talk'd some time on the Situation of the Meadow, and of the *Italian's* Gallantry, the Counsellor ask'd my Lady if she had heard of the Apparition which had discompos'd a young Woman lately. Truly, says my Lady, I have talk'd with the poor Creature myself; she's a silly Thing, a Visionary that does not know what she says, and it's a Pity too for she's pretty enough. That is to say Madam, says the Counsellor, that you don't believe the Story?—Not a Word on't says she : all that I believe is, that the Girl's Head is turn'd or her Heart wounded ; for these Spirits are often an Artifice to conceal Intreagues. You are not credulous, Madam, says the Counsellor, and two of my Friends, no more so than you, have seen such surprizing things that their Eyes have convinced 'em. They are two *Dutch* Officers, not to be suspected of too easy Belief. One of them just now told me the Adventure. My Ladies Companions begged the Counsellor
to

to tell the Story, and he told it with all its Circumstances in a very agreeable Manner.

Since you have seen, Ladies, the Girl we are talking of, says he, I need not tell you she's young and handsome. Yet that Observation is necessary to the Story: For besides that the Heroine of a History ought to be beautiful, Hobgoblins of this Sort seldom attack the Old or the Ugly. Neither has this Girl the Character of excessive Credulity, nor does she seem of so amorous a Complexion as to join in such a Farce to cover an Intreague. Her Temper is lively, and her Conduct discreet. Her Mother has been dead about a Year, and she manages the House under her Father, who leaves all the Care to her. They always had a good deal of Company, but as two entire Families have quitted them there now remain'd but six Persons, *viz.* two Ladies and their Woman, two *Dutch* Officers and a Monk (whose Name and Habit I conceal for the Sake of his Order,) these six Persons are so many Witnesses of this Adventure.

It is five or six Days since this Girl has complain'd that she has been so tormented she can't sleep a Nights. She said she had often felt her Bed-cloaths drawn off and something very heavy threw itself upon the Bed. She at first thought the great House-Dog had quitted the Kitchen to lie in her Chamber. In this Belief she call'd him as if to caress him; but he kept aloof. Tired at length with this Disturbance she threatned him with an angry Tone, and the Moment she took up a Stick which she kept always by her to drive him away, she saw her Chamber so enlighten'd with a sudden Flash that she threw herself trembling into her Bed again, and at the Shriek she

she gave something disappear'd. Every Body that she told this to laugh'd at her, and said it was a Dream or the Night-Mare. Others said it was certainly a Cat because a Cat's Eyes sparkle in the Dark. The Girl averr'd, that whether she dream'd or no the Thing that frightned her was bigger and heavier than a Cat. She was rally'd a good deal upon it, and repeated joking made her laugh at it herself at last, and conclude that she had only dreamt.

The next Night the Vision return'd, but in more frightful Circumstances. She found herself awaken'd at first by a gentle Jog : And she thought she felt a Hand in the Bed, and the very Moment she strove to seize it and stop its Impertinence her whole Bed was enlighten'd, which frighted her beyond Imagination. Immediately she shut her Eyes and made a thousand Crosses, which dispers'd the Brightness but did not drive away the Hobgoblin. The invisible Hand began its Game again, and grew very rude and very urgent. Then the Girl opening her Eyes perciev'd at the Bed's Foot a great burning Cross surrounded with frightful Characters which she took for Magick. The Astonishment which this Sight occasion'd took away her Speech ; and if she could have spoke she durst not, because beneath an Image at the Foot of the Bed she read these two Words, *Be silent*, which were written very distinctly in luminous Characters. If this had pass'd only in the Girl's Imagination it must be own'd that the Circumstances are terrible : But this was but a Prelude to what she saw afterwards. Not daring to cry out, the poor Girl repeated to herself all the Prayers she could remember, and made Vows to all the Saints she could think on : She promis'd Pilgrimages of
every

every Kind ; and forgetting in her Trouble that she had hid herself under the Cloaths, she imputed the Darkness to her Vows — but she had scarce ventur'd to open her Eyes when she had like to have dy'd with Fright. She saw at her Bedside a frightful Spectre which seem'd to touch the Cieling. The Arms of it were extended like a Cross, and its Head seem'd to burn. What frighten'd her more was that it seem'd to have many Hands ; one of 'em held up a Finger to forbid her crying out while the other rummaged the Bed-cloaths, the Spectre all the while forming a Crucifix. She thought such an extraordinary Appearance a heavenly Vision, and thinking it an Angel of Light she gather'd all her Strength to rise and get upon her Knees. That Instant she felt herself so closely embraced by the Spectre that she gave herself for lost. The frightful and wanton Embraces of this Figure not seeming so very heavenly, she struggled a good while to disengage herself, and finding herself over-power'd, she cry'd as loud as she could for Succour. Her Cries having wak'd the Ladies in a Chamber just by, they made their Woman go see what was the Matter : She having half opened the Door perceiv'd a burning Phantom casting out Fire and Smoke, and which said to her in a solemn Tone, *Retire, or thou diest.* Here ends the second Vision.

You my imagine, Ladies, that the Alarm and Fright spread itself through the House. The Ladies call'd for Help, but no Body came. The Father lay backward, and the two Officers were gone to *Verviers* (a little Town some Leagues from *Spa*). As soon as it was Day the poor Girl jump'd out of Bed, half dead, to tell her Father this Adventure. As soon as the Ladies came
down

down they asked for their Reckoning, for they resolved to quit their Lodgings. The Father perceiving that he should suffer by this Hobgoblin was angry with his Daughter and call'd her Visionary. The Ladies took the poor Girl's Part, and, upon the Credit of their Woman who had a Share in the Adventure, swore there was a Spirit in the House, and an evil Spirit too. The Monk, a Lodger in the same House, confirm'd the Vision by his own Experience and by apt Examples. You know, Ladies, that these Gentry have a hundred such Tales at their Tongues End, and a Monk seldom disputes an Apparition. Particularly those of his Order have a more natural Tendency that Way, as the Foundation of their richest Monasteries is owing to the Vision of their Institutor. The Question was to determine the Sort of this Girl's Vision, and to explain it. The Monk assur'd 'em, as if it had been reveal'd to him, that this luminous Spectre was the Ghost of the Girl's dead Mother, who being in Purgatory came to beg Relief; and 'twas his Opinion they should have Recourse to Prayers and Masses: And he offer'd his and those of his Function. Immediately they went to the *Capuchins* who all said Mass on the Occasion.

But what ever the Host could do, the Ladies left the House: however his Entreaties engaged them to conceal the Reason of it, that his House might suffer no Discredit by it. The Girl for her Part could not go to Bed alone, and with large Promises prevailed on one of her Maids to lie with her; and that not 'till the Monk had said a long String of Prayers in the Room and before the Father. For all this the burning Cross appear'd: The Maid was frighten'd out of her

Wits,

Wits, and tho' the Spectre did not come near 'em, she swore she had seen enough to run no more Hazzard, and threaten'd to leave the House too if they forced her to it. The Monk assumed the Merit of the Ghost's keeping at Distance, as if his Prayers had occasion'd it. The Masses were repeated: They even sent to *Liege* to desire them of several Convents. The Monk repeated his Prayers, and towards Night sprinkled every Corner of the Room with Holy Water.

Unhappily his Exorcisms did not terrify the Hobgoblin. It was a Spirit of a sullen and haughty Disposition, and was certainly averse to the Company of a Servant. The Girl was alone, and as the Ghost's Business was only with her, it came again to visit her in a Dress more terrible than before. The Chamber seem'd all in Flames and sprinkled with little luminous Crosses, with abundance of Scrawls, among which the important Injunction to be silent was frequently and distinctly visible. In the midst of this Illumination the Girl saw the Spectre advance gravely towards her in a flaming Shirt. When it was near the Bed it call'd her by her Name and bid her make Room. The poor Girl already half dead with Fear perceiving that the Hobgoblin came near, gave a Shreik that rais'd all the House, but no Body durst stir; only her Father ran to her with a Bundle of Relicks which he had borrowed of the *Capuchins*. Whether those Relicks frighten'd the Ghost I can't tell, but it was vanish'd when the good Man enter'd; and he could only see the burning Crosses and Writing which were still visible through a thin Smoak which fill'd the Room.

The

The Father saw those Prodigies, and was almost as much scared as his Daughter who was half dead and senseless in her Bed. Then the good Man runs to the Monk's Door and begs his Assistance to make the Ghost break its Mind. This pious Father declin'd it, because Modesty and his Order would not suffer him to enter without his Cloaths; and he made a Difficulty of approaching a young Woman's Bed. At length he came forth and seem'd terrified at these Appearances. He prostrated himself at the Sight of the flaming Crosses, and after some Prayers, which the Landlord devoutly said *Amen* to, he conjur'd the Spirit to appear. The Ghost knew better; and the pious Monk imputed its Fear to the Virtue of his sacred Frock which has always been terrible to the Devil; and therefore he concluded that this Spirit was an Angel of Darkness transform'd into an Angel of Light; one of those Genies so famous among the credulous Ancients under the Names of *Incubus* and *Succubus*.

All this while the Girl was in a Swoon: Her Father ran to the Cellar for some Wine, and the Monk ordered him to bring a Holy Candle with him to trace the Motions of the Spirit. As soon as the Candle came the Crosses and the Writing disappear'd: The Girl too recover'd from her Swoon and told all the Circumstances of the Vision with that Horror and Earnestness which only Reality can inspire. The Monk to comfort her told her the Virtue of the Holy Candle; he made the Father carry it upon the Stair-case, and immediately all the Crosses reviv'd: And these Words were very legible on the Chimney-piece, *Hence ye Prophane*. The Monk made it plain enough

enough that only the Landlord was concern'd in that, who probably would have retir'd, if he had not perceiv'd some Sparks upon the Monk's Habit while the Candle was remov'd out of the Room: But they were immediately extinguish'd by a little Holy Water. The Girl's Father was too much obliged to the Monk to leave him expos'd to these Symptoms of burning; and tho' the Monk rely'd courageously on the Virtue of his Habit, the Host would not quit him. They pass'd the Rest of the Night together, and the Girl's Father, to whom the Sight grew familiar, often carry'd out the Holy Candle, purely for the Comfort of admiring its all-powerful Virtue. At length came Day, and the Illumination ceas'd. The Monk went out to say Mass and did not return 'till Dinner-time.

The *Dutch* Officers, who returned from *Verwiers* the Night before pretty well tir'd with the Roughness of the Road, had scarce heard this Disturbance. The Landlord himself carefully conceal'd it from 'em for fear they should leave his House too. But they were soon inform'd of it. The Disorder they found the poor Girl in after so sad a Night gave them occasion to question her. Her Heart was so full of this Adventure that she told it honestly, notwithstanding her Father's Prohibition. Happily for her, her Father catch'd her in the Tale, since the Presence of the Officers restrain'd his Anger. These Gentlemen comforted his Fears, and assur'd him that instead of quitting his House, they would clear it of the Ghost. Then they took him aside to ask him such Questions about this Incident as they could not with good Manners ask his Daughter. They fancy'd they could discern something through the Wonders which the Landlord had told them.

Officers, and Protestant Officers are no more credulous in these Affairs than my Lady : They were led to the Girl's Apartment and the Places where those Marvels had appear'd were pointed out to them. The Marks of the Cross and the Characters were evident enough for the Images and Tapestry were singed. This sufficiently proved the Reality of the Vision : Yet these Marks produced Effects quite contrary. The Landlord, after having esteem'd his Daughter an Enthusiast became a flagrant one himself ; and could not bear the Incredulity of the Officers. Their Doubts gather'd Strength from the Inscription on the Chimney-Piece, the Sparks on the Monk's Coat, and the disappearing of the flaming Figures at the approach of the holy Candle. These Gentlemen pretending to give into the Landlord's Credulity, desir'd to see this wonderful Candle. He went to fetch it ; but was quite confus'd when he found that in the Trouble he was in at his Daughter's Cries he had taken only *a common Candle*. The Officers gathered a good deal from his Mistake and made use of it to acquaint him with their Suspicions. They agreed with him that the visible Disquiets of his Daughter sufficiently clear'd her of Confederacy. The good Man was stagger'd, and own'd that even his Reason told him these could not be Apparitions of his departed Wife, and that it would be foolish to imagine that a Mother should come expressly from the other World to torment her Daughter, or should use some Indecencies which her Daughter complain'd of. These Remarks reduced him to his primitive Incredulity, and he begged the Gentlemen to assist him in the unveiling a Mystery which it so much concern'd him to unravel.

Now

Now for the Discovery, Ladies, and I dare lay no Body guesses it. Truly Sir says one of the Ladies, I don't know what to think; these Lights terrify me, and I suspect something of Magick. So said the other Lady too. 'Tis white Magick then says my Lady; for to speak freely, I have some Suspicion of your Monk, notwithstanding his devout Appearances. My Lady, says the Counsellor, is always hard upon the poor Monks, and I wish this Story may inspire her with more Charity toward 'em. I doubt it says she, but let's see.— After this little Pause the Counsellor continued.

The Officers laid several Designs the most easy of which they pitch'd upon, and it succeeded to their Wish. That was, That the Father should seem melancholy 'till the Discovery was made; that he should continue the Masses as usual; that he should remove his Daughter to that Room which the Ladies had quitted; that one of the Officers should lie in that Room where the Girl lay before, while the other Officer and the Landlord should wait the Sequel in the Kitchen. All this was kept secret among them three; even the Girl was inform'd of it but last Night, and that the Minute she was to retire. Her Part was therefore the more natural, for she was in Tears and in terrible Expectation all the Evening and could not be persuaded to go to Bed. However she went into the vacant Chamber, and the Officers pursued their Scheme. The Father, better to conceal his Distrust, engaged the good Monk to repeat his Prayers and his Holy Water at his Daughter's Chamber-door. At length every Body retir'd and the Candles were put out.

Two Hours pass'd in dead Silence ; the Officer in the Girl's Bed expected the Vision with Impatience : He was even beginning to think that the Spirit was more afraid of him than of the Holy Water, when he heard the Chamber-door open softly. He counterfeited a sound Sleep, and when he had heard it take several Turns in the Chamber he felt something lifting up his Bedcloaths. As he had wrapp'd himself close in 'em, he made some Resistance and repuls'd the Hobgoblin. When he found it a little further off, he peep'd from under the Cloaths and perceived all the Room in a Blaze, burning Crosses, Letters of Fire, and a horrible Spectre vomitting Flame and Smoak. This Officer confess'd to me, that inur'd as he is to Fire, and undaunted as he thought himself he was at first fright'ned : Which may very well be, since true Valour is not the suppressing fearful Apprehensions but the surmounting 'em. Be that as it will, the Spectre having mutter'd some barbarous Words round the Room, approach'd the Bed again. The Officer who watch'd it, taking his Opportunity, threw over the Neck of it a Slip-Knot one End of which he had tied at the Bed's Foot, and pulling the Cord with all his Might down'd with the Spectre, and throwing himself upon it, swore he'd strangle it if it would not speak. The Fall of it was more terrible than its Figure ; for that was attended with Flashings and a Bounce like a Clap of Thunder which fill'd the Room with Smoak. The Officer not at all discompos'd, stuck close upon him and held him by the Throat — for this Spectre was Flesh and Blood like other Men. He struggled a long time to escape from beneath the Officer, who kept crying out and swearing he was stronger than the Devil. The
Land-

Landlord and the other Officer ran up at the Noise with Lights and Weapons, and soon disengaged the Spectre from his Conqueror in their Impatience to see him. But how were they surpriz'd when they found that this terrible and obstinate Hobgoblin was no other Man than the Monk. His Design was evident, and even before his Confession, it was plain that all his Apparitions were contriv'd to frighten the poor Girl and so to gratify his Lechery. The Landlord who immediately discern'd all this, flew into a Fury hardly to be restrain'd: And is it you Sirrah says he, that disgrace my House and dishonour my Daughter? You shall die Villain — And throwing himself upon him, he had done his Business, if the Officers had not held him. Fain he would have made him suffer the Fate of *Abelard*. He deserv'd it, but the Officers discreetly chose to hush up the Affair.

This wretched Monk getting upon his Knees begged Pardon, and shedding abundance of Tears, was as abject as Vice could make him. He confess'd his Crime, but protested that he had committed it in Imagination only; and that by making himself an Apparition he had lost his Labour and his Rest. This was a very diverting Scene; because the Equipage which had render'd him so formidable being shorn of its Beams and view'd near had something burlesque in it. This Monk who is very tall, had put upon his Head a high-crown'd Paper Cap, and had run a Stick through the Sleeves of his Coat in Form of a Cross: He had a Shirt over his Coat; and through the Slits of the Pockets under his Arms he pass'd his Hands in each of which he held a Vial, one of the *Phosphorus fulgurans*, the other of the *Phosphorus fumans*; by which he dispers'd

Fire or Smoak as he pleas'd. Unhappily for him the Vial of *Phosphorus fulgurans* broke in his Fall; and as the Agitation of it had made the Fire very subtil, it has scorch'd two Fingers of his Right Hand and maim'd 'em for ever.

The Officers had a Mind the Girl should see the Devil in this Dress; 'twas indeed necessary to compose her disturb'd Imagination and prevent the ill Effects of it. In vain the Monk begged an Exemption from this Disgrace; he must submit. The Father went to call the Girl; she came all trembling, but losing her Tears at the Sight of his comical Condition, she abus'd him handsomely and pleas'd herself with boxing his Ears with his Slipper. The Father gave him some Cuffs too, which at last the Officers put a stop to, to enquire into the Nature of this wonderful *Phosphorus*, and the Composition of it. The Monk kept off some time; but their Threats of exposing him to Justice as a Disturber of Families and a Prophaner of the most sacred Things, he promis'd them two Vials a-piece, which he had in his Chamber, and gave 'em his Key to search his Chest for the Receipt of it.

When they were possess'd of these Things they took the Cord from his Neck, and help'd him to dress decently; they had even the Charity to dress his Wound, and after having reproach'd him as he deserv'd, they advis'd him to quit the Territories of *Liege* immediately, for fear of being arrested upon Account of this Story. He took their Advice and having paid his Reckoning, and reimburs'd his Host the Mass-money, and left some Ducats for Damages, he set out at Four in the Morning for *Stavelo*, a little Town three Leagues from hence; where he'll be the
more

more secure, as the Prince of that Place is a Monk, and by Consequence will be tender of bringing Infamy on the Habit. Tho' this Adventure calls aloud for Punishment, the Landlord dares not publish it, because *Liege* being an Ecclesiastical State it's dangerous to attack the Priests and Monks where they are Masters.

Well, Sir, says my Lady, did not I say 'twas the Monk, and that some Intreague was on Foot? Believe me that's generally the Business of Ghosts, Spirits and Apparitions. People are naturally credulous and enclin'd to Superstition; your Monks find their Account, and a childish Diversion in it; and the least of their Gain is Mass-Money, as we may learn by your Story. However Madam, answer'd the Counsellor, that Error is not so general as you imagine even among the Monks; and some of 'em are Men of Parts and above those Follies. Even here are some vastly mortified at the Scandal which this Wretch has given, and I can assure you that if such an Affair should happen at our Court we should shew no Favour. — And very justly says she, for these Stories always come from illiterate Priests and Monks; as is evident, because among a hundred of these Stories the Scene is scarce twice laid in Protestant Countries. There we so seldom here of Ghosts, Spirits, and People possess'd, that in telling such a Tale we must explain the Terms to be understood. That's true, says Mr. Lake, and tho' I have travelled through our three Realms, *Switzerland*, and *Germany*, I remember to have heard nothing of this Kind but in *Roman* Catholick Countries. Indeed, continued he, as soon as the luminous Crosses were mentioned I concluded they were the Effect of a *Phosphorus*.

I fancy'd so too says the Marquess, because since I have been in *Holland*, I heard of an Incident of this Sort which lately happen'd purely for Diversion. *Roselli*, so famous for his Adventures under the Name of the unfortunate *Neapolitan*, was the Actor of it. This Man kept at the *Hague* the most famous Coffee-house in *Holland*. All Strangers went thither, and they that had not seen *Roselli* had seen nothing. He was a true *Italian*, cunning, a great Chymist, but a greater Bite. He had found out or bought a thousand little Nostrums in Physick and Chymistry, which he knew how to make his Market of when he found a Colly — which he never wanted. The greatest Noblemen took a Pride in his Acquaintance, and nothing was spoke of but him. The Ambassadors of *France*, who had read his History, had entertain'd a great Idea of him: She was happy in coming to *Holland* where she might be acquainted with this wonderful Man, and had promis'd her Friends at *Paris* to send an Account of him. As soon as she came to the *Hague* she sent a Page to *Roselli* to let him know her Desire to see him. *Roselli* bid the Page ask her Excellence whether she would see him as an ordinary or an extraordinary Man. The Ambassadors who knew him only by the latter Title did not hesitate in her Choice. The Page came back to tell *Roselli* that her Excellence expected him at Six a Clock ('twas in Winter) and that she impatiently desir'd the Acquaintance of so extraordinary a Person.

Roselli kept the Appointment. He took his *Italian Habit*, put on a broad-brim'd Hat and took Coach. He sent up his Name: He was led into the Hall, and while the Page went to inform his

his Lady, *Roselli* put out the Candles. The Lady impatient to see him, came to the very Door of the Hall to meet him. *Roselli* advancing gravely to make his Honours, shook two Vials which he held in his Hands, and in a Moment fill'd the Hall with Fire and Lightning. The Ambassadors, frighten'd at this Spectacle, ran into her Chamber. *Roselli* follow'd her there and with his *Phosphorus fumans* fill'd it with a horrible Smoak. The poor Ambassador taking him for a Magician, flew from Room to Room and went to hide herself in the Garret. The Page as much scared as his Lady, alarm'd the Kitchen; not a Soul durst approach; only a *Swiss* came with his Halbert to drive away this pretended Magician. *Roselli* not relishing his Compliment thrust his *Phosphorus* under his Nose; and the poor *Swiss*, undone, as he thought, threw himself trembling at his Feet, and said in his Language, *Ah, good Mr. Devil, don't burn me yet, you'll have me soon enough.* After this Expedition *Roselli* return'd to his Coach, and as soon as he was at home, wrote a very handsome Letter to the Lady to excuse his Extravagance. She forgave him, but had no more Inclination to see him.

The Company laugh'd heartily at this Adventure, and were sorry that Supper-time forced us to separate. My Lady finding every Body gay, propos'd to entertain the Company with a *Spa* Supper. She had hired a whole House, and brought with her a Cook, who dress'd Things very well. We did not care to give so much Trouble; but her Assurances that it would give none at all, engaged all the Company. In Half an Hour we sat down at Table and found a little Supper of Meat and Fruit very prettily serv'd up. The Conversation was very gay, and we continu'd it

'till pretty late. Apparitions were again the Subject, and as that Subject is inexhaustible, each told his Story. However that of the *Phosphorus* was the most approv'd. Pray Gentlemen, says one of the Ladies, tell me what this *Phosphorus* is which effects such Wonders.

Madam, says Mr. *Lake* who sat next her, I'll do myself the Honour to tell you. I have seen a great deal and a great many Sorts of 'em, some are natural, and some artificial. Some shine, some burn, some smoak, and some have all these Qualities together. That which Nature produces is found in Mines; and the Chymical *Phosphorus* is compos'd of Salt, Nitre, and other Materials suitable to the Effects it is to produce. The most common is that which Artists call the *Bolognian Stone*, found at the Foot of Mount *Paterno*, about a *French League* distant from *Bologne* in Italy. They are little, grey, irregular, shining Stones. I saw one at Mr. *Cellio's* in *Rome* which weigh'd five Pounds: But the smallest and brightest are best. These Stones are not true *Phosphorus's* 'till they have been calcin'd. The Secret was discover'd by a Shoe-maker of *Bologne* who was in Search of the Philosopher's Stone, and thought that this Stone contain'd Silver because it sparkles and is of a Silver colour. But instead of finding the Metal he expected from the Calcination, he luckily discover'd this wonderful Phenomenon. When I went to *Bologne* I bought a great many which are now in my Cabinet at *London*. But that which I admire most is the *Phosphorous fulgurans* invented by *John Daniel Craft*; and by all the Circumstances is that which our Monks made use of. They generally keep it in a Glass Bottle, full of fair Water. When it's shaken in the Dark it flashes: when taken out of the Bottle
it

it smoaks. If you write upon Paper or your Hand with it, the Letters are exceeding bright : They are not visible by Day-light but shine wonderfully in the Dark : However, they that use it must be cautious ; for if it's handled too roughly or rubb'd too violently against any thing it really takes Fire, and bursts into a thousand Pieces with a Flame as subtil and penetrating as Lightning. A few Years ago, one of the most famous Chymists in *Oxford* was dangerously wounded by it. And these are precisely the Effects of the Monk's *Phosphorus*.

But what will astonish you, Ladies, we all carry within us the chief Ingredient in this wonderful Composition. *John Daniel Craft*, the Inventor of it, having observ'd that most Peoples Water shines in the Dark, apply'd himself to extract the luminous Part, of which he made his *Phosphorus* after abundance of Trials. 'Tis one of the most nauseous Operations in Chymistry. There is, besides, a Liquid *Phosphorus*, invented at *Hamburg* by one *Brand*, and produced from black Salt. It has the same Effects with the *Phosphorus fulgurans* and smoaks much more, and is more convenient for Writing and drawing Figures.

All this is prodigious, Sir, says the Lady : But I should be delighted to see the Effects of it ; and we must beg the Counsellor to engage the two Officers to procure us that Pleasure. With all my Heart, says the Counsellor, and if you please I'll go to 'em this Minute. They took him at his Word and he went.

Mr. *Lake* continu'd the Conversation, and he seem'd to me very well vers'd in Chymistry. He

told us a hundred Things, every one more curious than the former, on the Nature and Composition of the *Phosphorus*. He brought us numberless Examples of Things naturally shining in the Night, and accounted for it concisely. Among the rest he told us of a Monk in *Germany*, whose Head threw out Sparkles on the Dark whenever it was touch'd, and that therefore the superstitious Vulgar counted him a Saint; without considering, says he, that a Cat, the Head and Entrails of a Fish well known under the Name of a Whiting, and a great many Shells perform the same Miracle every Day. Beside, says he, as Ignorance is the Parent of Superstition, few of the Prodigies in former times are now so astonishing, because they are either explain'd or imitated by Natural Philosophy: And had the Antients been as well vers'd in that as our Monk is, they would have drawn fewer Omens and Predictions from those sudden Illuminations which sometimes appear'd on the Heads of their Heroes.

This curious Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of the two Officers introduced by the Counsellor. They made their Compliments to the Ladies, which the Company return'd and desir'd 'em to sit down. The Ladies drank a great many merry Healths to 'em, and then one of 'em was conducted to a neighbouring Chamber to make proof of the *Phosphorus*. He drew several Figures on the Wall, he wrote Pieces of Gallantry on some Paper, he lightly rubb'd with Liquid *Phosphorus* two Monkeys Heads which sustain'd the Chimney-piece, and then call'd in the Company to see the Effect. The Ladies were astonish'd, and my Lady own'd that if she had not been appriz'd of it she had been frighten'd to Death.

Death. They diverted themselves a good while in writing Whims upon Paper, their Hands and their Cloaths, without any ill Accident. One of the Officers made a Present to my Lady of one of those Vials, and she was wonderfully pleas'd with the Favour.

During this Diversion they told several little Touches of the Monks Devilship which the Counsellor had omitted; and so renew'd the Discourse on Spirits. The Counsellor took occasion to rally my Lady on her Disbelief of Apparitions. Madam, says he, laying aside all religious Prejudices, may I ask the Foundation of your Incredulity. I am no Philosopher, says she, but common Sense and Experience make one an Infidel toward these Tales, and I should never end if I were to tell you all the ridiculous ones I have met with. But had I been as credulous as the most credulous Nun, I had been cur'd in this Point by a Story which a *French* Lord told me some Years ago, when I went to *Paris* with my Son. 'Twas at the Table of the Lord *Stairs* then Ambassador to *France*. This Nobleman spoke from his own Knowledge, because the Story was of himself. As I am the only one, continued she, that has told no Story, I'll willingly contribute my Share. And since the Story is a pretty prolix one, it will give me the Opportunity of keeping the Company here the longer. Every Body express'd an impatience to hear it, and we return'd into the Dining-Room, where she told us this Story.

An Adventure of the Count of B——

THE Gentleman it happened to, says my Lady, is a Nobleman well known at the *French* Court, under the Name of the Count of B——. He is brave, even fearless, and has distinguish'd himself on all Occasions, especially in the last War, when he serv'd as Brigadier. This Nobleman having obtain'd Leave to pass the Winter in one of his Country Seats, set out with his Equipage about the Month of *October*, which was very rainy that Year. As soon as he reach'd the Frontiers, he assum'd the Privileges of his Rank and Title; his Harbinger always set out some Hours before him, to fix his Lodging and fit it for the Arrival of his Master. One Day, when the Rain had so spoil'd the Roads that the Coach and Equipage of the Count could not reach the Town he had propos'd to lodge in, his Marshal stopp'd in a little beggarly Village, situated at the Bottom of a Valley, almost desert, and always full of Water; and appointed the Count's Lodging at the Curate's who was very poor. The Poverty of this House was the same as in the other Houses, excepting that it was something less inconvenient —— for there was scarce any Shelter from the Wind and Rain. When the Count arriv'd he was receiv'd and complimented by the good Curate, who display'd all his Eloquence to thank him for the Honour he did him in coming to lodge in his humble Hut, and in his Way, made a hundred Excuses that his Cottage was so ill provided to entertain so great a Man. The Count, who was unacquainted with the Place, thank'd him for his Speech, and after having

having assur'd him that he would not incommode him, order'd his Postillion to proceed. The Curate, who perhaps wish'd no better, thought it however his Duty to use some Entreaties to stop him, assuring him that as poor as his House was it was the most convenient in the Village. The Marshal return'd in the midst of these Ceremonies, and join'd his Instances to those of the Curate, protesting that he had visited all the Houses one by one and had found none comparable to this. Very well, says the Count, but why may'nt I lodge in that Castle which I see there at t'other End of the Village. Whoever lives there I suppose won't refuse me a Chamber; go thither in my Name: I'll alight here and wait an Answer. My Lord, says the Curate, that Castle is not inhabited. This Land has been for Sale many Years; most of the Apartments are without Doors; however some Rooms are still neat enough, and there are some old Moveables. I don't want so much, says the Count. It is at least a Shelter and there I'll have my Bed made. I would have done it before, my Lord, says the Marshall, if I had not been told that you would have been in Danger there, because this Castle is possess'd by Spirits and Hobgoblins who make a horrid Din there every Night. They told me but this very Minute that the Witches held their last Meeting there, and that the Master of it, who is in some foreign Country, has let his House to the Devil. What! are you drunk, says the Count in Anger? You talk like a Fool—'adone with this Stuff; I'll lie in the Castle; get my Bed ready immediately, and in the mean time I'll sup with Monsieur the Curate. — They were forced to obey.

During

During this Interval, the Count desir'd the Curate's Company, and an Account whence these foolish Reports took their Rise. The Curate was a good little Man, as ignorant as possible, and extremely credulous, as Country Parsons generally are. He had every fabulous Circumstance by Heart, and recited Tales of frightful Apparitions in every Kind, in order to divert the Count from going to the Castle. The Count amus'd himself some Time with list'ning to him; but at length quite tir'd with his idle Stories, he call'd his Valet and order'd him to follow him to the Castle. The Valet too made his Remonstrances in vain — they made no Impression. He threw himself at his Master's Feet, to beg him not to expose himself — but Dissuasion only confirm'd his Resolves of going to the Castle. He set out, and his Valet lighted him with a Link. The poor Fellow, who was naturally credulous, had his Head full of Stories which he had pick'd up in the Town: For every one had his Tale, and the whole Village attested the Truth of them; so that he went with his Master as if it had been to Execution. His Fears encreas'd as he approach'd the Castle. It was an old Building moated round, adorn'd with several ruinous Towers, which made a Place disagreeable enough in itself, and its Appearance was adapted to inspire that secret Horror which usually attends the View of magnificent Ruins. Besides, by the Desertion of its Masters this old Pile was become the Retreat of Bats and Screech Owls. The Cries and Flutter of these Nocturnal Animals so terrified the poor Fellow that he thought he had a thousand Spirits at his Elbow already. But the Count encouraging him by his Reasons and Example,

ample, they came to the Chamber where the Bed was prepared. Tho' it was the neatest and noblest Apartment, the Door could not be shut on the Inside. The Count undress'd ; but before he lay down he tied his Pistols to his Belt and hung his Arms over his Bolster. He order'd two lighted Candles in the Chimney, and kept two by his Bedside. After these Precautions he went to Bed not quite undress'd ; and his Man lay upon a Mattress brought thither on Purpose.

The Count, notwithstanding his Bravery, cou'd not sleep. A certain Restlessness, consistent with the truest Valour, threw him involuntarily into melancholy Reflections on the Hazards which he perhaps unnecessarily expos'd himself to. He had pass'd two Hours thus uneasily, and was going to compose himself, when about Midnight he fancied he heard a harsh and hollow Noise in the furthest Court of the Castle, and it was too distant to be distinct. He perceiv'd that this Noise must be made by something alive, because, as well as he could follow it by his Ear, it went round the Castle. He thought it at first some Beast grazing thereabout with a Bell at its Neck ; but soon changed his Opinion : The Noise clear'd up as it came near. The Count heard distinctly the Steps of one marching gravely, and the ratling of a Chain, pretty heavy as he judged by the Noise it made upon the Pavement. This frightful Noise entering the Apartments seem'd to tend directly to the Count's Chamber. He then thought he ought to stand upon his Guard, and slipping on his Gown and Slippers, he threw his Belt over his Shoulder and return'd into Bed ready for all Events.

In the mean time the Noise redoubling upon the Stair-case, awak'd the Valet, who to drown his Fears had gorged himself with Wine over Night. The Count could scarce keep him from crying out ; for, notwithstanding his Drunkenness, he was still sensible of Fear. But the Count threatening to break his Head with his Pistol if he cry'd out, he lay still. The Hobgoblin continuing his Walks went thro' the neighbouring Rooms, and having made his Tour, groaning most lamentably, he went up Two Pair of Stairs where the dragging of his Chains made a terrible Din. This horrible Noise, far from intimidating the Count, made him suspect some Trick for he was not at all credulous. Says he to himself, if they want to murder me these Ceremonies are needless : to be sure then they want to frighten me ; for I shall never believe that the Devil or any Inhabitant of the other World is come hither purposely to carry on this Farce. Let us see then, says he, the Conclusion of this Comedy.

The Moment he made this Reflection, the Spirit push'd the Door violently and enter'd the Chamber. His Figure was hideous : he seem'd all hairy like a Bear, and loaded with Chains which he struck against the Walls with horrible Groans. He advanced solemnly towards the Mattrass where the Servant lay. The Fellow not daring to cry for fear of angring his Master, had wrapp'd himself in his Great Coat, thinking Death unavoidable, either from his Master or from the Ghost, which last lifting up the Chains rattled 'em at the poor Wretch's Ear and frighten'd him into a Swoon. The Count having quietly observ'd this Proceedure through his Curtains, and
hearing

hearing his Man cry out thought the Spectre had offered Violence to him. He jump'd out of Bed, his Pistol in his Hand, and seizing the Candle ran toward the Spirit crying out *Murther, Murther*, as loud as he could. The Ghost, without Surprise, turn'd himself gravely to view the Count, and shaking his Chains, said to him — *Follow me little Mortal.* The undaunted Count, equally desirous of unravelling this Business, and troubled at the Loss of his Servant whom he thought dead, follow'd the Spectre close, and went down Stairs after him keeping his Pistol always in his Hand, resolv'd however not to discharge it but in Extremity. The Spectre came into the Court, which he cross'd with some Precipitation. The Count still pursued him through the Darknefs and the Horrors of a dismal Night. At last they came to the Entrance of a very narrow vaulted Gallery. There the Count enter'd too, but there the Spirit disappear'd, and seem'd to bury itself in the Bowels of the Earth with a terrible Cry. A violent Wind which came from under Ground put out the Count's Candle which had surviv'd the open Air of the Court; and thus he remain'd in a strange Place and in horrid Darknefs. The Count transported by his Warmth, let off his Pistol, advancing forward; and immediately felt himself sink alive into the Region of Spectres to punish his Incredulity.

Ah, for God's Sake, Madam, says one of the Ladies, cure my suspense. Did the poor Count stay there, or did the Spirit strangle him. My Heart akes for him and I'm sorry he was so rash! You are very urgent, says my Lady with a Smile, Was the Count an Admirer of yours; you seem so deeply concern'd for him. Be it as it will I'm going to satisfy you: But give me
 Leave

Leave to ask you, Gentlemen, says she to us, what would you have done in his Place ? I have too good an Opinion of your Courage to doubt your doing as much : and yet would you resent the being thought not quite so rash ? 'Tis a nice Question, says the Marquess, for Bravery, like a great many other Things, depends much upon Success, and according to that is justify'd or condemn'd. The Ladies always determine in these Cases, and the Tenderness with which the Count's Valour has inspir'd that Lady, sufficiently proves that precipitate Courage deserves Esteem, since it has touch'd a Heart like hers. The Decision is gallant, says my Lady, and since I'm to expect no other Answer, I must continue my Story to cure this Lady's Alarms for her dear Count.

Dangerous as his Fall was, he receiv'd no Hurt by it. The Pit was not so deep as the Center, and tho' the Manner of his Descent was frightful, he could not possibly be kill'd by it. 'Twas a Trap of Boards so nicely poiz'd that a Foot treading upon either End of it sunk it immediately, and the Person slid down with Rapidity on a Heap of Straw and Hay, so that the Fall was broke. As soon as the Count was in this subterraneous Place he saw himself enclos'd by a Company of Spirits in Human Shape whom his Fall had drawn round him. He judg'd by their Looks that they breath'd and were something surpriz'd at this unexpected Visit, as he was too to find himself so surrounded. They did not give him Time to recollect himself or to gaze on them ; they blindfolded and disarm'd him, and led him to a neighbouring Cavern, where they shut him up. The Count had his Wits about him, and in spite of his Trouble he immediately conceiv'd that these were Chymists in full Search
of

of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps Clippers and Coiners; or it may be both: However he could never make the Discovery; but the Precautions they took to conceal their Employment from him, their Situation so near the Frontiers whence they might easily quit the Realm at the least Alarm, and the frightful Noise they made every Night in the Castle to drive away the Curious and Impertinent, persuaded him that they pursued some dangerous Employ. This Consideration taught the Count all the horrible Danger which he had thrown himself into; and soon he was on the very Brink of that Danger. From his Place of Confinement he plainly heard 'em consulting what to do with him. All voted his Death but one, who with more Humanity was for sending him back after a Discovery of his Quality. Tho' the Count thought his Death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to 'em before they took their last Resolution. They led him out of his Dungeon into the Midst of their Assembly and permitted him to speak.

" I understand, Gentlemen," says he to 'em,
 " how much Reason you have to get rid of me.
 " My Indiscretion deserves Death and I accept
 " it: But give me Leave to represent to you
 " that your Ruin must infallibly follow it. I
 " think myself obliged to declare my Name and
 " Quality. I am the Count of ——— Brigadier-
 " General of his Majesty's Forces. I was going
 " from the Army to my own Estate. The bad
 " Weather kept me in this Village where I have
 " all my Equipage; my Valet who lay at my
 " Bed's Foot, must have made his Escape and
 " apprize my People of my Adventure: They'll
 " certainly search into it; and be assur'd that if
 " they don't find me they'll pull down the Castle
 " but

“ but they’ll find what’s become of me : Consider
 “ it Gentlemen: I don’t design to threaten you :
 “ But how necessary soever my Death may appear
 “ to your Security, I think myself obliged to assure
 “ you that it will certainly ruin you. If you doubt
 “ my Quality, the Letters in my Pocket with
 “ Orders from his Majesty, will confirm my
 “ Testimony.” The Count produced his Letters,
 and while these *Cyclops* examin’d ’em he added —
 “ Sirs, I am a Gentleman and can keep a Secret,
 “ without desiring to dive into yours ; and I
 “ swear by my Faith and Honour I won’t betray
 “ you.” This Speech, which he made with that
 Dignity which never abandons great Men in
 Distress, astonish’d ’em all. They sent him back
 to his Cave to renew their Deliberation.

They now gave into softer Counsels ; though
 some still persisted in advising his Death, but
 those in less Number and with less Vehemence
 than before. These Debates which the Count
 heard distinctly, would have alarm’d a Heart
 less great than his. For beside the Idea of
 Death which was always present, every one
 fram’d a different Punishment and made him feel
 all the Horrors of it. Even Death itself, in
 my Opinion, is preferable to this cruel Vicissitude
 of Hope and Despair. The Count however calmly
 waited his Sentence. The Votes were unani-
 mous in his Favour: They brought him out
 again. One of this subterranean Crew pronounced
 him at Liberty on Condition he swore an in-
 violable Secrecy, and would leave the Village
 and his Servants in that Notion of Spirits which
 they already entertain’d ; and that when he was
 out of the Province he would not mention his
 Adventure. After these Oaths they gave him
 his Arms and Letters except one which they
 kept.

kept. They made him drink some Glasses of Wine, the whole Company drank to his Health, and after having made him sensible what a Risk they ran in sparing his Life, they open'd the Trap, and two Guides led him towards his Apartment. As soon as he was upon the Stair-case, the Guides took off his Bandage and return'd to their Cavern.

The Count return'd to his Chamber, amaz'd at his Adventure, but had like to have met a more terrible one from his Valet. The poor Fellow, quite sober'd by his Fears, was in Despair when he miss'd the Count. He concluded that the Spirits had strangled him, according to the Stories of the Night before. Full of Grief for his dear Master, he even mistook him when he enter'd, and taking him for the Spectre, let fly his Pistol at him. By a providential Stroak the Pistol miss'd, and the Count made himself known. The poor Servant was ready to die with Shame and Horror at the Misfortune he had escap'd, and implor'd his Master's Forgiveness. The Count without staying to hear him bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the Castle a better Security than the mutual Oaths in the Cavern, since it was possible they might recant theirs. They went together and waited for Day-light in the Avenue leading to the Village; and the Count told his Man, that having follow'd the Spectre with his Arms in his Hand, after several Rounds it bury'd itself in a Sort of Well, which he too was almost decoy'd into; and that he had much ado to find his Room again. When it was Day he went to the Curate, and told him the same Story which soon spread itself through the Village; and having sent for his Bed and his Cloaths he continu'd his Journey.

Several

Several Years pass'd before the Count mention'd his Adventure, and he had never divulged it without the express Permission which he has since receiv'd. One Day when he was at his Country-Seat, they told him a Man wanted to communicate to him an important Affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the Castle. The Count surpriz'd at the Message, sent for the Messenger, and order'd his People to enquire whence he came. The Courier again answer'd that he must not come in, nor wait, nor name his Masters; and notwithstanding all their Perswasions he persisted in staying upon the Draw-Bridge. The Count, who was at Dinner, communicated this extraordinary Message to the Gentlemen at Table with him and ask'd their Advice. Some found Reasons of Distrust where there was so much Mystery and were for securing the Messenger. But the Majority advis'd the Count to go and speak with him for fear of losing some Advice of Consequence to his Affairs or his Safety, and offer'd to accompany him. This Counsel prevail'd; the Count rose from Table, and with all those Gentlemen went to the Bridge where the Courier waited. When the Courier saw him he cried out, Fear nothing, Sir; and to prove that I have no ill Design, I'll discharge my Arms. Immediately he shot off his Pistols towards the Fields. Then the Count approaching, the Messenger without dismounting put into his Hands two noble *Spanish* Horses which he led; and delivering a Packet said to him, This, Sir, will inform you further. I have finish'd my Commission and my Orders oblige me to depart. At the End of this Compliment he spur'd his Horse and went off full Gallop, nor could they ever find out where he retir'd to.

The

The Count wonder'd at this Commission, and was impatient to know the Authors and the Motive of it. He gave the Gentleman next him the Horses to hold, and open'd the Letter. He found it wrote in various Characters, and those counterfeited, and after having well consider'd it, he read it aloud. As well as I can remember it was to this Effect :

“ We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto pre-
 “ serv'd a Secret in our Favour, and we have sent
 “ these two Horses as Instances of our Gratitude.
 “ We have sent too an important Letter which
 “ you left such a Day and such a Year at the
 “ Castle of ——— It may put you in Mind of a
 “ strange Adventure which happen'd to you there,
 “ We have happily concluded our Affair and re-
 “ turn'd to our own Homes. We disengage you
 “ from your Oaths and your Secret, we shall tell
 “ your Adventure ourselves, and give you Per-
 “ mission to publish it. Adieu generous Count—
 “ This comes from the six Gentlemen who put
 “ you into such a Fright in the Cellars of the
 “ Castle of ———.

After reading this Letter the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the Secret ; but at the Instances of the Gentlemen then with him, he told 'em the odd Adventure mention'd there ; and took a Pleasure in repeating it on all Occasions. And now Gentlemen, says my Lady, judge if I am blameable in disbelieving the daily Stories of Spirits and Ghosts after one so famous and authentick as this is.

I like your Maxims, Madam, says the Counsellor ; and, like you, I think it the wisest Way

to despise those Stories, when they are beyond the Reach of Discovery ; and if I had Power, I'd make a Law to forbid among us, as among the States-General, the publishing any Tale of Witches, Hobgoblins, Spirits, Ghosts, or any thing of the like Nature, under the Penalty of a pecuniary Mulct ; and Society would meet with much less Disturbance. We approv'd the Notion, but did not expatiate on it because it was already very late. We begged my Lady's Excuse for having troubled her so long, for it was One a Clock. But our Concern was lessen'd when she told us that she should not go to the Fountain next Day. However we took Leave and retir'd very silently : In short it was an irregular Hour at *Spa*, and this Partie might have pass'd for very scandalous among the Drinkers.

My Design too was to have slep't it out next Morning ; but I also in my turn found a very troublesome Hobgoblin. It was that young Coxcomb before-mention'd, who came back from *Liege* at Day-break. For my Lady's Quiet and ours, this Fop was fallen in Love with two very lovely Ladies of *Liege* who came to *Spa* to pass a Fortnight there. Whatever they were, his Head was full of 'em, and we were happy that they had so much Charity for the Publick as to engage him. Unfortunately this good Luck soon vanish'd : Tho' this Correspondence was quite innocent, an old Lady of *Liege* spoiled the Count's Assiduity towards 'em, and had 'em re-call'd by their Friends. Their sudden Departure made the Count commit a thousand Extravagances. He would convoy 'em and offer'd his Coach, which they refus'd ; but all they could say or do could not prevent his escorting them on Horseback to the very Gates of *Liege*, making his empty Chariot

Chariot follow, to prove at least that they took another against his Inclination.

He had certainly gone further, and probably had quarrell'd with the Father if he had not been in haste to return to the Ball which he had promis'd my Lady. To be sure he requir'd more Time at his Toilet than another Man, therefore he travel'd all Night, and his Arrival put the whole Inn in Motion. Fatigu'd as he must be with this giddy Exploit, he preferr'd to the Pleasure of Sleeping that of ranging the Sweetmeats and Ribbans which he had brought from *Liege* for the Ball. A Confectioner whom he had hired for that Purpose, began with Day-light to dispose the Dessert, and he wou'd superintend. I could not get any Rest for the Noise he made, which, join'd to the Murmur of the Drinkers at the Fountain, forced me to rise. I went in Search of Mr. *Lake* and the Marquess to comfort me; and in that Disposition we concerted a mischievous Plot of Ridicule against him. Our Project was to give the Coxcomb a common Dose of Opium in a Dish of Chocolate, thinking that it would lull him a-sleep about the Assembly-Hour: And for the greater Security of Success we prevailed on my Lady to desire the Ball might begin early, because her Irregularity the preceeding Night made her desirous of retiring early. This Message was punctually carry'd when the Count sent *the Nosegay*; and as he himself was tir'd, he took it as a Compliment from the Queen of the Ball, and a Proof of her Concern for him.

A Canon of *Liege* who lodged with us, and was equally nettled at this Disturbance, join'd in the Plot, and spitefully told us a thousand of the Count's Follies, whom he had long known. I

have spar'd him hitherto, says he, but now I'll expose him since he's incorrigible. This young Fellow is marry'd; I know his Wife, she lives at *Dusseldorf*— We were amaz'd at this Discovery, because hitherto he had industriously pass'd for a Batchelor. What I tell you is true, says the Canon, a Nephew of mine was Cotemporary with him at the University of *Louvain*, and told me all his Follies. One Extravagance which I was Witness to, as having occasion to examine it judicially, was this. This Spark, at the quiting the University, coming to *Brussels* some Years ago, to pass his Winter there, brought himself into a Scrape with Regard to two Opera-Dancers whom he had slander'd by a very ill concerted Story. The Dancers, who were honest Folks in their Way, would have Satisfaction, look'd for him every where to make him explain, and gave it out in all Coffee-Houses, that, if he did not publicly retract, they would cane him. The Spark, more indiscreet than valiant, thought it most prudent to make his Peace with the two Actors, and was mean enough to give it under his Hand that all he had said of 'em was false. To confirm the Reconciliation he gave 'em a Supper, and to cement the Peace between 'em the more firmly, he declar'd he had a most passionate Desire to mount the Stage, and begged their Interest that he might be admitted into their Company, and act in those Entertainments which sometimes succeed the Opera. The Actors promis'd to speak of it to the Director and their Brethren, and the next Day his Commission was sign'd.

Young Mr. L.— at that time not having dreamt of forging a Title, would treat his new Fraternity: He carry'd 'em to the *Red-House*, where a magnificent Supper paid his Beverage. There they

they broke Glasses, Tables, Chairs and Sconces, in short a terrible Havock was made, and all at his Expence. In the Heat of Liquor he fell in Love with an Actress who had trod every Stage in *Germany*. As she was a Coquette, she knew how to make him quicken his Advances. She acted a *Penelope*, treated him rigorously, and one Day gave him a Box on the Ear on the open Stage for daring to toy with her. The unhappy Spark, in Despair, thought he might soften her Inhumanity by making her a Promise of Marriage. The artful Jade took his Promise, but continued still untractable. Miss knew her Cue. She was sensible that, altho' this young Fellow had a Mother, the greater Share of his Fortune deriv'd itself from his Father who was dead. She cunningly insinuated that she had a great deal to fear from the Contract he desir'd, because his Mother would certainly disinheret him upon it, and reduce 'em both to Wretchedness and Beggary. The Coxcomb ran into the Snare, and immediately flew to a Notary to make a full Assignment of all his Effects to this Lady, in case he should die before he could ratify his Marriage with her. The Actress was not so simple as to fancy these two Papers valid : but the Use she made of 'em is curious. When she had 'em safe, she took Care that secret Intelligence should be given of it to the Mother, well knowing no Stone would be left unturn'd to recover 'em, and that some Way or other it would turn to her Advantage. She was not deceiv'd. The Mother flew to *Bruxelles*, and got an Order to secure her Son. The Actress disappear'd and came to *Liege*, that she might make the better Conditions. In short, she gave up the Promise of Marriage for *two thousand Franks*, and the young Man, at Liberty again, revoked his Assignment in Form, after having discharged the Ex-

pences of his Admission on the Stage. The Mother dreading some new Sally, carry'd him with her, and with all Expedition marry'd him to a very lovely Woman, in Hopes that Marriage might fix him. But she has not succeeded; the young Lady has been forced to demand a Separation, which he has consented to *for twenty thousand Franks* which she gave him to play the Count with. And as he goes on, I believe it won't last long.

It would be right, methinks says the Marquess, if Mr. —, the Canon had the Goodness to tell my Lady the Story of this young Fellow, to spare her the Regret she'll feel for having danced with him. Right, right, says Mr. Lake, the Affair is too far advanced to retreat. Beside, since the Dutchess is a Party she must not be impos'd on. I'll undertake the Affair, and I have a Method of Revenge in my Head. She shall be deliver'd from him, tho' the Opium takes little or no Effect. Since this Spark is a Counterfeit and has conceal'd his Marriage he deserves but little Decency: He shall meet with a Rebuff to Night to prevent his cheating any credulous Person here for the future. The Thing is easy, and we shall have the Pleasure without exposing ourselves. The chief Point is to find a Servant unknown to him. I comprehend you, says the Canon; I have a Servant who came here last Night from my Nephew; I should send him back this Morning, but he shall stay and is at your Service. Then let me alone, says he, and depend upon a Comedy instead of a Ball. Adieu, I'll go teach my Lady her Part.

The Morning insensibly slip'd away in these Projects, and we separated to dress. Soon after we went to Dinner. The counterfeit Count did
not

not appear: he was too deep engaged at his Toilet. The Dinner was short, because we were to meet at Five to begin the Ball. We went to my Lady, but she scarce thought us in earnest, and sent us to wait upon the Dutchess. In the mean Time the Count of L—— carry'd my Lady in his Coach to the Place of Assembly. A Moment afterwards we arriv'd with the Dutchess. The Ladies placed themselves at Table, and a delicate and sumptuous Collation was serv'd up. There were more than thirty Ladies and as many Gentlemen. My Lady, who had her View in it, said, that tho' the other Gentlemen were polite enough to stand, she was sure the King of the Ball might be indulged in Sitting on Account of the last Night's Fatigue. We seconded this Tenderness, and the Coxcomb seated himself between the Dutchess and my Lady. They did not fail to make him drink, nor to slide one more Grain of Opium into a Glass of Jelly which my Lady gave him. In the midst of his Jollity they told him that a Country Boy wanted to speak with him in all haste. He would have got up, but the Ladies begged the Servant might come in and speak. He made some Difficulty of it, because his Vanity did not approve of the Messenger. The Servant (he that the Canon lent 'em) top'd his Part; pretending a great Impatience at these Delays, he enter'd rudely into the Room, crying out, *Pray ye, Maister, don't budge; Madam your Mother has sent me to let you know that Madam your Wife was brought to Bed of a fine Boy. The Mother and Babe are both well, and the Infant is as like you, as if 'twere spit out of your Mouth.* This was a mortal Stroak to the Fop. I even believe he felt it sensibly: But the Colouring on his Face hid his Vexation, and the Compliments of the Company gave him time to recover him-

self. He must receive these Congratulations, and without giving him Time to breathe, they drank to him several times in Bumpers the Mother's Health and the Child's. He was something perplex'd when the Ladies reproach'd him for concealing his Marriage. But Mr. *Lake* disentangled him by proposing new Healths. The poor Count refus'd none, and soon the Wine and Opium began visibly to work. This was the first Act.

Soon came the second, and the Symphony happening to strike up, furnish'd us with an Interlude, during which every one laugh'd with his Neighbour at the Manner of discovering the Count's Marriage in spite of all his Care to hide it: And they who spoke their real Sentiments, were very severe upon this tender Husband as well as we. However the Ladies call'd for the Fiddles: they took away, and clear'd the Hall. While they were thus placing Things in order, the Count felt a Disorder which obliged him to disappear. They waited for him some time to begin the Ball: but no Count came. Every Body enquir'd for him, but no News of him: All the Servants and People of the Inn went in Search of him; and at last he was found fast a-sleep in a Place like that where they say the famous *Avius* dy'd. This Discovery gave Rise to Abundance of Mirth and Abundance of Wit—Several of the Gentlemen would have the Pleasure compleat in seeing him in that Posture; and they found some Diversion in his Grimaces when they wak'd him. That did not last long, for he fell a-sleep again, and so found that they were forced to carry him to Bed, where he slept 'till Morning. The Company however did not sleep; they were soon comforted for his Absence, and it was voted that the Ball should continue
since

since it was paid for. My Lady gave her Hand to the Marquess, and the Dutchess gave hers to a young Lord, and the two Couples opened the Ball with a Minuet of Four. There was fine Dancing, and the Marquess did the Honours of the Ball compleatly; and the Diversion was greater because now and then they paus'd to laugh heartily at the Adventure of this ridiculous King of the Ball. At last about Eleven the Ladies retir'd.

In returning from the Inn, I discover'd some Uneasiness to Mr. *Lake* about the Opium. He assur'd me he knew the Quantity, and that I might be easy. However I engaged him to go into the Count's Apartment. We found him bury'd in a sound Sleep, and had much ado to wake him; the Fatigue of the Night before, and the Wine which he had drunk beyond Sobriety made me apprehend the Opium more effectual than we desir'd, and I sincerely repented of having contributed to this Trick. The Marquess was as uneasy as my self, and we begged Mr. *Lake*, who seem'd to understand Chymistry, to stop or moderate the Effect of the Opium. To satisfy us he sent for some Lemons and squeezed out the Juice, and made the Sleeper swallow some Spoonfulls, which immediately wak'd him, and he talk'd with us. Some time after he fell a-sleep again, and we left him to do so too, upon the positive Word of Mr. *Lake* that there was nothing at all to fear.

As soon as I was up, I inform'd myself of his Condition, and learn'd enough to cure my Apprehensions. I went down to the Fountain, where I found our Gentlemen with her Grace and my Lady still very busy in laughing at last Night's Follies. Tho' this Farce had extreamly diverted

us, we chid Mr. *Lake* for carrying the Jest a little too far : But say what we won'd, he insisted on it that it was Charity to do it, and that nothing corrects such People like placing their Follies in so strong a Light that they must see 'em themselves. The Canon back'd this Opinion, and we allow'd it just where the Person is corrigible ; and said, that possibly these malicious Tricks might have reclaim'd our Count in his Youth — but at his Age it seem'd very likely that he wou'd persevere 'till he had squander'd away his All, and that then no Change would be effected in him but the joining Wretchedness to his Folly. No Matter, says Mr. *Lake*, I'll try him once more ; but whatever be the Effect of it, I swear it shall be the last Time. If this don't amend him 'tis not my Fault ; and at the worst he can but be as he is, and will have given us good Diversion. In short, says he, I am resolv'd to make him King of the *Bobelins*. 'Tis an old Ceremony which I have formerly seen here : Mr. — the Canon, has seen some Instances of it too, and our Fop is the very Man we want. I'll take care of every Thing, and desire nothing but not to be contradicted. Her Grace and the Ladies gave their Votes for it, and the Business was left to Mr. *Lake* and the Canon.

While we were trifling about this Affair, we saw the *Sieur Salpeteur* returning home with that little Physician who attack'd me the first time I went to the Fountain. They both seem'd to us warm in Dispute. When they parted we had a Curiosity to enquire of *Sieur Salpeteur* what was the Subject of their Contest, not doubting that it was the Distemper of some Patient the Method of whose Cure they disagreed in. We judg'd right, for one call'd himself Doctor, and the other
was

was but an Apothecary. By the Privilege of the Faculty *Salpeteur* was to be in the Wrong ; but unhappily for the Doctor, the Apothecary had forty Years Experience ; so that he sometimes had Reason on his Side — as he had this Time, according to what he told us. A Lady of *Namur* came to the Waters for the Cure of some Obstructions very troublesome to her ; and by the Advice of this Doctor (whose Name I conceal) she swallowed a Legion of his Pills to prepare her for the Waters. Notwithstanding these Preparations, the Waters wou'd not pass. Her Physician liked it ; So much the better, says he, the Waters operate. She drank more next Day, 'till she threw 'em up again. What must we do now : So much the better, says the Doctor, Nature helps us. Drink, Madam, drink on, but go on with your Pills. The Waters obstinately refus'd to pass, and the Lady stood a fair Chance of the Dropsy or of Bursting. The merciless Doctor threw her into Despair with his eternal Pills and his *So much the better*. At last the Lady having sent for *Salpeteur*, he, tho' but an Apothecary, by throwing away the Pills, and by a Remedy of his own set all Matters right. This Profanation of the Pills was the Subject of their Dispute.

Comical as this Contest was, it gave us an Occasion of congratulating one another that we were under no Necessity of applying to the Faculty where Physicians were so scarce and so little knowing : And yet the most expert Physician would be puzzled with some Cases there ; and it's lamentable that Patients, after a long and painful Journey, find themselves at the Mercy of the Physician of the Place ; who relies entirely on his Pills, which are always dangerous, or at best

but innocent. The surest Method for those who come to *Spa* for a Cure, is, before they set out, to take the Instructions of a good Physician; how to behave in such and such a Case; and so to proceed according to the Symptoms. The Reader will permit me to give him this Advice, and what I have seen upon the Place I think authorizes me to do it. There is as great a Want of Surgeons too, of which we had a Proof. An Advocate, very famous in the Low-Countries, being with us at the Waters had a terrible Fall. This good Gentleman returning home one Night, after having supp'd at the *Golden Rose*, fell from the Parapet of the little Bridge which is near that Inn. He was carry'd to his Room, the Surgeon of *Spa* was call'd, and pretended that the Advocate had broke a Bone in his right Arm, and dislocated his left Wrist. Accordingly he proceeded in his Cure, and put him to intolerable Pain. The Merit of this Advocate having procured him every Body's Compassion, they strove to ease and comfort him. Among the Drinkers there was a Surgeon-Major of the *French* Troops: This Man having talk'd with the Patient about the Pains he felt, begged Leave to look at his Arm. He took off the Bandages, and was surpriz'd to find that the whole Matter was a Tumour, occasion'd by the Strain of a Muscle, and that there was neither Luxation nor a broken Bone. In short the Advocate was cur'd in a few Days by a few Fomentations.

I own this last Inconveniency not to be remedy'd by those who come to the *Spa*, because the Directions of the finest Physicians in the Universe can't secure 'em from the Ignorance of a Surgeon. But give me Leave to observe by the Way, that it's Matter of Wonder the Government

ment of *Liege*, so prudential in other Respects, has hitherto disregarded this Affair. 'Tis true, the Neighbourhood of that City affords some Relief: But in pressing Cases a Patient will have Leisure to suffer or die. It would be more secure and more ready to have Recourse to the famous Mr. *Chrouet*, Physician at *Aune* in the District of *Dalem* four Leagues from *Spa*, if his great Age did not prevent his taking so great a Journey. He used to come there, and acquired as much Reputation by his Cures as by his vast Knowledge in the Nature and Qualities of the Waters. His Observations made upon the Spot, gave them a great Advantage over those which had been made before, as I observ'd above. It may be said, that after having pursued Nature through all her Mazes, he at last has catch'd her. He has spent much Time and Pains in this Re-search, and is the first who has discover'd and prov'd that the Waters of *Spa*, and even those of *Pouhon*, are not at all impregnated with Vitriol or volatile Mars, as was formerly supposed from their Taste and Effects; he has demonstrated that this vitrioline Quality proceeds only from the Combination and Fermentation of Minerals——which it is not my Business to explain.

After having talk'd on these Subjects, the Substance of which I thought might be serviceable to the Reader, we diverted ourselves with seeing hundreds of Bottles fill'd for distant Countries. There is a vast Demand, and above a hundred thousand Bottles are carry'd from *Spa* every Year, sometimes abundance more. The Inhabitants that trade this Way are extreemly cautious to fill 'em only in dry Weather, for the Waters are found abundantly weaker after some Days of Rain. Indeed the Reason is plain, for then the
Rain

Rain sinking into the Earth through the Clefts of the Rocks, is blended with the Minerals and weakens 'em. The Manner of filling 'em has something curious, because their Precautions make the Water keep. This Care is committed to Women appointed by the Magistrates of *Spa*. First they carefully rinse the Bottles, and range them five by five on the Parapet which surrounds the Esplanade of the *Pouhon* Fountain. This Parapet which is of Free-Stone has a kind of Gutter cut in it purposely to hold the Bottles; and is encompass'd with little Iron Rails which the Bottles rest against. Then a Woman puts a Funnel into the Bottles one after another, and she is follow'd by another who pours in the *Pouhon* Water: And tho' they do this with surprizing Quickness, Use has taught 'em to put no more into one Bottle than another. I perceiv'd that at first they did but half fill the Bottles, and that they did not pour in the other Half till they had thus run through all of 'em. I ask'd 'em the Reason of this: they told me they were forced to use this Precaution because the Waters ferment vehemently when first drawn: And for the same Reason they said they durst not cork the Bottles immediately, for if they did it would infallibly burst 'em. We had a Mind to try it, and for a few *Skillins* had the Pleasure of breaking some Bottles in a Moment.

This Experiment was a sufficient Proof of the essential Difference between the Waters drunk at the Fountain, and those which have gone a Journey. For besides the Loss of Spirit which evaporates during this Fermentation before they are cork'd, the Mineral Substances must necessarily be separated by that Ferment which continues even after Corking. Wherefore I would advise those

those who have a Mind to drink these Waters at home, to choose some faithful Correspondent at *Spa*, to take particular Care that the Bottles be fill'd in dry serene Weather, and to have 'em cork'd as soon as possible, allowing a Half-penny or Penny more in a Bottle to pay for such as may burst; and to pay something extraordinary to the Woman that corks 'em and puts the Town-Seal to 'em, that she may give a full Allowance of Wax and Leather to every Bottle. The last Precaution is to place the Bottles, both in the Carriage and in the Cellar, the Mouth downwards. In this Posture the terrestrial Particles will descend to the Cork; and the Sulphur and more subtil Parts arising to the Bottom of the Bottle will find no vent.

Here I must not omit mentioning, to the Honour of the Magistrates of *Spa*, that great Regard they pay to Strangers who come to drink the Waters on the Spot. For Example, no Body is permitted to fill any Bottles 'till Ten in the Morning, and then all the Drinkers are generally gone home. In the Night-time too it is equally prohibited, that the Fountain may have Leisure to replenish, for fear it should be empty when the Drinkers appear next Day; so that it's carefully lock'd up every Night. As soon as it's Day, the Woman whose Office it is takes care to sweep the Avenues, and to take off a Kind of shining Cream which rises on the Surface, and which a great many mistake for the Rust of Iron. These little Instances of Care, which are very commendable, give Room to hope that the Inhabitants will consult the Conveniency of Strangers in a more considerable Point, that is, in building some cover'd Gallery where the Company

pany may walk and shelter themselves from the Rain and Sun.

While we busy'd ourselves in these Observations the young Lord join'd us, and told us that the famous Baron of *P—*, whose History Mr. *Lake* had recited, was gone off the Night before without taking Leave of his Landlord or his Valet, which last he had thus bilk'd of his Wages. Besides the Rent of his Room which he had not paid, he ow'd a considerable Sum for Eating, and had a long Score for Wine. This Adventurer, before he went off, had bought upon Credit Abundance of Knick-nacks in all the Shops at *Spa*, and had carry'd them off with him. Well Gentlemen, says Mr. *Lake*, did not I tell you that this Cavalier would make the best of his Way, and give us a Cast of his Office? Come, Gentlemen, confess, confess, that notwithstanding my Account of him he has laid you all under Contribution. The Marquess own'd, that to get rid of him he had given him two Louis d'Ors; and for my Part I was heartily asham'd that he had wheedled me out of some Ducats. Mr. *Lake* laugh'd at our Compassion, and rally'd us a good deal; but the Confessions of the Company gave us some Consolation. How, says my Lord who was not very generous, did Mr. *Lake* know this Adventurer? Yes, says I, and described him to us exactly too, and yet he coax'd us out of our Money. I'm sorry for my poor Guineas, says my Lord, for he had six of mine at once, and I gave him two more in the Gathering which the Dutchess made for him 'tother Day. Ah! my dear Lord, says my Lady, take Comfort, he has some of mine too; but I find it's a good Bargain to get rid at any Rate of a Man that may make
you

you suffer more. My Lord added, that this Adventurer had made his best Market of two *Dutch Jews* who were come to *Spa*; and I don't wonder at it, says he, for he knows how to paint his pretended Misfortunes so artfully that he'd soften an *Arab*. I saw some Letters which he wrote to the Dutchess and to two young Noblemen of *Amsterdam*, in which he describes his Circumstances in the most moving Manner imaginable, and intersperses so many Sentiments of Honour that I thought him a Man of Worth. Those young *Hollanders* however are the only Persons that have not been his Bubbles. In short, cursorily summing up what the Baron had pilfer'd, we found he must have got above a hundred Guineas, without reckoning the Debts he left unpaid, or what he won at play.

We ask'd my Lord where he heard this News? At the Fountain of *Geronstere*, says he, from whence I am just return'd; and he assur'd us that that Fountain was a great deal more frequented than the *Pouhon*, and that the Concourse of Drinkers which he found there had taught him, that there was much more Company at the *Spa* than he had imagin'd. What he told us of the Situation, the Prospects and Pleasures of that Fountain, gave us a Desire to go thither. We propos'd it to the Dutchess and her Ladyship, who agreed to it, and appointed next Morning. The Ladies ordered their Servants to hire Coaches, and we dispatch'd ours to get Horses. The Dutchess invited us to make a Partie with her at Three a Clock. We went to dress, and after having play'd there good Part of the Afternoon, we resolv'd to end the Day with a Walk at the *Capuchins*.

We

We could not do it conveniently. They had that Day some Sort of Festival, a very solemn one probably, because they were going to make a great Procession round the Garden, singing piteously, and Abundance of People followed them. My Lady advis'd us to go on one Side, that we might not be expos'd to the indiscreet Zeal of some Devotée : So we went into an Arbour where we saw without being seen. My Lady was much in the Right ; for but a little before one of the greatest Ladies of the *English* Court had like to have paid dear for indiscreetly exposing herself. It was the Dutchess of N——, and she herself told it to my Lady when they met at *Bruxelles*. This Lady going one Day to a Sermon of the *Capuchins* had the Curiosity to be present at the Sacrament which follow'd. She did not know that the Host was expos'd, and stood up during the whole Ceremony, and even after the faral Stroak of the Bell. A *Liegeois*, more insolent than religious, offended at the Posture of the Dutchess, gave her such a Blow on the Back with his Cane that she fell upon a Bench over-against her and swooned away. The most moderate among the Catholicks murmur'd at this Accident, and the *English* ran to Arms to demand Satisfaction. The *Capuchin* Fathers, who had no Share in this Disorder, came to make their Apology, and begged the Dutchess to hush up the Affair, and so it ended. We concluded the surest Way was to run no Hazard, so we escaped from the Garden to return home.

However, as it was early, we stopped to prattle in the Street ; and saunter'd along like idle People gazing at the Coats of Arms which graced the Fronts of the greatest Inns. This Diversion
was

was pleasant enough, as it gave us Occasion to talk of those illustrious Persons whose Arms we saw with the Date of their Journey to *Spa*. Among the Rest we saw the Arms of the famous Queen *Margaret*, first Wife of *Henry IV.* of *France*, who came there in 1577, purely to procure Pregnancy to prevent the Dissolution of their Marriage, as appears by her own Account of this little Journey. Her Arms are encompass'd with those of the Dutchess of *Montpensier*, and the most illustrious Lords and Ladies which attended her. A little further we found the Arms of *Henry III.* of *France* and *Poland*, who came for Health in 1585; and those of *Alexander Farnese* Duke of *Parma*, who came there in 1591. There was the Coat too of *Charles II.* King of *England*, who came for some Diversion from the Disquiets of his Exile: The King of *Denmark's* Arms, those of the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, of the Prince and Princess of *Orange*, and of Abundance of Noblemen of the most distinguish'd Houses in *Europe*.

Our Eyes dazzled before we were tir'd of this Amusement, and we went to sit upon a Bench at *Sieur le Loup's* Door, who lives at the Corner of the *Poubon*. But as we were too many, that civil Gentleman brought Chairs for the Dutchess and the other Ladies. Our Heads were full of Heraldry, and we asked him if there were not some more ancient in the Parish Church. He told us no, because their Church was originally only a Chappel of Ease, and was erected into a Parish Church but in 1573. Before then, says he, we belonged to the Parish of *Sart* a little League from hence; and 'tis since that time that a little Magistracy has been erected at *Spa* upon the Ruins of that at *Sart*. But as we then form'd
but

but one and the same Community, the Records of our Establishment were placed in the Registry of this Town where they perished by Fire. But at least, says Mr. *Lake*, you certainly know when your Town was founded. They say Sir, says *Sieur le Loup*, that the Founder of this Town was a Smith, who in 1327 bought of the Bishop of *Liege* twelve Acres of Wood-land round the *Pouhon* Spring, which at that time was in the Midst of a little Meadow encompass'd with Woods. This Man clear'd the Ground and built upon it. My House, added he, was the first; and those which they have since built, form this Market-place of *Spa*, which has encreas'd by little and little. Formerly the Drinkers lodged in those Ruins call'd the *Old Spa*; and as there was not Room enough, every Summer they provided Tents round the *Sauveniere* for those who were least infirm. This, says he, is all that's known of the Foundation of the Town. We thank'd this Man for the Civility with which he had answer'd our Questions, and retir'd to our Lodgings agreeing to rendezvous the next Day at *Pouhon*.

The Idea of the Pleasure which my Lord had promis'd us at *Geronstere* rais'd us an Hour sooner than usual that we might set out together. We met at *Pouhon* at the same Instant, as if one Genius had awak'd us. The Dutchess and the other Ladies were as punctual to the Appointment, so that by Half an Hour after Four we had taken our usual Dose of *Pouhon*; and the Coaches waited: The Dutchess entered one with two Ladies, and my Lady another with her two Friends. My Lord, Mr. *Lake*, the Marquess and I, accompany'd them on Horseback. By good Luck we had the finest Weather in the World, and so we ought to compensate the Length and Trouble of
of

of the Journey. And yet it's hardly more than Half a League from *Spa* to *Geronstere* ; but the Way is so rough that it always takes up an Hour and a Quarter. The Country too itself is very disagreeable. As soon as *Spa* is left behind, there is no more Appearance of Habitation, so that the Traveller seems transported into a mountainous Desert : Look which Way he will, every thing bespeaks Solitude : Forest, Heath, and Rock, are all that's visible. The Roads are border'd and enclos'd in some Places with Rock, or with Shivers of Rock of a prodigious Bigness ; so that Coaches can go but a Foot-pace be the Occasion never so pressing, and the Coachman always walks to be ready to guide the Horses where the Rocks would otherwise overset the Coach.

These Conveniences are contriv'd purposely for those rough and narrow Roads. They are a Sort of light Chaise cover'd with Leather or Oyl-skin, with Curtains of the same, without Glasses or *Step*. These Machines are hung upon Shafts with two Wheels : They have a *Lunette* behind, to watch the Cloak-bags that are ty'd there — for it's impossible to place a Man there. It is no easy Matter to be expeditious with these Carriages, because they won't admit of two Horses in Front, and when the Journey is long enough to require two Horses they must go one behind the other. Whatever Time these Animals take up they always go one Pace, and are so well acquainted with their Path, that I have observed in difficult Places they always put their Feet in the same Holes and upon the same Stones, so that the Traveller is sure of the same Jolts every Journey. But slow as these Carriages are they are extreamly sure, and we seldom hear that they meet with any Casualty. Neither are they very
 dear ;

dear ; the Coachmen take but *three Skillins* for a Chaise to the Fountains, tho' three or four People be in it. Persons that can't ride like 'em well enough ; but for my Part I detest 'em, and would much rather chuse to walk as the Czar did often in 1717. In the mean Time we had but little Benefit from our Horses : Good Manners not permitting us to leave the Ladies we were forced to follow their Chaises Step by Step ; we could not even enjoy their Conversation, because in some woody Places the Roads were so confined that there was only Room for the Chaise. Follow 'em then we must, wishing the Road at the Devil, and blaming the careless Inhabitants of *Spa* who might be less negligent of a Road so beneficial to 'em. Mr. *Lake*, to comfort us, said it was much worse formerly, and that the first time he came to *Spa* it was almost unpassable. We are obliged to the Count of *Lynden Aspremont* for its Amendment. That Nobleman, who was a Favourite of Prince *Clement* of *Bavaria*, and Governor of his Marquisate of *Franchimont* (to which the Fountains are an Appendage) has been at infinite Pains and Expence to make every Road that leads to 'em convenient. 'Tis pitty, added he, that his Successors have not had an equal Zeal for the Publick Good. Perhaps, says I, Policy occasions this Negligence of the Roads, and they won't improve 'em that Strangers may be forced still to make use of hired Horses and Carriages. That may be, says he, but then they mistake their Interest ; for if their Roads were better abundance more Strangers would come hither who now stay at home terrified by the Account they hear. Besides, People of Fashion would bring their Equipages, which would be much more advantageous to the Town than the trifling Hire of their Vehicles.

This

This little Conversation led us insensibly to *Geronstere*. We dismounted, and gave our Horses to a Boy whose Office it is to tie 'em to a Stake and watch 'em; and then we help'd the Ladies to alight at a great Stone where all the Chaises stop: And we ran to the Fountain of *Geronstere*. We were there first, as our Chaises had set out earliest; but we were not long alone. In a Moment we saw a Train of thirty Chaises, some that dropp'd in singly, and about a hundred Horsemen, without reckoning Priests, Monks, and others who foot it thither.

I call'd for Glasses for the Ladies, and the Women attending on that Fountain gave us some with a little Liegeois Compliment which I did not well understand. I presented a Glass to my Lady, who at first was extreamly disgusted at the Taste of that Water, which differs a good deal from the *Pouhon*: Her Repugnance gave me a good Revenge for her malicious Treatment of me in the same Case: I gave her no Quarter; and by good Luck I had no Dislike to these Waters, so that I took occasion to teize my Lady cruelly every time she was to drink.

After these first Libations to the Nymph of *Geronstere*, we busy'd us in examining her Situation, her Palace and Territories. This precious Water issues from the Cavity of a Rock pretty high in Comparison of *Spa*. The Fountain is in a little Marble Niche cover'd by a Dome of Free-stone sustain'd by four Marble Pillars. This pretty little Edifice is owing to the Liberality of the Count *Conrade* of *Bourgsdorff* Privy Counsellor to the Elector of *Brandenbourg*. This Noble-
man

man coming there in 1651, and finding great Relief, thought himself obliged to provide his Benefactress a better Lodging, and so was at the Charge of this little Building. He has even left a publick Testimony of his Gratitude in an Inscription in *High-Dutch* under his Arms upon a great Stone in a neighbouring Wall. The Marquess, who understood that Language, interpreted the Inscription to us; and as there is nothing of great Moment in it, I thought it sufficient to extract from it the Fact which I have just related. In all Likelihood, says my Lady, if every Body made an Offering after Recovery, these Waters would be as famous for their Ornaments as their Virtue. For my Part, says the Dutchess, I can't forgive the Czar *Peter* for leaving the *Spa* without leaving some Tokens more worthy so great an Emperor. A *Lewis XIV*, added she, as great an OEconomist as he was, would have thought a Marble insufficient: He would certainly have rais'd a publick Edifice, and have made Strangers drink his Health two hundred Years after his Death. Oh! Madam, says Mr. *Lake*, the Czar was more considerate: Had he built wherever he went he had not been able to found his *Petersbourg*. Besides, as modest as he appear'd, he had such an Idea of his own Greatness that he thought his Name and Arms a greater Favour than all the Buildings in the World. The good Folks of *Spa* had themselves so great an Opinion of 'em, that instead of soliciting his Liberality, they contented themselves with begging his Arms and a Certificate of his Cure, of which I have an authentick Copy: And that Certificate was given by his Physician too. This is it.

“ I the

" I the underwritten, Privy-Counsellor and
 " prime Physician to his Majesty the Emperor of
 " *Russia*, do attest that his Majesty having a
 " great Weakness of Appetite by the Relaxa-
 " tion of the Fibres of the Stomach, together
 " with swell'd Legs, Paleness of Face, and from
 " time to time bilious Cholicks, came to *Spa* to
 " drink the mineral Waters there. I am Witness
 " of the Relief which his Majesty found from
 " 'em, daily growing better: Having taken the
 " Pains to go in Person to the *Geronstere* Spring,
 " three Quarters of a League from the Town,
 " well knowing that their Virtue is abundantly
 " greatest on the Spot: And lastly, tho' his
 " Majesty had drunk other Waters in different
 " Places, he has found none better, nor any so
 " effectual in his Distemper as the *Spa* Waters.
 " Given at *Spa* 24 July, 1717. sign'd R. Areskin,
 " with his Seal in red Wax. Certified in like
 " Manner by G. *Sthoreaux*, Register of *Spa*,
 " under-written."

This Certificate, says Mr. *Lake*, has made his
 Memory eternal here; every one knows it by
 Heart, and every Father transmits it to his Child-
 ren. These honest Folks are great Fools then,
 says the Dutchess: For in short, to what Purpose
 serves the Marble which the Czar has put up at
Pouhon. That Inscription and this Certificate
 tell us he was ill and recover'd: And what's that
 to us? I see nothing in it but what's very com-
 mon. Princes, like other Mortals, are subject
 to a thousand Ills, and I look on this Inscription
 as a more conspicuous Monument of human In-
 firmity, of which we have too many Proofs with-
 out that Marble. But it had been worth our
 Concern and his Imperial Dignity, if, while he

acquainted Posterity with his Malady, he had enabled us to read in more lasting Characters, such as some convenient Gallery, or other publick Building, that his Liberality and Magnificence had shewn themselves as amply in his Gratitude as upon other Occasions: What think you Gentlemen? Every Body approv'd her Notion, and own'd that it had shew'd more Grandure in so rich and powerful a Monarch, had he left some glorious Monument in a Province so very distant from his Dominions: At least, says my Lady, he would have escap'd the little Reproaches which his Memory has suffer'd from us to Day.

Only the young Lord dissented from this Opinion. He lov'd Money and hated Expençe, and that mean Passion in one of his Age and Quality, made him often act a ridiculous Part, as we shall find. But without quitting the Czar, he undertook to prove that our Remarks were injurious to that Monarch, and in down-right Anger told the Ladies it was foolish to condemn a Prince to Expences in a foreign Country. My dear little Lord, says the Dutches, you are in the Wrong to be so angry. The Czar might have done this without costing you any thing. O my Word, you are hardly an *Englishman*. Besides, you are to know, that at *Spa* as at *London*, we speak freely of crown'd Heads, without Offence to any Body.

The Marquess observing that the Conversation grew warm, and that my Lord, piqued at that indirect Reproach of Avarice, might forget a due Respect to the Ladies, diverted the Subject, in proposing to go and drink a Glas. In short, he made us trudge along the Plain, in the Midst of which is the Fountain. 'Tis a little Square of
forty

forty Foot, which they have cut in the Rock for the Conveniency of Drinkers. At the Bottom of this Place, and opposite to the Fountain, they have rais'd a large Building in Form of a Hall, over which there is a Chamber capable of being made very convenient. These two Apartments, which serve as a Shelter for the Drinkers when it Rains, have neither Doors nor Windows, nor any Light but from Sky-lights. At best this Building looks like a Guard-House. The upper Room juts out ten Foot before the Under, and this being supported by four Gothick Pillars, forms a little Piazza like a Gallery before the Hall. This Hall serves as a warming Place to those who are too much affected by the Coldness of the Waters. There is a Hearth as inconvenient as the rest, and they made a terrible Fire on it of whole Trees and green Boughs, which smoak'd the whole Company. Yet Necessity made it convenient: There are Benches round, and there one may see Dukes and Dutcheffes, Burghers, Monks, Priests, and even Princes, who laying aside their Rank and Quality, talk with as much Familiarity as if they were all on a Level. We too ventured into the Smoak to see all the Drinkers. We mix'd ourselves in the Crowd, and join'd Conversation with the first Comers: But the Smoak driving us away, we endeavour'd to rally and take a little Breath upon the Terrace. We found the Dutcheffs and my Lady deep in talk with a very amiable Abbess, who had politely made Room for 'em on the Bench. Our Ladies invited her to take a Walk with 'em, and after having drunk another Glas we went upon the Terrace, where we found Violins and other Instruments, which come thither every Morning to enliven that Solitude. Twelve or fifteen Steps lead to the Top of this Terrace, and

under those Steps runs a little Rivulet which makes an agreeable Murmur. This Terrace is charming : 'Tis a Spot about an Acre and an Half, which they have clear'd, and which is naturally paved by the Rock which they have uncover'd and made smooth. It inclines a little, and by its Situation forms a sort of Amphitheatre. This Walk is edg'd round with large Trees, which furnish a Shade sufficient to make the Walk convenient. And in the most secret Parts of the Thickets are cut several little private Cells, where any Body may retire when Nature is importunate. They have cut down all the Trees at the lower Side of the Terrace, so that there is a delightful Prospect. The View is even and distant, and between the Mountains are seen Steeples a prodigious Way off. We took so much Pleasure in this Walk that we resolv'd to quit *Pouhon* notwithstanding the Inconveniences of the Way to *Geronstere*.

The Heat of the Sun which began to be perceivable obliged us to re-assume the Way to *Spa*. For it's requisite that the Waters should be drunk in the Cool, and equally requisite to use Exercise that they may pass : That Exercise too must be moderate, to avoid Sweat which is extremely prejudicial to the Drinkers : for then the Waters strive to pass by Perspiration, which is always insufficient to carry off the Quantity which People drink. I press'd my Lady to drink a parting Glass : but the Abbess took her Part against me, and advis'd her not to do it, because it often happens that the *Geronstere* Water intoxicates for a few Days at first ; and she assured us she had experienced it, and that she really found herself drunk a few Hours. I submitted to these Reasons, and after having conducted the Ladies

Ladies to their Coaches we remounted to wait on 'em to Town.

The Return from *Geronstere* is much pleasanter, tho' we come back by the same Way we went. The Prospect is less savage, because the Road is all the Way declining, and the Eye diverts itself with the Vales and the neighbouring Hillocks. Besides, the Road swarms with Coaches, with Horsemen, and Folks on Foot, who return all about the same time. The natural Effect of the Waters, the Percolation of which is hasten'd by the Exercise of the Journey or the Jolting of the Coaches, causes no little Perplexity, particularly among the Ladies. None will a-light first, but each pays his Compliment of Precedence to the rest, 'till at length the most pressing Necessity decides it. But as soon as one Coach halts, all form themselves into Parties, and screen themselves under Bushes or great Stones. At length ~~up we go~~ again, and the Company usually halts three or four Times by the Way—*Nemine contradicente*: And as every Body is then in a laughing Vein, there always happens some little Accident to promote Mirth. I can't tell whether the Situation of *Geronstere* contributes to it, but these Waters seem to me to enliven more than those of *Pouhon*. They gave us all Spirits, and instead of Dressing at our Return to *Spa*, the Ladies would take a Turn in the *Capuchins* Garden. The Abbess who went to Mass there came to us soon after; for the Priests and *Capuchins* of *Spa* are enjoin'd Brevity in their Devotions that the Drinkers may not be fatigu'd. This Abbess took so much with my Lady, that she invited her to come and see her, and to pass the Afternoon with her, with the Dutchess and the Rest of the Company. For at *Spa* very little

Preliminary is requisite to the Establishment of a strict Acquaintance.

It struck Eleven and we left the Garden to go to Dinner. As we were at the *Capuchins* Gate we saw the Count of L——'s Servant coming in great haste. The Message was to the Abbess: His Master had sent him to ask if she had not found an Agate Snuff-Box which he had lost in the Church. The Abbess answer'd, No: And in like Manner the Man ask'd all who had been at Mass at the same Time with his Master, and made the *Capuchins* search every Corner of their Church. However, says the Abbess, I wish this Snuff box was found: For I fancy from the Oddity of his particular Address to me, that he suspects I have pilfer'd it. She guess'd right. The Count himself appear'd, and begged her seriously to give him his Box — because, says he, it was a favour from the Princess of ———, and I can't handsomely part with it; and to prevail, he begged her to accept another golden Snuff-box in lieu of it. The Abbess astonish'd at his Compliment, call'd him saucy Fellow, and bid him enquire elsewhere. We did not know what to think of this Affair, for this Lady's Reserve and her whole Conduct declar'd her incapable of such an Intreague. The Marquess said to the Count with some Emotion, *Consider Sir, what you say here, I am answerable for your Snuff-box if its in the Hands of Madam the Abbess, but you must make me Amends if its found elsewhere* The Abbess fearing a Disturbance, and knowing that a Lady's Reputation is always sully'd by passing through the Hands of Men, thank'd the Marquess for the Interest he took in the Insult offer'd her: She begged he'd leave her to decide the Quarrel; and

and said very agreeably, that a Man that paints frightens no Woman he attacks, and that she thought herself a Match for him. Let us see then, *Monsieur le Comte*, says she scornfully, if this is your Snuff-Box. The Count advancing to see, and seizing the Abbess's Hand, cry'd out, Ah ! Madam, I'd rather you'd accept it : But the Abbess giving him a Box o'the Ear, said, There's a Box for you ; and repeating it before he could recollect himself, and this, says she, I give you for daring to name the Princess. The poor Count quite unhing'd, made a low Bow, and said he did not expect that Favour, and retir'd into a Corner of the Street to recompose his Curls. However, as we fear'd he might insult the Lady we convey'd her home.

We were no sooner at Table but in comes our Fop, and a Moment after his Man brought him his Snuff-box, telling him he found it upon his Toilet. He confess'd he might leave it there. But the Marquess told him, if he did not beg the Abbess's Pardon that Day he must expect Compulsion. O, I'll not fail to be sure, says the prudent Spark : But upon my Life I thought that Lady who sat next me at Church had play'd a Trick with me. The Affair was to rest here, provided he made the Abbess what Satisfaction she requir'd ; and Mr. *Lake*, whose whole Business was Diversion, appeas'd the Quarrel, in hopes of promoting his Design by it.

This Adventure having abridged Dinner, we went to the Coffee-house to play a Game at Billiards and wait the Hour of waiting on my Lady. Accidentally we found there one of those *German* Hawkers who frequent Fairs to sell Toys and Knick-knacks. The *German* opened his Box

to us, and begged us only to look, in hopes of tempting us. His Stock consisted chiefly of Snuff-Boxes of all Sizes, and of a certain Stone call'd Flint of *Mayence*— which these Vagrants sell for Agate. We look'd at Abundance, and ask'd him the Price. They were cheap enough, for he ask'd but a Guinea for the very best, and swore he had sold the Fellow to it that very Morning to the Count of *L*— for three Ducats. Here the Mystery of the Favour from the Princess of ——— was clear'd up, and this last Air, after what had pass'd, made us conclude our Fop incorrigible.

We took Care to make him repeat the Count's Name and describe him, to avoid Equivocation ; and after a perfect Assurance that it could be no other but our Spark, we ran to communicate our Discovery to the Abbess. She laugh'd heartily at it, and desir'd us to go with her to my Lady, where the Dutchess was already, and we diverted 'em with the Story. In the mean time Mr. *Lake*, who staid at the Inn, had dispos'd the Count to accept the Title and Honours of King of the *Bobelins* ; for he told him, every Body gave Way to him in Gratitude for the Pleasures he had procur'd the Ladies. The stupid Count swallow'd the Bait, and esteeming this ridiculous Title as a Mark of Distinction begged his Interest in obtaining it. Mr. *Lake* promis'd it, on Condition he would be very secret in the Affair, for fear of a Competitor and any Cabals which might be form'd against him by the Abbess in Revenge. Immediately Mr. *Lake* came to inform our Ladies of his Progress ; and instructed the Abbess in the Part she should play when the Count came to beg Pardon ; and immediately he drew up the Instrument of Election, in which we all had a Share.

Share. It was so Burlesque that I think myself obliged to give it the Reader.

“ We the *Bobelins*, sick and and well, assembled
 “ at *Spa* for the Cure of our respective Distem-
 “ pers present and to come, and especially for
 “ the Evacuation of Melancholy and Vapours to
 “ all who shall see, read, or hear these Presents,
 “ particularly to all Hypochondriacks our Bre-
 “ thren Friends and Allies actually residing
 “ here with the same View; Health, Honour,
 “ Joy, Appetite, and a free Passage to their
 “ Waters We make known, that agreeably to
 “ the laudable and ancient Customs of our An-
 “ cestors, lest the establish’d Discipline among the
 “ Drinkers suffer any Change, in Default of a
 “ Chief capable of guarding the Privileges granted
 “ to them time immemorial: And as the highest
 “ and most noble of those Privileges is a Right
 “ of electing a King, whose Election is usually
 “ made in our Capital of *Spa* according to the
 “ Laws and Constitutions of the *Bobelins*: We
 “ have seriously resolv’d (as seriously as we can
 “ resolve) to fill the Throne vacant by the Abdi-
 “ cation of my Lord *Colifichet*, our late King of
 “ joyous Memory. Having to that Purpose searched
 “ thro’ the whole Extent of our Empire, a Subject
 “ worthy of being rais’d to that Dignity, we have
 “ cast our Eyes upon the noble and most illustri-
 “ Peer my Lord N. N. who calls himself Count
 “ of L—, &c. &c. Designing by this Choice
 “ to add a new Lustre to all his eminent Qualities,
 “ and to make his exalted Merits, as well natural
 “ as acquir’d, conspicuous to the Universe. Con-
 “ sidering likewise the high Alliances of the said
 “ noble Count with all the Nobility and Princes
 “ of the World, — even with *Prester John*, the
 “ Great Mogul, and the *Cham of Tartary*, whose
 “ Friend-

" Friendship must be very precious to this Re-
 " publick. We the *Bobelins* above-mention'd, re-
 " presenting the whole Body, by Virtue of those
 " full Powers lodged in us, do declare to all
 " whom it may concern, that we have chosen,
 " elected, created and constituted, and by these
 " Presents do chose, elect, create, and constitute
 " the most Noble, most illustrious, and most
 " excellent Count of *L—*, King of the *Bobe-*
 " *lins*, and of the Fountains of *Spa*, with all the
 " Honours, Rights, Privileges, Prerogatives and
 " Immunities belonging to that high Dignity.
 " We will and ordain that he be acknowledged
 " as such throughout the whole *Bobeline* Juris-
 " diction, and by all our Officers and Agents.
 " We enjoin all *Bobelins* of every Age, Quality,
 " Sex, Order and Condition, to behave to him
 " accordingly; expressly prohibiting them to
 " drink first, or to discover Melancholy or Va-
 " pours in his Presence, under the Penalty of
 " arbitrary Correction, besides a double Dose of
 " Water which they shall be obliged to drink,
 " according to the Exigence of the Case.

" Desirous also of enabling the same our Lord
 " the King to support the Dignity of his Cha-
 " racter, we do assign him all the Revenues and
 " Domains of his Royal Predecessors; and as a
 " Mark of our singular Esteem for his Person,
 " we add thereto all the ferruginous nitrous Al-
 " lum and vitriolick Exhalations of the several
 " Fountains of *Pouhon*, *Sauveniere*, *Groesbeck*,
 " *Wattroz*, *Tonnilet* and *Barisart*, to supply the
 " Expences of his Toilet, as Paint, Patches,
 " Ribands, &c. Item, The sulphureous Vapours
 " of *Geronstere* for the Supply of his Privy-Purse,
 " particularly for the Purchase of a great many
 " Tweezers and Snuff-Boxes. And lastly, We
 " assign

“ assign him all the Pieces of broken Bottles and
 “ Glasses, to serve as a Fund for the Balls which
 “ he will continue to give the *Robeline* Ladies,
 “ during the Course of his merry Reign. More-
 “ over, we order the *Sieur Salpeteur*, our Chan-
 “ cellour, to deliver up to him instantly such Ti-
 “ tles and Charters whose Guardianship to de-
 “ volve to him, and to exhibit the ancient Rules,
 “ that the Observation of ’em be sworn to, and
 “ to procure the immediate Installation of our
 “ said Sovereign. Finally, be these Presents ex-
 “ ecuted through the whole Extent of the *Robe-*
 “ *line* Territories, for such is our Will. Given
 “ in our Capital of *Spa*, near the venerable Foun-
 “ tain of *Pouhon*, the first Day and Year of our
 “ new King. ”

When this ridiculous Decree was finish’d, the
 Reading of which gave us a Comedy, Mr. *Lake* went
 to propose it to the most distinguish’d Persons at
 the Waters, and let some pleasant *Liegeois* into the
 Design, who undertook to contribute their utmost
 towards making this Ceremony as burlesque as
 possible; and it was fix’d for the Afternoon of the
 next Day. From thence Mr. *Lake* went again
 to the future King, and having instructed him to
 act, led him to my Lady’s, to beg Pardon of the
 Abbess. That Lady, after some little Reproaches,
 promis’d to forget his Incivility, and assur’d him,
 he shou’d soon see, that she was more his Friend
 than any Body. My Lady then open’d to him
 the Intentions of the Company, and shew’d him
 the Instrument of his Election, which she flatter’d
 herself wou’d be solemnly sign’d next Day at the
 Fountains. The stupid Count understood all these
 Compliments literally, and said, he wou’d receive
 his Crown from the Hand of the Dutches. They
 advis’d him, in the mean Time, to be very secret

in the Affair, and not to appear till Notice given, because they wou'd strive to make his Election sudden, and to grace it with Acclamation; and in this he found something very glorious. These Precautions seem'd the more necessary, for fear somebody shou'd give him an Insight into the Folly of this Affair: He promis'd all we desir'd, and retir'd brimful of Joy. I must confess I pity'd him, and thought the Jest grew too serious. The Marquess, piqued as he was, approv'd my Sentiments; but we cou'd avail nothing, and so let ourselves be carry'd down the Torrent.

The Afternoon pass'd in Pleasantries upon this Scene which we left entirely to Mr. *Lake's* Conduct, and he join'd the *Italian* with him to adjust the Execution. There was no want of Musick: *English* and *Italians* can have no Pleasure without it. They engaged over Night in the Count's Name, and by his Order, all the Instruments of *Spa*, Hautbois, hunting Horns, Fiddles, Bass-Viols, Lutes, Harps, Flutes, Bagpipes—even to the humblest Reed. For us, we went to walk in the Town, and rested ourselves at *Salpeteur's*, and the Dutchess ask'd him for a Glass of Mineral. This good Man humourously told us, we must quit his Door since we had deserted *Pouhon*. Yet you see, says he, how true the old Proverb is, Never say, *Fountain I abjure thy Waters*: For he was very rich in old Proverbs, with which he larded all his Stories. A *Scotch* Man too, a great Votary of *Pouhon*, who was then in the Shop, reproach'd us sadly with our Inconstancy. His Reasons were just; but as we had none of his Illness, they could not perswade us to renounce *Geronsfere*. 'Tis true, the Recovery of that young Man is as miraculous as any Cure ever perform'd there. The Story which he told us of it is extraordinary.

Ar.

At the Age of Eighteen, says he, I was attack'd with the Stone-Cholick with such exquisite Torment that I thought I must sink under it. As I was then at the University of *Oxford*, I apply'd to the best Physicians, and found Relief for some Time. After some Months the Cholick return'd, and the Fits of it were as regular as a Quartan Ague. These frequent Pains made my Life so insupportable, that I had a hundred Times a Mind to hang myself. Religion, Reason, and the Instances of my Friends, perswaded me to throw myself again into the Physicians Hands. I went round with 'em, and I, believe, in a Year's Time, those Gentlemen made me swallow every Drug they deal in. These Medicines, which certainly made the greatest Part of my Distemper, wasted me so much, that even, when I was freed from those Returns I cou'd not stand. One of 'em prescrib'd the *Bath Waters*. I went and drank 'em to no Purpose; yet there is some Appearance that they fix'd my Distemper. The Cholick went off; but an insupportable Pain in the Reins succeeded it. A continual Weariness oppress'd my Nerves: I cou'd not sleep, I had an universal Disgust to Eatables, and sometimes felt severe Pangs in my Bowels. All these Symptoms made me suspect an hereditary Disease—for I had had no Opportunity of deserving it myself, and they sentenced me to take the celebrated Pills of the famous Dr. *Misauvin*—which everybody took. They cost a Guinea; I sent for some and took 'em with a good deal of Repugnance. Whether through want of Faith or a Mistake of Medicine, their Effect was quite contrary. However, Thanks to my Constitution, the *Quid pro quo* did not kill me. I abjur'd the Pills, and compos'd myself to wait for Death. Accidentally a Friend
of

of mine brought a *French* Physician to me, who pretended to cure me. Once more I listen'd : He examin'd my Urine, and fancy'd he cou'd discern there, that my Anguish proceeded from an Abscess in the Reins, which was still curable, if I wou'd go to *Spa*. Such a Journey being impossible, in my weak Condition, especially in that general Contraction of my Nerves, which had reduced me to the Shape of the late *Scarron*, I look'd upon his Counsel as meer Quackery. However, in Complaisance to my Friend, I drank some Bottles of *Spa* Water, such as we have it at *London*, and I perceiv'd some Amendment. In less than six Weeks, my Sleep, my Appetite, and a little Strength of Nerves return'd to me. This good Effect encouraging me to continue, after four Years Illness, I found myself well enough to venture the Journey. In short, here I came. I try'd all the Springs. That of *Geronstere* almost kill'd me, that of *Sauveniere* did me less harm, and Experience taught me to stick by *Pouhon*. There then I fix'd. I hired Lodgings here, and agreed for my Board; resolv'd on Death or a Cure. I had not drunk these Waters above three Months, before I discern'd that the *French* Physician only had hit my Case. The Abscess in the Reins shew'd itself and discharged itself by Way of Urine. This suppurated Matter continued its Course above a Year, during which I fell away to a Shadow. That did not discourage me : I went regularly to the Fountain every Day Winter and Summer, and in the coldest Weather drank my usual Dose. I paid a Woman for making a Path in the Snow to the Fountain, and for lighting me a Fire in the Hall in very cold Weather. But Sir, says the Abbe's, don't these Springs freeze in Winter? I have pass'd four Winters here, Ladies, says he, and they have
not

not froze. They have even assur'd me, that in the terrible Winter of 1709, they did not freeze; but on the contrary, smoak'd as if they had boil'd; and that not only the *Pouhon* Spring, but those expos'd to the open Air too are unalter'd by the Cold. Be that as it will, Ladies, last Year I began to walk more at Ease, my Body, till then, bow'd down, reform'd itself by little and little, till now I find myself able to dance a Ball. However, I think I ought not to hasten my Return, but rather to confirm my Re-establishment by a Course of Time equal to that of my Illness. This Year, the fourth of my Residence at *Spa*, I lay out in the Recovery of my Strength and Plumpness; and you see, Ladies, I succeed pretty well. I even propose, continu'd he, to set out for *Italy* next *September*.

Salpeteur, who was present at this Recital, confirm'd it in every Point, and added, that during these four Years, the young Gentleman had taken no Medicine but a little Syrup of Peaches; and that when he had occasion to purge, he went to take the Waters of *Chaud-Fontaines*, and bath'd, and that only for a few Days twice a Year. I wish you Joy, Sir, said the Dutches, of your Cure, and your Constancy; and I dare say, your Anguish must have been exquisite, to bring you to a Resolution of burying yourself here four Years.

But Sir, says my Lady, I fancy this must be the most hideous Place in the World in Winter; these Rocks, these Fountains and Brooks, must look very melancholy, when there's no Company or Diversion. 'Tis true, Ladies, reply'd the *Scot*, this Place is very melancholy in Winter; but it's more so to live in Pain any where. The Care of my Health, Study, Reading, and some little Exercises,

ercises, fill'd up my Time. I go to the *Capuchins* when I please, and they return the Visit; and I have now and then found among 'em Men of Merit, whose Conversation has agreeably diverted me. Exclusive of that, I agree, that this Place is scarce habitable but in the *belle Season*.

And so, Ladies, says the Abbess, you are amaz'd that this Gentleman has been able to stay here four Years, with Liberty to go backwards and forwards, to drink, eat, sleep, and talk when he pleas'd: This seems wonderful to you. What wou'd you say of those Thousands of Girls and Women shut up in Convents no better situated than *Spa*, where they are eternally confin'd and curb'd, and often Sick; and which is worse, condemn'd to Silence, and never to go out? I wou'd say Madam, answer'd my Lady, that since they have chosen that Situation, to besure they have a Relish of that Kind of Life. Ah! Madam, reply'd the Abbess, how few retain that Gout! She accompany'd these Words with a Sigh, which made us fancy that herself was one of that Number; tho' the Sequel proved the Contrary. But our Servants calling us to Supper, we had no Time to beg an Explanation of that Sigh.

I was forced to retire very early to write some Letters, and indeed I had no Inclination to distinguish myself in Mr. *Lake's* Holiday. I went to bed very late, and when I went to the *Pouhon* next Day, our Company was all gone. However, I mounted, and arriv'd at *Geronstere* half an Hour after my Lady. She rally'd me a good deal on my Laziness, and oblig'd me to drink immediately as many Glasses as she had drunk. A Physician from about *Liege*, who was accidentally there, advis'd me however to proceed leizurely, for the
same

same Reasons the Abbess had given us, and which he explain'd very clearly. As he seem'd to us very expert in the Practice of these Waters, and entirely in Mr. *Chrouet's* System, we begg'd him to instruct us in the Regimen to be observ'd. He did it very politely, and gave us some very prudent Rules, the Communication of which may be serviceable to the Reader.

I have observ'd, says he, that it's best before Drinking, to walk a Quarter of an Hour, without Fatigue, to prepare the Body by that light Exercise for the Evacuation of the Waters.

You must begin by a Glass of about ten Ounces, and take after it a Pinch of Anis, Fennel or Caraway Seeds, or some preserv'd Orange Peel, or *Indian* Gingerbread, to correct the Crudity of the Water. You must drink your Quantity in about an Hour and a half, walking a little after every Glass, and taking Anis, &c. as above. You must continue walking after your Dose, but carefully avoid Sweating.

The Quantity is not uniform, and it is perfect Murther to assign every Drinker the same Dose, which ought to be prudently regulated according to the Strength of the Stomach. A smaller Quantity shou'd at first be us'd, and then increas'd, according to its Effects, to the Quantity prescrib'd. And it's equally discreet to quit 'em gradually. The common Dose is sixteen Glasses, that is, two Bottles; but as that is too much for some Constitutions, and as some can bear three or four Bottles, the Dose ought to be adapted to the Complexion.

Neither

Neither can the Duration of this Regimen be ascertain'd. Three Weeks are sufficient in common Distempers. But in Chronical and inveterate Diseases, as the Gravel, the Vapours, or the Scurvy, a much longer Continuance is requisite.

But pray Sir, says my Lady, tell me, must they who drink by way of Pleasure, or Prevention, confine themselves to the Diet prescrib'd those who drink for Health? Yes, Madam, says the Doctor; and the surest Method is not to eat till the Waters have pass'd. The properest Meats are Beef, Mutton, and roast Fowl. Veal is less suitable. Abstinence from Spice and high Sauces, and Moderation in wild Fowl are requisite. Among Fishes, Trout, Pike, Perch and Crawfish, are least injurious to the Drinkers. A Soup well stew'd, makes a very wholesome Dinner; but a very little is sufficient for Supper: A few Biskets or preserv'd Fruits. But take Care of Milk, Salads, and raw Fruits—and be moderate in Pulse: Malt Liquor is bad. The Wines of the *Rhine* and *Moselle* are the wholesomest, because they facilitate the Passage of the Waters. This, Madam, is the Regimen, in my Opinion, to be observ'd as necessary to cure all Fears, and all Self-Reproach in the Use of the Waters. Experience has discover'd the ill Consequences of using all Victuals indifferently, wherefore those which I have the Honour to recommend to you, are almost the constant Diet of all the Tables at *Spa*. Tho' 'tis the Fruit Season, yet to avoid the Temptation of it, you rarely see it. Whoever ventures particularly on Peaches, or Cherries, seldom escapes the Punishment of some Cholick. Oh! Sir, says we, you are too rigid: And does this Severity extend to all the Waters? Yes Ladies, says the Doctor,
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and the Choice of your Fountain is not so indifferent a Matter as is thought: Very ill Consequences may happen from the Use of one in Lieu of another. For Example, *Geronstere*, so efficacious in curing Barrenness in one Sex, and Want of Ability in the other, is extreamly detrimental to those who are subject to the Gravel, to Heat of Urine, or the Hemorrhoides. As it's a sovereign Remedy for female Distempers in young Women, so it's certain Death to Women forward with Child. 'Tis very dangerous too, to People subject to violent Vapours, Vertigo's, and other Distempers of the Brain. It frequently throws 'em into a frightful Condition, so that they are forced to have immediate Recourse to bathing and bleeding. Every body knows what happen'd two Years ago to the young Lord *Dou*——, sent hither for Cure of the Vapours, which he was subject to periodically. They sent him unadvisedly to *Geronstere*: He had not taken the Waters eight Days, before he fell into a real Phrensy. They were forced to confine him, to bleed him in the Foot, and to weaken him by all imaginable Ways. Nobody durst approach him: Only Dr. *Coquelet*, Physician here, knew how to retain an Authority over him, sufficient to his Cure, which he gloriously achiev'd, by a Course of *Ponhon*. He left *Spa* perfectly compos'd, and has continu'd so ever since. In short, Ladies, of all our Springs, this demands the greatest Caution; because its Effects are most violent, as being impregnated with a very volatile and spirituous Sulphur, as is perceivable by the Taste. But in Return, where it's well apply'd, it's wonderfully effectual; and a Bottle of this Water, drunk at the Fountain, is truly a Physical Potion, compos'd of the Essence of several Minerals, so nicely blended, that Nature has shew herself infinitely superiour to Art.

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But Sir, says the Dutcheſs, did this Spring really loſe its Virtues at the Earthquake? Yes Madam, ſays the Doctor, and all the World agrees, that the Sulphur was more apparent both in Taſte and Smell before than it has been ſince. This Water ſcarce recoils upon the Stomach now, whereas then it occaſion'd frequent Vomitings. But as this Accident has ſtripp'd it of its groſſer Sulphur, the volatile and more ſpiritualiz'd is left: So that whatever our *Liege* Phyſicians may ſay in their publick Certificates, it can't be transported: The leaſt Heat, a Storm, or a Clap of Thunder, raiſe it to ſuch a Ferment, that half the Bottles will burſt on the Road, and the other half eſcape only becauſe they are ill cork'd. For my Part, I never preſcribe the *Geronſtere* Waters but on the Spot.

Mr. *Lake*, who had all his *Spa* by Heart, ask'd the Doctor what that Hollow was, about 40 Yards off, and call'd the old *Geronſtere*. There, ſays he, was formerly a Fountain very much in Vogue. As it had the ſame Qualities with this, probably they ſprung from the ſame Source. It's even likely, that as it was the moſt ancient, it enjoy'd, a long Time, the Rights of Seniority. It often happen'd, this Fountain was too penurious to ſatisfy the great Number of its Votaries, ſo they reſolv'd to enlarge its Baſon, and in cutting it, they ſhook the Rock, underneath which it has found a Paſſage, and never more viſited its Reſervoir. The Marqueſs, deſired the Ladies to go and look at it. Mr. *Lake* led the Way, and we ſtill ſaw the Remains of the Niche, and the Wall which encompass'd it; but the Baſon had nothing in it but but a little Water, which was red, muddy, and of no Uſe. Poor Fountain, ſays the Abbeſs!

bels ! She fell a Sacrifice to her younger Sister ! I did not think of finding here so lively an Emblem of my own Case — The Dutchesse was going to beg an Explication of this Riddle, but some Tears which she dropp'd suspended our Curiosity. Besides Mr. *Lake*, full of his intended Farce, press'd the Company to return. The Doctor had our Thanks for his Civility, and back we went to *Spa*.

At Dinner-time the Count, by the *Italian's* Advice, sent his Servant round the Town to rendezvous all the Drinkers at Three a Clock at the *Poubon* Fountain, where he design'd them a Feast. This News soon ran from House to House, and through every Corner of *Spa*. Every Body came, impatient to see how he would extricate himself out of this new Folly ; for such every one suppos'd it : And his Impertinences had so much distinguish'd him, that something ridiculous was always expected from him. The Hunting-Horns placed in a neighbouring House proclaimed the Festival. The Hall of *Poubon* was fill'd with Instruments, which made a very barbarous Concert, but agreeable too. This obstreperous Musick made every Body gay, and confirm'd their former Inclination to give the Count a Title so conformable to his Folly, and which no Body would contest with him. Beside the Musick, there was in the Hall a Table loaded with Sweetmeats, Biskets, Fruit and Pastry for the Ladies, with Wine and other Liquors for the Men. The Fountain made Holiday too ; and was dress'd up with Foliage and Garlands ; and the stupid Count had laid out a couple of Guineas in a Coronet of artificial *Italian* Flowers. To make the Scene still more comical, the *Italian* had, unknown to him, dress'd up a lively Boy in the very Model
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of the Count. He had imitated the Count's Extention of his Skirts with Whalebone— but abundantly more than was usual. He had put Pasted-board under his Shirt-Sleeves in order to distend them too, for the Count lov'd his Shirt-Sleeves should puff out *like a Pair of Trunk Hose*. The Boy had a Ribband at his Neck the Colour of his Cloaths. To imitate the Count's Red and White he had daub'd his Cheeks with Juice of Blackberries ; and to copy the Original with Exactness, had stuck on a Matter of thirty Patches. In short, he aped the Count's Air so perfectly that he could not be mistaken. The Boy thus equipp'd, was to perform the Office of Herald at Arms in this Ceremony, and to walk before his Majesty. When he appear'd we must have burst if we had not laugh'd.

However this *Apparatus*, which pleas'd me in Imagination, now renew'd my Compassion. I felt a Return of my Repugnance to a Sport which must eternally fix this young Fellow a Fool, and would not have promoted it on any account. I thought myself obliged to repeat my Endeavours against it. I spoke of it to the Marquess, and found his Sentiments the same, which we communicated to the Abbess, who join'd with us. She apply'd to the Dutches, who own'd us in the Right, and confess'd that this Farce might be changed into a Tragedy, should the Sot open his Eyes and discern the Insult. We stepp'd aside to win my Lady, who felt some Pain in giving up so soon a Comedy so much to her Taste. But as her Gaiety never exceeded her Goodness, she at last consented to stop there, and undertook to make Mr. *Lake* hear Reason. She beckon'd him that Moment, and employ'd all her Rhetorick to dissuade him ; and we seconded her ; for an

an *Englishman* does not so easily quit a Delight in View. However, partly through Reason, and partly through Complaisance, at last he yielded — the *Italian* gave up at once. But the Difficulty was to get it out of his Head who was most concern'd in it. No Body was willing to hold up the Mirrour ; none but a Lady could do it with Decency, and my Lady undertook that too. In the Height of this Consultation, the Fop, impatient for his Crown, appear'd in the Street more exact than ever. He had spared neither Paint nor Patches, nor Curls ; his Men, bedeck'd as much as himself, follow'd him gravely, and the strange Herald at Arms march'd before imitating his Air and Gate. This ridiculous Parade occasioned an universal Laugh ; and all our Humanity could not exempt us. The Count piercing through the Crowd, came directly toward the Dutchess to receive the Crown from her Hands : But that Lady drawing him aside, said to him with her cool Air, Upon my Word, Sir, you must be very blind not to see that you are laugh'd at. Me, Madam, says he ? Yes, you Sir, and your ridiculous Airs, says my Lady, and all we did yesterday with these Gentlemen, was in order to your Cure. Your Extravagance deserves that we should leave you here the Laughing-stock of the Company. What have I done then Madam, says he ? What ! reply'd she, Are not you ashamed at your Age to patch and paint, and flutter about in a Manner very unbecoming a married Man, or indeed any Man at all. Patches and Paint ! Fy Sir, A Man guilty of 'em ! and guilty to a greater Excess than a Coquette ! Your Vanity blinds you, and you don't perceive that your Feasts and your Balls make you ridiculous. For my Part, I come to 'em as to a Farce. You had better manage your Affairs, and live within
your

your own Sphere. It's fit indeed you should place your self upon a Level with Dutcheffes. Know that every Body despises you, and I doubt whether you'll be receiv'd any more. This is my last Advice; profit by the Counsel which my Compassion gives you; and if you doubt your being ridiculous, see your self in that Boy equip'd in Imitation of you. The poor Count was going to plead his Quality—— Hold there, says the Dutcheffs, 'tis no Secret who you are, nor that your Countship exists in your Brain. Any Body but myself would have used you as you deserv'd for your Impudence in claiming Kindred with me, and your insolent Treatment of the Abbess yesterday. There, take your Crown, and my Advice with it. Quit this Folly; and if you are wise, on any Pretence change the Scene, and give a Ball to the Ladies.

Struck dumb with this pathetick Harrangue, the Count could frame no Answer: But Mr. Lake observing Affliction in his Face, made him a Sign to go into the Hall. He was beginning a whole Volume, but Mr. Lake not listning to his Complaints, made a Servant proclaim, that if the Ladies would go into the Meadow the Count would order the Musick thither. They ballanced it some Time; but the Majority of the Ladies followed the Dutcheffs; the rest staid to enjoy the Collation. However the Musick drew every Body to the Meadow. There they sung and danced upon the Grass, and this rural Ball gave universal Pleasure, because every one danced his own Way and with his own Acquaintance.

Thus finish'd the Comedy which had proceed-
ed further had Mr. Lake's Plan and the general
Vote been follow'd. The Laughters were very
sorry

sorry 'twas interrupted ; for according to former Practice at *Spa*, there are Abundance more Ceremonies. The King sits in a Throne of Foliage near the *Poubon*, with his Officers in Waiting ; all the *Bobelins* lay their Hand upon the Fountain and swear an Observance of all the Statutes of their Order. Some printed Copies of these comical Regulations are even still extant at *Salpeteur's*. Tradition informs us that the King must be carried round the Town in Pomp, attended by Musick and the *Bobelins*. The same Ceremony is to be repeated at every Fountain, where no Body must drink before him if he is present ; and this Farce generally concludes with a Ball at the King's Expence. To be sure no Body could be fitter for the Purpose than our Fop : However, People of good Sense approv'd the Mercy we shew'd him, and I was heartily glad to have contributed to it. I don't know how the Correction affected his Head, because he went off the next Day, after having paid dear enough for his Follies. Happy if it has procur'd his Amendment ; but happier are they who learn at his Expence to keep within the Bounds of Nature and their Condition. Tho' the World is false, Reality is always preferr'd to borrow'd Airs, which are certainly derided sooner or later. And it's always observed that Derision always follows Affectation, and Contempt and Misery are the Result of Vanity.

It was almost Eight when we quitted the Meadow to go to Supper. The Dutchess, the Abbess, and my Lady went home, and appointed to meet us next Day at *Geronstere*. We did not fail, for indeed the most agreeable Hours are generally spent at the Fountains. We drank some Glasses and went to walk as usual. How-

ever, as the Wind was pretty high, we went into the Hall, where we saw several applying warm Linnen to their Stomachs; and our Physician told us that this Practice was very beneficial to the Bowels in preserving them from the severe Cold of those Waters, which without that Precaution might easily give the Cholick: And he told us, that for this Reason, some People are forced to take 'em in Bed. Our Conversation insensibly ran into the Learned and Medicinal: And as the Taste of those we frequent, especially when they have Wit and Politeness, generally insinuates itself into us; we took Advantage of the Physician's communicative Temper, to search into the Nature and Effects of mineral Waters. The Dutchess ask'd him if the Fountains of *Geronsfere* and *Sauveniere* really foretold Rain some Days before, as the Attendants at the Fountain pretend. For my Part, says she, I look upon these Predictions as idle Jokes. Pardon me, Madam, says the Physician, this Phenomenon is not only true, but easily understood from a little Attention on the Manner how Rain is form'd. These Ladies, says he, must know that the first Constituent of Rain is those Vapours which the Sun attracts into the middle Region of the Air, where they form Clouds, and soon after those Clouds are dissolved by the Sun's Rays, and so they drop in Rain. These Vapours are always infinitely more abundant near mineral Springs than in other Places, because mineral Waters being extremely Spirituous, are more subject to Rarefaction; and as Experience teaches us that the *Spa* Waters are greatly lighter than fair Water, their Particles are more easily separated, and rais'd to those Clouds which the Sun draws up. Hence it comes, that when the Vapours are exhal'd copiously from the Earth, the mineral Waters contribute largely

to the next Rain. But as there can be *no Vacuum in Nature*, when the Water has lost those spirituous Particles, a subtil Air takes their Place, and this Air being compress'd, produces that Hissing from which the Bottle-Fillers foresee Rain three or four Days before it happens: And as this Hissing is more discernable in Proportion to the Vapours exhal'd, it's a natural Barometer to the People of *Spa*. The Silence of these Fountains is a certain Prognostick of the Continuance of fair Weather; and the Fountaineers confidently foretell Rain when *the Fountain sings*. Long Experience founded upon continual Observation, has made the Effect familiar to them, tho' they don't know the Cause. Yet nothing is more natural, for when the Sun has rais'd more Vapours than ordinary, 'tis easy to conclude that they will soon be resolv'd into Rain, *unless some violent Wind disperses the Clouds*. And this is the whole Amount of the Knowledge of these Women, and very seldom they are mistaken.

While the Doctor was explaining to us this curious Phenomenon, some Body told Mr. Lake that his Man was in Search of him among the Drinkers. He left the Hall and met his Man in the Piazza; and the Servant gave him a pretty large Packet which some that came from *Aix la Chapelle* the Night before had undertook to bring him. He open'd the Packet and began to read near the Pillars of the Piazza. My Lady, observing that Mr. Lake laugh'd as he read, gave us a Desire of sharing this diverting News; and we went to him. It is not just, says my Lady, that you should laugh by yourself: You must communicate, at least tell us what it's about. No, no, says Mr. Lake, go talk Natural Philosophy with the Doctor: There's too much Levity in my

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Letter

Letter to entertain your Gravities. Thus they trifled on both Sides, 'till the Dutcheſs made an Affault and prevail'd with Mr. *Lake* to promiſe a Communication of his Letter. He wiſh'd no more, and all his little Refuſals were deſign'd only to whet the Curioſity of the Ladies. It would be unjuſt Ladies, ſays he, to conceal from you a Letter written by a very merry Man; purely for a Lady's Sake. This Letter is from Sir *John H——* whom I ſaw at *Aix* before I came hither. The poor Knight is left there an Invalid between the two Seaſons; and having no Company diverts himſelf with Writing to ſatisfy the Curioſity of one of our *London* Ladies. He tells me that he had frequent Occaſion of mentioning the *Capuchins* of *Aix* in his Letters to my Lady *B——* (you know her perhaps;) and as ſhe has never been out of *London*, ſhe could not believe that the World can furniſh a Society of Men like thoſe Monks. She ſeriouſly deſired him to tell her what ſhe ought to think of it: He ſent her ſeveral Prints of theſe *Capuchins*; but the Oddity of their Dreſs made her relapſe into her Diſbelief of the Exiſtence of ſuch a Society. She has ask'd her Correſpondent Sir *John* a thouſand Queſtions about their Habit and Behaviour. The Gentleman, who knew the *Capuchins* at *Aix* as we do theſe at *Spa*, only by walking in their Garden *which is publick too*, has prevail'd on a *Cordelier* Monk to give him ſome ſecret Memoirs concerning thoſe good Fathers, and he has made a very comical Letter of them. 'Tis extraordinary that theſe *Cordeliers*, tho' the Progeny of the ſame Parent (good *St. Francis*) have an invincible Antipathy to the *Capuchins*. My Friend has conſulted every Soul he met with that diſlik'd the Monks, and has compil'd the moſt pleaſant Account I ever ſaw. He has ſent it me open to divert me, and
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in Case I find it diverting, has desir'd me to send it in my Packet to *London*. Your Judgment will help mine, and since we see *Capuchins* every Day, 'tis fit we should know 'em. To be sure, says my Lady ; for the first Question at *London* will be, Whether we knew the *Capuchins* at *Spa*. Yes, but what I fear, added Mr. *Lake*, is that the Railery may displease Madam the Abbess. Not at all, reply'd the Abbess ; I shall be the first to laugh, if the Ridicule does not extend to Irreligion. But in my Opinion, says she, *we had better step aside upon the Terrace* for fear of being overheard ; for it is not right to treat with publick Derision these good Fathers who govern here. We mounted the Terrace, and Mr. *Lake* in the Midst of us read the Letter. It pleas'd so well that I begged a Copy of it, which was Word for Word as follows.

“ **Y**OUR Incredulity, Madam, is strange, and your Questions intricate. I was in hopes of curing the one, and of preventing the other by those Prints which naturally represent the good *Capuchin* Fathers. You find 'em so ridiculous that you fancy 'em fictitious, and invented purely to amuse you ; and you charge me to give you a full Account of their Origine, their Garb and Manners. I have wanted Time for Information ; for of all the Monks here, I have least Acquaintance with the *Capuchins*. But since you are inexorable, Madam, and will be obey'd, I have us'd all imaginable Application ; and, thanks to the Anecdotes of a fat *Cordelier*, I believe myself able to clear up your Doubts. My Advices are the more curious too, as being deriv'd from the *Cordeliers* — a Branch of the same Family with the *Capuchins* : However, I won't absolutely warrant their Truth,

because these two Sorts of Monks, though Brethren, hate each other bitterly. 'Tis pleasant enough to hear 'em lash one another; and I confess, that tho' I grew tir'd of the very Name of Monk, my *Cordelier* often diverted me with ridiculous Descriptions of his Brethren the *Capuchins*. As this Monk and I bathe together, I see him every Day, and by Virtue of some Bottles of Wine I have drawn from him the Substance of this long Epistle. The Detail will convince you of my Patience in procuring Informations in Points so little within the Cognizance of an *English* Gentleman. But what won't Beauty persuade us to?

However I don't promise you an exact Definition of a *Capuchin*. This odd Being is modified so many Ways, and every Way so singular, that all that's ridiculous in all the other Monks seems to center here. And the best Description I can give of it is this. The *Capuchin*, Madam, is an Animal almost in Human Shape, and of the usual Height of Men. 'Tis a bearded, stinking, hunger-starv'd, haughty Animal, with a Girdle round him, and bare-foot. These Characteristicks, which you may depend upon, equally describe his Heart, his Body, and his Soul. And yet this Picture, Madam, will revive your Incredulity, and bring to your Imagination a Monster in Nature and Religion, and entirely chimerical. Call it what you will, 'tis a real Being; and 'tis only in Protestant States that its Existence is disputed: because the *first Capuchin* that discover'd himself there, had neither the Appearance nor the Temper of one. There is even some Likelihood that he afterwards assum'd that Habit and Behaviour for the Advancement of the Christian Reformation.

Reformation (which he had at Heart) and to enforce his Preaching by this Grotesque Garb, which is the very best Protection in the *Roman* Church. Born within that Pale, in the very Bosom of *Italy*, and educated in the Order of good *St. Francis*, in vain he preach'd with Seriousness and Eloquence against Vice, so that despairing of Success, he resolv'd, before he quitted his Church, to introduce one more Folly there, by instituting the *Capuchin* Order, of which he was the Author and first Principal. This bearded Monarch, form'd Laws for his new Subjects, regulated their Diet, prescrib'd the Form of their Buildings, the Extent of their Apartments, the Bigness of their Windows, the Cut of their Cloaths, their Gate, their Idioms, and even their Tone of Voice. He assign'd 'em large Revenues, since he made all Mankind Tributary to 'em. According to the Plan of *Romulus*, he invited the Refuse of the neighbouring Nations: Undone Captains, cashier'd Officers, younger Brothers, Lacqueys out of Place, discontented Monks, Enthusiasts, Vagabonds and lazy People, all were welcome. Three Qualifications only were requisite, a good Stomach, strong Legs, and broad Shoulders. The last cou'd least of all be dispens'd with: Because Nature has fitted the Shoulder for the Holy Waller, which contains the Archives of the Monarchy, and their Rights over States and private Houses. The fundamental Maxim of his Government, is a Renunciation of every Thing, even of a Propriety in common Necessaries: But his Subjects found a Compensation for the Severity of this Law, in a License to beg with Impunity—and they exercise this their Privilege with Rigour: As you may be further inform'd from all your Friends that have been at *Spa*, at *Forges*, or at *Aix la Chappelle*, or at any *Roman* Catholick

Place of any Concourse. The Success of this new Establishment, justify'd the Policy of the Legislator: His Colony encreas'd, and spread itself immediately. The Court of *Rome* discern'd the Apostolick Spirit in 'em; and indeed, I believe, the *Capuchins* have as much of it, as the Cardinals and the *Roman* Prelates. Every body admir'd 'em, and possibly, none but the Barbers disapprov'd the Institution; but in Spight of their Opposition, the Bearded Race multiply'd upon the Face of the Earth; so that at present, there are more than a Hundred thousand in the World; and a *Capuchin* of *Aix*, assur'd me, that there are about Twenty five thousand of 'em now in *France*.

'Tis not then, Madam, as you suspect, a Chimera, which I entertain you with; 'tis a real Monster in Policy and Religion.

Bernardine Ochin, or *Okin*, their Institutor, frighten'd at his own Production, soon abandon'd it, and flew for Refuge into the Protestant Countries, where he might safely contemplate the Progress of his monstrous Offspring. The Retreat of their Patriarch, brought 'em to the Brink of Ruin; but at Length they found assur'd Protection at the Court of *Rome*, devoting themselves for ever to the Pope's Service, in Quality of Footmen, Spies and Messengers to the Jesuits. *Ochin* had the Consolation of seeing in Tranquillity, the Success of his Project. *Rome*, in adopting these new Monks, gave new Advantages to her Adversaries. Divisions, Religious Wars, Leagues, Cabals were renew'd, and Ecclesiastical Censure, that terrible Scourge, flourish'd under the Zeal of these new Frocards. Indulgences to all Eternity, and longer, grew numberless. In short,

short, Madam, there was no Stratagem of War or Love, where a *Capuchin* was not either a *Mars* or a *Mercury*; Witness Father *Ange de Joyeuse*, so Famous in the League of *France*; and Father *Joseph*, so renown'd for his Relation to Cardinal *Richelieu*, and his dear Niece. Their Power so enlarg'd itself, that by the Help of the sacred Budget, and the Cord of St. *Francis*, they have subjected Monarchs, Princes, Popes, Bishops, Cardinals, Men, Women, and especially Girls. However, these unnatural Children deny'd ther Father *Bernardine*. This turn'd his Head with Grief, and whether it be, that the best of Monks makes an uncertain Protestant, or that he retain'd the same Spirit, tho' not the Frock, he saw himself abandon'd, as he ought to be, by all that knew his Irresolution; and beside, the Regret of having spirited up an Order at the publick Charge, he felt the Shame of a double Apostacy. Thus Madam their Existence is justified, their Genealogy is prov'd; now let us see their Habit.

The Cowl, the Cloak, the Robe, the Cord and Sandals, compose the *Capuchin's* Habit. The Cowl is undoubtedly of vast Consequence, since the Name of it gives Name to the Order. It is certainly design'd, that the Particularities of their Dress, while they strike the Eye, shou'd expose the Character of these Heteroclite Men, whom we Protestants look upon as Spiritual Comedians. But, Madam, that I may give you a more perfect Idea of this extravagant Garb, give me Leave to lead you to the Toilet of one of the Fathers. Suppose him in his Robe only, for without that, a *Capuchin* wou'd be a Spectacle hardly modest enough for your Ladyship's Eyes. For Reasons best known to themselves, these good Fathers wear neither Shirt nor Breeches. In this Point

they certainly are not faithful Disciples of the Seraphick Francis, whose Breeches are immortaliz'd in the History of his Life. This greasy Article, is read in the *Roman Church*, on *St. Francis's Day*, to the great Edification of the Hearers. I read it myself in the Breviary of the *Capuchins*, one Day when I was in their Church. It is there observ'd, that *St. Francis*, after the marvellous Impression of the *Stigma's*, often suffer'd for Christ, by Sympathy, such quick Pain, that the Blood flow'd from his Wounds, and that it flow'd in such Abundance, from the Wound in his Side, that his Breeches were soak'd through with his Blood. This Madam is the *Latin Legend*, and the *Cordelier* I mention'd before, on this Passage, founds an Accusation against the *Capuchins*, of having alter'd their Founder's Dress. But to return to their Robe; 'tis a Kind of Tunick of coarse Stuff, which goes next their Skin. It reaches down to their Ancles, and is every where close, except at the Stomach, for the Convenience of putting in a Hand, and using an Exercise, known only to the most filthy Beggars. The Robe has round Sleeves, large enough to shew the Whiteness of the Arm. In short, the Robe is crown'd with the Cowl, a Kind of Dragoon's Cap about an Ell long, and in diverse Shapes according to the Wearer's Fancy. These Reverends, usually wear it in the Shape of a Sugar Loaf, when they are in Meditation, or in their Afternoon's Nap; otherwise it commonly hangs down upon their Back like a Jelly-Bag. But your *Capuchin Fops* give it a pretty Air, by a Piece of Lead fix'd at the Point, which helps it to a very jantee Swing. This Robe is ty'd round with a large white Cord well twisted, and with Knots rang'd at proper Distances, and the Ends dangling down to their Feet: At this Cord hangs a huge

huge wooden *Rosary*, with Death's Heads, Crosses, Medals and other Rarities, as proper to inspire Devotion, as their Cord is to express Repentance. Over the Robe is the Cloak, which is ty'd under the Chin, with a little Clasp of Box or Ivory ingeniously carv'd. This Cloak, which reaches only to the Knees, is open before, and is worn only in Journies and Visits of Ceremony. Their Stockings are of the same Stuff with their Shirts, that is to say, they go bare-legg'd, and have only thick leathern Sandals ty'd to the Bottoms of their Feet, with Thongs a-cross. Their Heads are all shav'd, except a Circle of Hair like a Coroner; but their Chins are never shav'd, and the Length and Thickness of Beard is the Standard of Merit among 'em. The young and gallant Ones cut their Beard round like *Armenians*; but the blue Cords of that Order, let it fall to a Point, and affect to have it forked, to give themselves a more venerable Air. I saw one here that took the Waters with us, who never spoke with Vivacity, without grasping in his two Hands the two Divisions of his Beard. That ridiculous Action diverted me prodigiously: But what delighted me most, was, to see Monks of the same Order deriding one another. For the Family of good *St. Francis*, is split into several Branches, which have each their separate Follies, and thus they are distinguish'd:

Beard and Patch-Capuchins.

Beard without Patch-Penitents or Picpusses.

Patch without Beard-Recollets.

Neither Beard nor Patch Cordeliers.

Now, Madam, you are very knowing already, and I assure you much more so, than I was some Days ago.

I am now enter'd into the *Capuchin* Garb, and perswade myself, that you'll be surpriz'd, to find under this Air of strain'd Simplicity, more Tricks and Subterfuge, than under the ancient Vardingale. I begin by the Stuff they wear, which is a Kind of Serge, thicker than the thickest Buff; of a Russet Colour; impenetrable by the Sun Beams, or the Rain; yet soft enough to imbibe the Sweat of the *Capuchin*, and retain it several Years. The Cloak and the Cowl are of the same Stuff, and the same Colour. The good Fathers never have more than one Suit at once, nor make any Change in it, but when they quit the former Suit, which is always with Grief; because the Scent it has contracted, is so refreshing, that, contrary to the Gospel Advice, to perfume the new Robe, *they always put a Piece of the old into it.* This old Shred, is, as it were, the Seed of that everlasting Perfume, so peculiar to their Order. Hence the Traveller is appriz'd, at a Distance, that he is meeting a *Capuchin*, or that there's a Nest of *Capuchins* within half a League. My *Cordelier*, who let nothing escape him, wou'd perswade me, that this Remnant was of further Service. He told me, that every *Capuchin* is oblig'd to place it so, as to be an Index of his darling Vice, in order to his Amendment: So that he who talks or drinks too much, must put the Piece in that Part of the Cowl which is next his Mouth. He that has wanton Eyes, puts it on the Side of his Head, the Glutton at his Stomach, and so of the rest: So that by a little Experience and Attention, 'tis as easy to know the Crime as the *Capuchin*—This Monk made me some very comical Observations on this Point, which I beg Leave to suppress. But Madam, you must take Notice, that these good Fathers must make Use of no Carriages in their Journeys: But the Order which
forces

forces 'em to walk, expressly forbids they should walk more than twelve Miles a Day. They carry no Money, nor must touch it, nor do they ever pay a Farthing. However, they quarter themselves upon the best Houses in their Way, and nobody dares refuse 'em. They have even a Privilege of entring into Publick Houses, to sit down with Strangers, to eat and drink with 'em, and then they pay their Scot with a low Bow. This Privilege is so well establish'd, that they ask a Bed without Ceremony of any Gentleman that resides in the Country; and there they stay as long as they please, laughing and talking with the Ladies, who have sometimes so deprav'd a Taste, as to like a Man in so odd and so nasty a Habit.

This Garb, fantastical and grotesque as it appears, seems however prudentially contriv'd. This Habit is a little World. 'Tis at least a Kind of Fortrefs and Palace, where there are Inhabitants, Guards, Redoubts, Galleries, Caves, Places of Pleasure, Provision, Conveniency, Study and Gallantry; in a Word, it comprehends all that Mechanism can contrive, either necessary or convenient. A *Capuchin*, cloath'd according to Canon, may more justly say, he carries his All about him, than the famous *Bias* did. Jestings apart, a Coach and Six, is not half so convenient upon the Road, as a *Capuchin's* Habit. Wou'd you believe it Madam, they have sixteen several Pockets, all unseen; and each Pocket has its Name.

1. The first is call'd *la Gallerie*. 'Tis a large Piece of Stuff, sow'd round the Inside of the Cloak, and open at each End. There they put their Breviary, their little Prayer-Book, all their Sermons for *Advent*, *Easter*, and all the Sundays of the Year, with four Panegyricks on Saints—a
Blank

Blank instead of their Names; in all twenty-two Discourses.

2. The second, call'd *Tapcul*, is a little Bag of coarse Linen, join'd to the Cloak, under the right Shoulder. Its Use is to hold a Couple of Bottles, which they take Care to fill at every good House they pass, in Order to prevent ill Accommodations.

3. The third is situated under the left Shoulder; 'tis wider at Bottom than at Top, and reaches to the Bottom of the *Gallery*. They call it the *l'Abime*. It serves for the convenient Disposal of large Provisions, as Hams, Chines and Turkeys, for long Stages, where good Inns are wanting.

4. The fourth, which they term *la Guisniere*, is a little leathern Satchel, placed under the *Tapcul*. There they put Spices, to make delicate Ragouts, in those Inns where they find Company to pay for 'em.

5. The fifth, named *la Friponne*, is fix'd at the Edge of the Cloak, on the Inside. Here the Biskets and Sweetmeats conceal themselves, which they modestly cram in, when the Table affords those Delicacies—some put their Fellow-Traveller, the Dram Bottle there.

6. In the same Situation, but on the left Side, is fasten'd a Pocket, of the same Capacity, where the travelling Toilet is sow'd. Here are the Barber's Equipage, the little Comb, the Scissars, the Razor for the upper Lip, the Washball for the Legs and Arms, and Musk, and other proper Perfumes, to maintain the good Odour of the Fraternity.

nity. This Pocket is us'd only by *Capuchin* Coxcombs, and is call'd *la Précieuse*.

7. A little higher, they carry another, call'd *la Nécessaire*; and indeed, there they put their Ilet Ointment, a little Mercury, some Candle Ends, in Case of being gall'd, Pomatum, and other private Drugs, suitable to their Occasions.

8. To preserve Balance and Symmetry, opposite to this, they carry a little Pocket, call'd *la Menagere*. It is useful only in very long Journies. 'Tis for Bits of Leather, an Awl, Thread, Needles, and some Scraps of Cloth, to repair their Robe, or their Sandals.

9. Toward the Bottom of the Cloak, and at the very End of the *Gallerie*, they have another Pocket, call'd *l'Américaine*, where they put Coffee, a little Mill, a small Canister of Tea, Sugar, &c. to regale *les Sœurs du Tiers Ordre*. This Pocket is allow'd only to a Father-Confessor.

10. At t'other End of the *Gallerie*, there is exactly such another Pocket, call'd *l'Indienne*. Here we put the Pipe Case, the Grater, Tobacco in Roll, and some for Smoaking. This Madam is the Catalogue of the Pockets within the Cloak; these which follow are upon the Robe itself.

11. *La Galante*, is the Name of a little Pocket beneath the right Armpit. Because of its Situation, 'tis made of Oilskin. Here they put their Box of *Spanish* Snuff, their Nuns Billet-Doux, a List of Deaths and Marriages of People of Quality, that they may converse with some Appearance of fashionable Acquaintance.

12. Ano-

12. Another little By-place in the Fold of the Elbow, they call *la Propreté*. There is kept the white Handkerchief to be display'd in good Company only.

13. The Turning-up of the left Sleeve, naturally forms a thirteenth Pocket, which they call *la Bourgeoise*, where they put their Snuff Handkerchief and common Snuff Box.

14. The fourteenth, call'd *la Devote*, and which is much more convenient than the Rest, is beneath the Stomach, and cut under the Folds of the Robe. Here lie the little Relicks, the *Agnus Dei* for the Ladies, Chaplets, and Holy Beads for Servants; Names of Jesus, and little perfum'd Crosses for Country People; with a little Pocket-Book, containing a List of good Quarters on the Road, little printed Prayers, and the full and true Account of some *Capuchin* found dead in the Snow, to edify devout Souls, and warm the Charity of the Friends to their Order.

15. The fifteenth, which can be contain'd only in the larger Bonnets, is call'd *la Discrette*. Its Use is to carry back to the Convent, Mass Money, Restitutions, Trusts and Wills. This Pocket is at the Bottom of the sacred Cowl, that is, when it hangs down like a Panier. None but qualified Persons must carry this Pocket, under the Penalty of Excommunication.

16. Besides allthese Pockets, Madam, there is a Sort of Fob, call'd *la Libertine*. 'Tis between the two Soals of their Sandals, and serves to conceal the Money which the *Capuchins* absent upon Furlow, receive privately from their Relations. But this is forbid

forbid among 'em, and those that use it, do it in Secret. Yet they quiet their Consciences with Regard to the severe Prohibition of carrying no Money; for they elude it, by saying, that so far from carrying it, they tread it under Foot; thus reposing themselves, as they pretend, intirely on Providence.

These different Pockets, as you see Madam, have their respective Use; but the Brethren appointed to purvey in Town and Country, must carry one, which by Way of Excellence, is call'd the Holy Wallet. It is made of Sail Cloth, and very large; they carry it upon the left Shoulder, and put into it the Bread, Meat, Butter and Candles, which they collect for their Convent.

Confess, Madam, that the *Capuchin* Habit is a Labyrinth, inextricable without a Guide like me. Our *Gulliver* had certainly been lost in it, and wou'd have found himself, at least as much perplex'd, as on the *Lilliputian* Coast. These Monks eat and drink well; and as Soldiers do, after a coarse Meal, they revenge themselves at the first good Table they meet with. When the Commons of the Convent are short, every one has his District, and finds a Dinner; and unhappy are they, who want the proper Talents to go Abroad: For if they can speak in Publick, never so little, they visit Villages, to put off a Dozen of Sermons, which they adapt to all Occasions, and under that Sanctuary, eat up the Curate, and the Farmer, whole Weeks together. Their Discourses are in a Style peculiar to themselves, and very starch'd; it is even enjoin'd 'em to speak through the Nose: And their Knowledge is esteem'd so very minute, among the *Roman* Catholics, that to represent a bad Sermon, they call

call it a *Capucinade*. Judge of it yourself Madam, by the following Specimen: 'Tis the Fragment of the Exordium, to a Sermon preach'd by one of the Fathers, some Months ago, in a Convent of Nuns, near *Liege*, as my *Cordelier* says, who pretends to have heard it.

You have so frequently requested, illustrious Amazons, that I shou'd come to your Holy Convent, which is fortified all round with Bastions and Batteries—a Citadel inexpugnable to the Assaults of the Messengers of the false Father of Lies—that, having weigh'd the Validity of your Request, like another Cæsar, I came, I saw, and conquer'd. Yes, I have conquer'd the Humility of my Theologick Stile, which hinder'd me from arriving at the Haven of your Approbation without Shipwreck; and I venture to hold up my Hand at the Bar of the veiled Bench of your cloister'd Reverences:

After this pompous Setting-out, the Monk proceeds to his intended Panegyrick on *Mary Magdalene*; we must consider her, says he, in two States, the State of Sin, and the State of Repentance: *Magdalene* the Sinner, liv'd like a true *Magdalene*—so much the worse. *Magdalene* converted, was a Pattern of Penitence—so much the better. In two Words, says he, so much the worse, and so much the better, shall divide my Sermon—Judge Madam of the Residue by this Sample.

A Taste for the false marvellous is so inseparable from these Fathers, that every one claims a distinguish'd Family, or military Reputation. They always travel in Pairs, and the first Time they come to a Place, the younger takes great Care to whisper in the House, that the Reverend Father such a one, is a near Relation of such a Count,

Count, or such a Marquess; or that he has commanded a Troop of Horse. They suppose this Notion of pais'd Honour, gains 'em greater Respect. Instead of their Family-Names, they take the Names of their Saints; but they always chuse the longest, as *Nicephorus*, *Theodorus*, *Emmanuel*, *Agathangus*, *Sevaphin*, *Cherubin*, &c. to which they join the Name of their Town: I think one, to outbid his Brethren, took the Name of the Reverend Father *Ely Lammafabacthany de Sabaoth*.

With these Exceptions, Madam, they live regularly enough; they are allow'd to be much more ridiculous than criminal; and the *Cordeliers* are in much more Discredit; but sure, to describe 'em as they are, wou'd give eternal Matter of Laughter. I have often reproach'd my Instructor with his bitter Raillery on the *Capuchins*, when in his Cups, since they, like himself, are the Offspring of St. *Francis*, and ridiculous as they are, their Conduct is much less exceptionable than those of his Order, whose Character is so well establish'd, that, to describe a Libertine, they call him *Cordelier*.

Here, Madam, give me Leave to close my Answer to your Questions: Since this is all I have discover'd of the *Capuchin* Race. If you have any Difficulty remaining, I'll endeavour to clear it, while I remain here. My Oracle, the *Cordelier*, will prate for ever, for a few Bottles of Wine. In the mean Time, I flatter myself Madam, that if any Thing appears aggravated, you'll impute it to the Monk, and that you'll allow some Merit in my Desire to please you, since it makes me prostitute myself to such Conversation. In Truth, 'tis too much at once, to be thus distant from you in an ill State of Health, and at
the

the same Time, to be condemn'd by your Orders to such villainous Company. I submit, however, if, at that Price, I can convince you, of that respectful Esteem with which I am. Madam,

*Aix la Chapelle,
Aug. 6. 172-*

*Your most Humble and
Most Obedient Servant,*

John H——."

Well, Ladies, says Mr. *Lake*, what say you? May I send this Letter? And do you think it will divert Lady *B.*? I warrant it, says the Dutchess, by the Effect it has had on us; for though we suppress'd it, because we wou'd not interrupt you, yet we have laugh'd inwardly beyond Measure. For my Part, says my Lady, I shall never see a *Capuchin* after this without Laughing, and I swear, I'll examine their Pockets some Day or other for the Guinea I design 'em. That's pleasant, says the Count: I have often seen *Capuchins* here and in *Germany*, without attending to these Particulars. Truly, says the Marquess, all Particulars wou'd furnish a much longer Description. I have been a Witness of it, because the Chaplain of my Regiment was of that Order. Come, come, says the Abbess, 'tis pretty well; the poor *Capuchins* have had their Share. But, Madam, says the Dutchess, the Baronet says no Harm of 'em, and I commend him for it; for if all *Capuchins* are like those of *Spa*, they are Objects of Compassion, rather than of Contempt. The poor Men are to be pity'd, for electing a Life of such Humiliation, through a blind Devotion: For, the Gospel prescribes nothing like it: And I think some Respect due to those who keep within the Bounds of their Estate. But, says my Lady, tho' I reverence Virtue, even the blind Devo-

Devotion of these pious People; yet give me Leave to laugh at their Garb, and that Legion of Pockets just named. Depend on it, Ladies, says the Count, there's a little Hyperbole in the Relation; the Baronet banters the Frock. And yet, Sir, says the Abbess, that Part of his Letter is pretty just: What he says of their Founder and Institution is much less so: But except his Railery, his Account is pretty true. I even know several of those Pockets. I'll tell you something further, says Mr. *Lake*: Two Months ago, when I was at *Aix* with the Baronet, two *Capuchins* came to bathe in the House where we were. They pull'd off their Cloaks according to Custom, in the little undressing Room, and went into the Bath in their Robes. They had certainly paid a Visit to one of their Votaries as they came, who had given a Leg of Mutton for his Reverence's Dinner, which he had put into his Pocket call'd the *Abyss*. A Dog that had accidentally slipp'd into the Room, attracted by the Odour, made a Visit to the Cloak, and there finding his Breakfast ready dress'd, broke through the Window, and made off with his Prey. The Fathers, at their Return from the Bath, were amaz'd to find but one Cloak. They cry'd out Sacrilege, and made a great Noise, believing the Servants of the *Bagnio* had play'd 'em a Trick. The Loss of the Mutton was a stinging Affliction: However, they complain'd only of the Prophanation of the sacred Habit, threatening the whole House with the Thunder of the Vatican, and swearing by St. *Francis*, that they'd have Satisfaction. Search was made every where, and near the Stables, were found some Tatters of this precious Habit: And by Help of them, they discover'd the Dog sitting on the Rest of the Cloak, and busily gnawing the Bone of the Leg of Mutton. The Dog got
off

off with a few Curses, and remain'd an Anathema. We saw this Scene and laugh'd heartily at it. But what diverted us extreamly was, to see the two Fathers busy in collecting the Wreck of their Toilet into the Pockets of the Cloak which we thought numberless; and thence we had some Conception of the *Capuchin* Labyrinth. This Adventure gave Rise to the Letter I just read; for the Baronet sent an immediate Account of this Accident to my Lady B——. Be that as it will, Sir, says the Marquess, the Baronet's Letter is very curious, and he ridicules the Monk's very prettily. I wish his Pen would give us as much on every Religious Order. I hope the Marquess would give him Leave to spare me a little, says the Abbess. The Marquess blush'd at his Indiscretion, made a thousand Apologies to the Abbess, and protested that he had no View to her in what he said. The Abbess, well satisfied in that Point, forgave him, and a thousand well-bred Speeches pass'd between 'em. I withdrew a little to take the Plan of *Geronsfere*; and in a Quarter of an Hour of rejoin'd 'em to return in a Body I the Town.

We separated to dress, and did not meet 'till Dinner, because I was employ'd in transcribing Sir *John H——*'s Letter, which was to be sent away next Day. Our Ladies too wrote to *England*, and therefore shut themselves up 'till Night; as we were disengaged Mr. *Lake* propos'd bathing. His Proposal surpriz'd us, because we knew no Place at *Spa* proper for it. The Brook is not deep enough, and I did not know of any publick Bath. Follow me, says he, and I'll shew you one. In short he led us to the Mill, and made us descend into a dark and vaulted Cavern, at the bottom of which was cut a Cold Bath, six Foot deep,

deep, and about fifteen square, and he invited us to bathe there. The Count, the *Italian*, and the Marquess were as little inclin'd to it as myself. The *Italian* alledged the Rheumatism in Excuse. For that very Reason you should dip, says Mr. *Lake*, and that very Reason is my Motive. The Remedy seem'd too *British* for his Trial, and Mr. *Lake* plunged in to prove the Usefulness of it. He told us that nothing was more common in *England*, and that the Cold Baths there cure Abundance of inveterate Distempers. He said too, that by the Advice of a famous Physician, he had even broke the Ice to bathe himself to cure a Rheumatism which had harass'd him three Years, and which he attributed to immoderate Heats in his Journey to *Italy*. And in short, as he told us, it perfectly cur'd him. 'Tis certain, the *English* in general have given fair Water an honourable Place in the *Materia Medica*, and make use of it successfully in external and internal Cases, especially since one of their Physicians has stamp'd a Value on it by his Treatise on Water: And wherever there are mineral Waters, the *English* are more frequent than those of other Nations. They have almost monopoliz'd those at *Spa*, where they give Law to all other Societies. 'Twas for their Sakes that the Cold Bath was cut, and there passes no Day but some *Englishman* bathes there towards the Evening, tho' the Water be naturally cold as Ice. Mr. *Lake* told us, that they were less sensible of it, because People of Fashion in *England* generally educate their Children by the Prescription of the celebrated Mr. *Locke*, who recommends from Infancy a bare Head, a thin Garment, even in Winter, and an early Custom of being wet-shod. He assur'd us that he himself had been bred up in that Manner, and that the Weather could but little affect

affect him. All he could say could not prevail upon us to follow him, and he came up again to us. We begged him not to break in upon his Regiment— but he deferr'd Part of it to next Day. Before we left the Mill he show'd us a Bath capable of being heated for those who demand it. Properly speaking, 'tis no more than a great Bathing-tub, suspended above the Cold Bath. When it's seen underneath, all Desire of experiencing it vanishes; for however secure it may be, the Fancy is haunted with Fears of Sinking, and by Consequence of being plunged into the Cold Bath beneath. However this Bath is very convenient for Persons fond of that Exercise: Two may bathe there together, the Water may be heated to any Degree; Aromatick Herbs are put in, Whey, Almond Paste, and in short, whatever Necessity or Pleasure may require, and very cheap too. 'Tis true, the Apartment was not very neat, and yet we saw very clean Linnen there.

From thence Mr. *Lake* carry'd us to a House at the other End of the Town, in the Way to the Four a Clock Meadow. There is a little Bath too belonging to an old Woman, who has the Water heated, and is esteem'd the best Manager of a Bath. The Tub is smaller than that at the Mill. The toothless Dame offer'd her Services, and to encourage us, gave us a List of the Princes and Nobles which had pass'd through her Hands. I rubb'd 'em all myself, said she, and these Hands have held even the Czar's Head. However, these great Examples did not allure us; and after a little Chat with her we took a Turn in the Square, where Mr. *Lake* declaim'd against our Delicacy, crying up the Virtues of Water, even externally apply'd.

You

You can't tell me more on that Subject, says the Marquess, than I know already. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance is a marvellous Instance of the Efficacy of Bathing. A Year before I quitted *France*, I went into *Normandy* with the Chevalier de *Fontenay*, who had a Mind to carry me to the extensive Lands of the Marquess his Brother. We pass'd some Days there, and stop'd at *Bayeux*, where part of his Family was. There we were invited to dine with a Commander of the Order of St. *Lazarus*, call'd, I think, Mr. de *Menilville*, who feasted his Friends, to celebrate a kind of Resurrection, which he gave us the Story of. A Canon, a Friend of his, died a little before, and his Company was desired at the Funeral, which was perform'd with Flambeaux. The Commander having been detain'd by some Visits, could not attend the Funeral Parade: But good Manners obliging him to appear, he staid till the Service was almost finish'd at Church, which he enter'd alone, intending to mix himself with the Crowd unperceiv'd. The whole Congregation was in the Choir, and the Church being hung with Black, was very dark. The Commander walking softly, without Regard to his Feet, tumbled unexpectedly into the Grave design'd for the dead Canon, whose Corpse stood in the Nave, and he felt some Body under him that cry'd out like a lusty Fellow. It was the Grave-digger who was measuring the Grave by the Dimensions of the Coffin. The Fellow, frighted by the Weight which fell upon him, shook of the Commander and bawled out manfully. The People ran with Links, and were amaz'd to find the Commander at the Bottom of the Grave, in a Swoon through Pain and Fright. They drew him out and carry'd him home: They sent for Surgeons, undress'd him, and found a large Wound in his Leg. The Surgeons dress'd it as usual; at

last he reviv'd, but in exquisite Pain. Every Body came to condole with him, and among his Friends a certain Priest call'd *Mayloyfel*, a plain Man, but bewitch'd to the Virtues of Water, came to see him, and blamed the Family for calling Surgeons, averring that he could have cured him with fair Water. As this Priest had a good deal of Credit in the House, and his Remedy had before been successful there, they agreed at length that after the first Dressing was taken off, they would leave the Wound entirely to his Management; and the Effect proved how much he deserved this Confidence. After the Surgeons had visited the Wound, which they found vastly enflamed, the Priest *Mayloyfel* took off all the Bandages, and wash'd it with cold Water. Afterwards he apply'd Compresses dipp'd in the same Water every Hour, Night and Day, for eight and forty Hours. After that he changed the Compresses every two Hours only; and on the seventh Day *Mr. de Menilville* was in a Condition to go abroad, the Wound being healed and the Skin renew'd. This, says the Marquess, he told us in a large Company; and tho' a Gentleman of his Reputation needs no further Testimony to engage Belief, he permitted us to make Enquiry in the Town, which was full of Witnesses both of his Fall and his Cure. We drank his Resurrection. It was really one, and his Fall had something so comical in it, that even our Respect to him could not prevent our laughing heartily at it. He gave us twenty such Instances of the Priest's Knowledge, which gave us an Inclination to see him. The Chevalier begged the Commander to send for him and the *Sieur Mayoyfel* soon appear'd. We were astonish'd to see the good Priest exceeding plain in Figure and Dress; and his Conversation did not belie his Appearance. He talk'd little and seem'd to think less. His Know-

Knowledge appear'd to us a Prejudice supported by lucky Hits rather than by Argument. He had read the Treatise of the *English Doctor*, but, I believe, understood it but little, and spoke very modestly of the Cures he had perform'd. Several of 'em were mentioned in his Presence, and we were told that the Reputation of his Regimen had procur'd him Patients from all Parts of the Country round about. For with the Water which he prescrib'd for all Distempers as they do these here at *Spa*, he allow'd no Victuals but Gruel. He did not approve all Water neither; a certain Sort which he named to us, was his Favourite. But as he had not the Talent of Persuasion, he made no Proselytes among us. And indeed I learn'd that Night, that his Regimen was sometimes unsuccessful, and that Abundance had dy'd under his Hands.

As the Marquess ended this Story, one of the Gentlemen which tabled with us, ask'd us to go to the Coffee-House to see a famous Game at Piquet which was playing there. These Adversaries were two Gamesters by Profession, the one an *Englishman*, the other a *German*, who call'd himself Baron. We went in and saw one of the most artful Piece of Finesse imaginable. The Reader shall judge of its Merits for Sentiments were various, and it was dangerous to decide. I'm sure an honest Man could not see it without Uneasiness, tho' several excus'd it for the Sake of the Stratagem. This it is:

The Baron and the *Britain* had been playing all the Day, and the Game was grown warm with the Vicisside of Loss and Gain. Their Skill had drawn round 'em Abundance of Spectators, whose Presence more enflam'd the Spirit of Play which possess'd them. They were so strongly actuated by it that they neglected Dinner, and

contented themselves with a Dish of Chocolate, and a Dram or two, which they took without quitting their Cards. They had play'd eight Hours ; and when we were call'd they were playing the conquering Game. It was for three hundred Guineas, and therefore of Consequence the Combatants were so engaged that they did not lift up their Eyes. They looked as if the Fate of the Universe was in their Hands. Joy, Fury, and Fear appear'd by Turns in their Countenances ; but all was confined within a profound Silence. The Baron, who in the beginning of the Game had been pretty fortunate, was youngest. He wanted but one Point of the Game, and the *Englishman* about forty. The *Englishman* had in his Hand three Kings, and had discarded the fourth. He counted his Game as it really was, and named only three Kings. But finding that he must lose the Game unless he could capot his Adversary, in the middle of the Hand he pretended to forget how much he had counted. He took up his Cards and reckoned his Game anew, and in this Recapitulation, without hesitating reckon'd fourteen Kings. The Baron surpriz'd, stopp'd him in his Calculation, and remarked his having mention'd but three Kings at first. The *Englishman* insisted upon the Truth of his second Account as strongly as the *German* deny'd it. The Dispute grew warm, and the Baron appeal'd to the Company. The *Englishman* flew into a pretended Passion, and offered to lay fifty Guineas to spur on his Adversary, and decoy him into the Snare he laid for him. The other agreed to it, and both referr'd to the Judgment of the Company. The Spectators declin'd it, and several made a Point of Conscience of giving their Verdict, because they discern'd the Trick ; and it was evident that the *Englishman* had no more than
the

the three Kings which he reckon'd at first. However, as the Question regarded only the latter Calculation, the Spectators gave it against the *Englishman*, without daring to explain the Mystery of the Wager; and he lost the fifty Guineas. The Baron, transported and deceiv'd by the Wager, firmly believ'd that his Antagonist had the four Kings; concluding that otherwise he would not have risked fifty Guineas. He play'd according to that Supposition, relying upon an Ace in his Hand, which was sufficient to gain the one Point he wanted; and in Imagination he joined the three hundred Guineas to the fifty he had won. The Hand was play'd out, and the poor Baron seeing himself shamefully capotted at last, ask'd the *Englishman* where the fourth King was. They have told you, says the other, that I reckon'd but three, and it cost me fifty Guineas to make you believe I had four. *What! would you win the Wager and the Game too? — that would be too much.* The poor Baron, not knowing what to say, storm'd and swore. The *Englishman* push'd back his Chair, rose up and walk'd off in Triumph and Satisfaction from a Juggle which every Body did not equally approve. As for us, we thought it a downright Cheat, and resenting it as such, quitted the Coffee-House for fear of any personal Affair with such a worthless Fellow. In short, a Man capable of such a Fraud must be contemptible: For Play, consider'd in its most innocent View, is design'd to promote Society or Diversion; and in either of those Cases all Tendency to cheating is detested by honest Men. This was the Reflection of the Marquess; but he observed by the Way, that the *Englishman* was the more excusable, because the *German* Baron was as much a Sharper as himself: And though Cheating deserves Censure wherever it be found, yet it's least odious between two Sharpers, because

the Crime of one is the Punishment of the other ; but few that give themselves up to a Passion for Play continue honest. On this Occasion the Marquess quoted an elegant Description of a Gamester, *He begins a Bubble, and ends a Knave.*

That's true, says Mr. Lake, for be a Man's Eagerness and Abilities in Play never so small, the Prospect of winning a great deal only by a little Stratagem, is a Temptation very nice, and almost irresistible as Men are form'd. And yet, says he, in my Opinion, a steady Honour is never more requisite than at Play ; without that 'tis perfect Robbery, and Abundance of our Nobility are ruin'd by it. Give me Leave, Sir, says the *Italian*, to say that I believe their Ruin rather owing to an ill-timed and desperate Venture of immense Sums, than to being cheated. Our *Italians*, continued he, are more temperate, and have made Play rather a Science than a Passion : They are acquainted with all the Tricks of it better than any other Nation ; but they know when to hold their Hand ; they never tire Fortune, nor tempt her in an ill Run. I know it, says Mr. Lake, and I think the *Italians* in general the best Players in the World, were they but a little more scrupulous. I heard one of your Prelates at *Rome* bragging that he could shuffle four Aces, or four Kings to himself, when he was at Piquet, and younger Hand : And he said in Excuse, that he might as fairly shuffle, as play the Cards to his Advantage. I dare say then, says the Marquess, that if he were Confessor to our *Englishman*, he wou'd easily give him Absolution with Regard to his Wager ; tho' we condemn him. But come, says he, we have moraliz'd enough, let us go to the Ladies ; and if they are still Writing, probable they'll be glad to divert their Friends in *England* with this Turn at Picquet, which is intirely new. Accordingly we bent our Way toward 'em, and

and found 'em already in the Street going to the *Capuchins*. They told us, that they design'd to uncase some good Father, to examine his Pockets. But the Abbess advis'd 'em to defer the Visit, lest my Lady shou'd carry her Raillery too far, while her Imagination was warm with the Remembrance of the Letter, and the good Fathers shou'd take it as an Insult. This Representation diverted us to the Seven o'Clock Meadow. In going along, the Ladies ask'd us, how we had pass'd the Day. We gave 'em an Account of the Game at Piquet we had seen, and begg'd their Opinions of the *Englishman's* Behaviour. They all determin'd as we had done, and call'd it a direct Cheat. We made Abundance of serious Reflections on the Passion of Gaming, conformable to those we had before made by ourselves. When we came to the Meadow, my Lady ask'd us, if we had been all Day at the Coffee-House? No truly, says the *Italian*, Mr. *Lake* has show'd us the *Spa* Baths, and wou'd have had us bathe with him in Water colder than Ice. But you wou'd it I suppose? Yes, yes, says Mr. *Lake*, these Gentlemen are too tender, they are afraid of catching Rheumatisms. But, says she, you shou'd have told 'em, Sir, that with us they are cur'd by the cold Bath. I can even tell you more. My Son was very ill of a bloody Flux, which continued six Months before they cou'd stop it, and nothing cured him at last but plunging into freezing Water. The Turn which the cold Water gave to his Blood, stopp'd his Evacuation the second Day, and he was perfectly cur'd. His Cure reflected a good deal of Credit on the Physician who prescrib'd that Method, which has been follow'd by several People in various Cases, with equal Success. For my Part, says she, I shou'd use it without Hesitation, if I wanted it: For after all, without derogating from Mineral Waters, I'm

perswaded that common Water wou'd, in a great Measure, have the same Effects, if we were less prepossess'd against it. Undoubtedly, says the Dutchess, and I believe, generally speaking, the Efficacy of the *Spa* Waters, is less owing to their peculiar Virtue, than to the Pleasure and Amusements which the Patients enjoy there. And yet, Ladies, says Signour *Graziani*, the *Spa* Waters produce Effects beyond those of common Water: For Example, I suppose fair Water wou'd hardly give a languishing Husband the Vigour which he finds from the *Geronsfere* Fountain. I don't know that, says Mr. *Lake*; for accidentally, at *Rome*, I read an Account, that some ancient Fathers allow'd their Monks but a certain Quantity of Water every Day, and absolutely forbid it at Night, because they had observ'd, that the immediate Use of it render'd 'em less fit for the Celibacy they had vow'd. May be so, says the *Italian*; but I doubt, whether common Waters be as penetrating as those at *Spa*, which insinuate themselves through the Body, and unload it so much, tho' insensibly, that every one here complains of his Leanness. For my Part, I was all Amazement a few Days ago, when I took up my Belt accidentally: I fancy'd somebody had chang'd it, and before I cou'd wear it, I was forced to shorten it three Inches. The Abbess, and every body, had, it seems, made the same Observation, with Regard to themselves; but we all agreed, that the Manner of Life at *Spa*, was as much in Cause as the Waters. In short, says the Dutchess, here we rise early, and breakfast late; we are continually upon our Feet; we go through a great Change of Air, and of Diet, and all this after a Journey frequently long and painful: So that it's impossible to avoid growing Lean. 'Tis even so customary to fall away after having been there, a few Days, that mutual Compliments pass from one to another at *Spa*, on

Account

Account of their Thinness, as its a Sign that the Waters are of Service. Generally speaking, says Mr. *Lake*, as Water is the strongest Menstruum in Nature, it's unlikely that the Use of it shou'd fatten, especially when fatiguing Exercise is join'd to it; and both together must usefully quicken the Circulation of the Blood. In *England*, we are so perswaded of the Efficacy of Exercise in chronical and inveterate Distempers, that one of our most celebrated Physicians, counts the rough Pavement of *London* Streets among the Preservatives in our Country, and the Fatigue it occasions preventive of Diseases. And indeed, all that I have known in that Regimen, were very hale; but not too fat. However, it may be, Water is more advantageous to the Body than the Wit: To form a Judgment from the Singularity of those who drink nothing else, it seems to leave an Impression of Melancholy upon their Spirits. There is at *London*, added he, Mr. *W*——, no Stranger to these Ladies. He is the most humorous Man alive. His drinking Water only, is the least of his Singularities; he is rich, and of a Family very considerable, as well as almost extinct—Yet he won't marry. He has a very magnificent Wardrobe, yet is always drest very plain. Even in the midst of Winter, he wears nothing but a thin Coat of Camblet, lin'd with Silk, like these we have on at present. His Bosom is always open, and tho' he has every Conveniency, he is almost always on Foot, and his Coach follows him in *London* Streets. He keeps a good Table, and entertains his Friends nobly; while he himself lives upon Pulse, Roots, Fruits and Sallads: And in short, while he furnishes them with the best of Wines, he drinks only Water. You must own, Gentlemen, that this is an odd Character; and I have observ'd, that all that attach themselves so closely to Water, are subject to Whims.

Oh!

Oh! Sir, says the Dutches, you forget the best of him. Mr. *W*—, who can afford to travel very conveniently, every now and then makes the Tour of *Italy*; and in what Manner think you? Why on Foot. He takes with him a lusty Servant, train'd up to his Purpose, who carries both their Linnen in a Waller. Mr. *W*— takes in his Pocket Book good Letters of Credit for all the principal Places on the Road; and unconcern'd at Rain, Wind, Heat, Cold, Dust or Sunshine, foots it from *Calais* to *Rome*. 'Tis but a Year, since he return'd from his third Trip—and he's exceeding well. A very particular Taste Madam, on my Word, says the Abbess. 'Tis pity this Gentleman was not born among us; he would have revisit'd the ancient *Pilgrimages*.

While we were reasoning on these *English* Singularities, which I have related but in Part, we were desir'd to mix with a Company of *Flemish* Ladies, who danc'd upon the Grass, to their own Singing; and we made a very wide Circle. Two of 'em had sweet Voices, and we listen'd to 'em with Pleasure. After we had danced some Time in a whimsical Manner, and perform'd several silly Tricks prescrib'd by the Country Ballads, we begg'd the two Singers, to give us a Song or two, which they did with excellent Grace. We sat down upon the Grass, and after they had sung, somebody propos'd those little Plays so customary in the Evening at *Spa*: As *Questions and Commands*, *Spanish* Merchant, and other such Diversions, which are agreeable enough among People of Wit and Pleasantry. And in these innocent Sports we pass'd the Evening. We even forgot Supper, and it was almost Nine when we return'd into the Town. This little Extravagance, and Writing in the Afternoon, had fatigu'd the Ladies: So they propos'd to sleep the next Morning, that

that we Men might vary our Amusements, and be sensible of a longer Absence. We conducted 'em Home, and return'd to our Inn.

Every body had supp'd there, so we had a little Table spread for us. We had scarce begun to eat, when we were desir'd to admit a *German* Gentleman just arriv'd. He came from towards *Treves*, and seem'd heartily tired. His Conversation shew'd him to be a Man of Merit and uncommon Bravery: And his Adventure on the Road to *Spa*, which he related to us, was an Instance of great Intrepidity.

In passing, says he, by a Corner of *Ardennes* (which he named to us) my Man was thrown from his Horse, and broke his Leg. I was strangely perplex'd at it, because I saw no House nearer, than at half a League's Distance. After having placed him in as easy a Posture as I cou'd, and encourag'd him in his Pain, I took his Horse by the Bridle, and made the best of my Way to the next Village for Assistance. As soon as I arriv'd, I procur'd a Cart and Horses, and order'd some Straw and a Featherbed; and they drove it immediately to the Place where I had left the poor Fellow. I found him miserably full of Pain, which we augmented in disposing him in the Cart; and at length we convey'd him to the first Inn. I put him under the Care of the Surgeon of the Place, who assur'd me, that his Leg wou'd be easily set, and that he wou'd not be a Cripple. I paid him liberally, to encourage his Care; and after having left in the Curate's Hands, enough to answer all the Necessities of the Wounded, I set out to continue my Road alone.

As I was mounting my Horse, two Men who had lodg'd in the same Inn, and had no ill Appearance, appriz'd me, that two Leagues off, the Way was very difficult to find. The Landlord confirm'd it; and as those two Men said they
were

were going the same Way, and that they wou'd willingly direct me, if I wou'd go a Foot-Pace; I imprudently accepted their Offer. I imagin'd, that, well mounted as I was, I had nothing to fear from two Men on Foot. Besides, I was very well arm'd; for I had not only Horse Pistols, but two Pocket Pistols well loaded; in Confidence of which, I had travell'd through the *Ardennes* without Fear. I march'd slowly, that I might not tire my Companions, and talk'd with 'em perfectly at my Ease, and found their Conversation rational enough. At the Distance of about a League from where I set out, we came to a little Wood pretty dark, at the Entrance of a Valley surrounded with Rocks; which gives that Place a very melancholy Look. Tho' I had frequently pass'd Places more frightful (for *Germany* is full of 'em) here I felt an involuntary Horror, which I took great Care to conceal from my Companions. The Subject they entertain'd me with in this Place, begun to make me regret the Indiscretion of delivering myself up to two Strangers. I was even half resolv'd to spur my Horse, and so get rid of 'em, or to attack them first: For my Heart whisper'd me, that these Wretches had a Design upon my Life. One told me dismal Stories to intimidate me, the other shew'd me the Place where a Count and his Lady had been murder'd; and here, says he, they cut the Throat of the Baron of ——. A little further, added the other, were stabb'd a *German* Captain and his Servant. These Stories were so many Preliminaries to the Blow they meditated; and in all Probability, they recited 'em only to damp my Courage, and Disorder my Imagination. They succeeded accordingly, and I own to you, Gentlemen, the further I went with 'em, the more Danger I apprehended: For in short, if I had Pocket Pistols, so might they too, as I found they had

had sure enough. While in Order to hide my Uneasiness from 'em, I affected to look unconcernedly at the Places they pointed at, one of 'em clapt a Pistol at my Ear, and demanded my Purse. I was immediately going to seize my Arms, and make a Defence; but the other, seizing my Hand and Bridle, presented a Pistol on the other Side, and swore at me, and push'd me to dismount. It rain'd, I was wrapp'd in my great Coat, and therefore unprepar'd for Defence. They haled me so, that I was constrain'd to dismount, to preserve my Life a few Moments. One of 'em took my Horse by the Bridle, and walk'd before, with his Pistol in his Hand. The other walk'd behind, in the same Manner; and I was between 'em wrapp'd in my great Coat; between Life and Death, and much more certain of the latter than the former. They led my Horse deep into the Wood, and made me march after him, among Rocks and Brambles. At the least Stumble I made, they both presented their Pistols as if apprehensive I shou'd escape. I then found my Death unavoidable, and that they led me into the thickest Part of the Wood, only to cut my Throat, and leave no Traces of the Murther. I had a Mind to capitulate with 'em. I offer'd 'em my Purse, and all I had, to preserve my Life; but they took no Notice, nor made Answer. Their Silence spoke plain enough, and considering it as a dead Warrant, I resolv'd to sell my Life as dear as I cou'd. 'Tis over with me, said I to myself, and my Death is certain; I'll die bravely however, and struggle to escape the Jaws of these Blood-Hounds. My Reflection was short, says the *German*; for in these critical Cases, Thought is instantaneous, and the Action as quick as Thought. In short, collecting all my Force and Presence of Mind, I slid my Hands into my Pockets, and cock'd one of my Pistols. With-

Without considering that this was the Period of my Life if I fail'd, or that the Man at my Back cou'd not miss me, I fir'd my Pistol through my great Coat, and brought down the Man that was before me. I had scarce let fly, when turning upon him behind me, I open'd my great Coat, wrapp'd him in it, and blinded him with it; I seiz'd him, overset him, and tumbling with him, shot him through the Head. As I got up to take Breath after this horrible Dispatch, the first whom I imagin'd dead, but was only wounded, discharg'd his Pistol at me, which happily lodg'd in the Trunk of an old Tree near me. I fancy'd by this Escape, Providence had assur'd me of Victory, and flew upon him that had miss'd me, and secured him from any further Attempt. As soon as I had thus disentangled myself, I thought of proceeding on my Journey, but found my self in a new Perplexity: My Horse, frightened at our Cries and the Report of the Pistols, had escaped in the Wood, and much ado I had to find him. I was forced to run through the Rocks and the Thickets, to trace him out: And during this Search, two Things disquieted me. I was equally afraid of being surpris'd in this Disorder, and of being suspected of a Murther, just as it was, or of losing my Way and staying in the Wood all Night. Can it be, said I to myself, that Heaven, hitherto so miraculously watchful over my Preservation, should screen me from so horrible a Fate, only to expose me to greater Terrors? No, said I, the same Providence will extricate me out of this Labyrinth. At last I saw my Horse feeding very composedly at the Foot of a Tree. I ran to him, and after having wander'd above an Hour more in the Wood, I found myself at the Side of a Road which appeared to be the same I had pass'd in the Morning. I remounted my Horse, and kept the Road
 'till

'till I came to the Abby of *Pruym*, where I have some Relations; and after having repos'd myself there some Days, I set out for this Place.

Truly Sir, says one of the Company, 'twas a bold-Affair, and a Bravery less than yours durst attempt nothing in Circumstances where the Horrors of Death often take away all Presence of Mind. However, after we had prais'd his Valour as it deserv'd, we could not help discovering our Astonishment at his Rashness in venturing through so dangerous a Country as the *Ardennes* with two Strangers. The *German* confess'd his Indiscretion. But the Marquess, thinking on his own Misfortunes, ask'd him if he was not afraid that this Murder, just, nay, necessary as it was, might give him some Trouble upon his Return through the Country. Not at all, answered the *German*. First, because I am innocent; and Secondly, the Scene of this Action is within the Territories of the Abby of *Pruym*, where I have Abundance of Relations; and I took Care immediately on my Arrival there, to make my Deposition. As the Elector of *Treves* is perpetual Administrator of that Abby, and as I have the Honour of being known to his Highness, I have no Apprehension of a Suspicion to my Disadvantage. The next Day they sent for the Bodies and hung them upon the Abby Gallows. As that Abby exercises sovereign Jurisdiction, I have no Prosecution to fear, says he, but from the Monks, who being almost all my Friends and Relations, they took a pleasing Share in the almost miraculous Preservation of my Life. Besides, as they must prove their Nobility before their Admission into that House, they have some Regard to a Gentleman whom they could not suspect guilty of such Villany without descending from the Greatness of their own Sentiments. We congratulated the *German* on his good Success,

cess, and back'd our Congratulations with several Bumpers which he most unmercifully made us drink. However we let him know, that as *Bobelins* we were excus'd, and the Regiment of the Waters would not permit us to keep Pace with him; but he gave us no Quarter: Another Bumper must be drank to the Success of the Waters; and if he had staid at *Spa*, I believe he had made us as much *Germans* as himself. Luckily for our Health the next Day he went for *Aix la Chapelle*, where he was to meet a Count, a Friend of his. We sat late at Table, so insinuating was his Conversation; and at length he took Leave of us, we wish'd him a more happy Journey, and saw no more of him.

As soon as he was retir'd we made some Reflections upon his Adventure, which we thought very singular: But Mr. *Lake* interrupted us to apprise us that it would be improper to mention this Story to the Ladies, as it might fill 'em with Dread at their Return: And we all promised Silence. 'Twas certainly a prudent Precaution, with Regard to the Abbess particularly, who had told us she design'd to go by *Luxembourg*, and by Consequence thro' a Quarter of the *Ardennes*. At last we dispersed, well satisfied with the Day, which had given us more Diversion than any other since we had been at *Spa*. Though we wanted that noisy Mirth which we had at other Times enjoy'd, we felt no Regret in having so far encroach'd upon the Night, which is a certain Proof that a lively Conversation among Persons of Sense is the sweetest Charm of Society. This Reflection we made with mutual *Good Night*. It struck Twelve; we separated, every one retir'd to his Quarters, and we bid one another adieu 'till next Day at Noon, in order to sleep according to Agreement.



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Clio to Strephon, p. 79.

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